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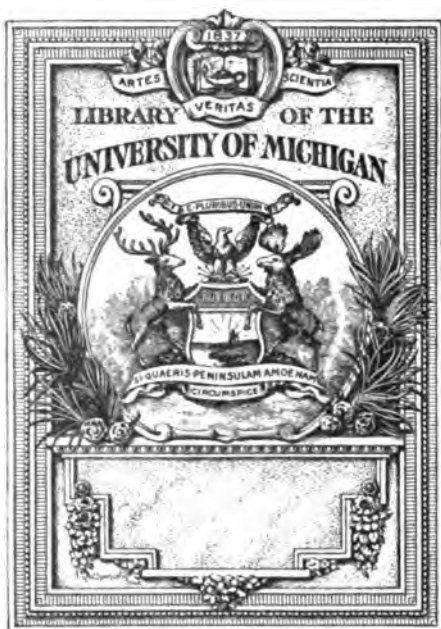
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.





25249

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

MAY 1881, TO OCTOBER 1881.

London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

New York.

1881.

W. J. LINTON. S.

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LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XLIV., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—264.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXIX.

UNDER her cousin's escort Isabel returned on the morrow to Florence, and Ralph Touchett, though usually he was not fond of railway journeys, thought very well of the successive hours passed in the train which hurried his companion away from the city now distinguished by Gilbert Osmond's preference—hours that were to form the first stage in a still larger scheme of travel. Miss Stackpole had remained behind; she was planning a little trip to Naples, to be executed with Mr. Bantling's assistance. Isabel was to have but three days in Florence before the 4th of June, the date of Mrs. Touchett's departure, and she determined to devote the last of these to her promise to go and see Pansy Osmond. Her plan, however, seemed for a moment likely to modify itself, in deference to a plan of Madame Merle's. This lady was still at Casa Touchett; but she too was on the point of leaving Florence, her next station being an ancient castle in the mountains of Tuscany, the residence of a noble family of that country, whose acquaintance (she had known them, as she said, "for ever") seemed to Isabel, in the light of certain photographs of their immense crenellated dwelling which her friend was able to show her, a precious privilege.

She mentioned to Madame Merle

that Mr. Osmond had asked her to call upon his daughter; she did not mention to her that he had also made her a declaration of love.

"*Ah, comme cela se trouve!*" the elder lady exclaimed. "I myself have been thinking it would be a kindness to take a look at the child before I go into the country."

"We can go together, then," said Isabel, reasonably. I say "reasonably," because the proposal was not uttered in the spirit of enthusiasm. She had prefigured her visit as made in solitude; she should like it better so. Nevertheless, to her great consideration for Madame Merle she was prepared to sacrifice this mystic sentiment.

Her friend meditated, with her usual suggestive smile. "After all," she presently said, "why should we both go; having, each of us, so much to do during these last hours?"

"Very good; I can easily go alone."

"I don't know about your going alone—to the house of a handsome bachelor. He has been married—but so long ago!"

Isabel stared. "When Mr. Osmond is away, what does it matter?"

"They don't know he is away, you see."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"Every one. But perhaps it doesn't matter."

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"If you were going, why shouldn't I?" Isabel asked.

"Because I am an old frump, and you are a beautiful young woman."

"Granting all that, you have not promised."

"How much you think of your promises!" said Madame Merle, with a smile of genial mockery.

"I think a great deal of my promises. Does that surprise you?"

"You are right," Madame Merle reflected audibly. "I really think you wish to be kind to the child."

"I wish very much to be kind to her."

"Go and see her then; no one will be the wiser. And tell her I would have come if you had not.—Or rather," Madame Merle added—"don't tell her; she won't care."

As Isabel drove, in the publicity of an open vehicle, along the charming winding way which led to Mr. Osmond's hill-top, she wondered what Madame Merle had meant by no one being the wiser. Once in a while, at large intervals, this lady, in whose discretion as a general thing, there was something almost brilliant, dropped a remark of ambiguous quality, struck a note that sounded false. What cared Isabel Archer for the vulgar judgments of obscure people, and did Madame Merle suppose that she was capable of doing a deed in secret? Of course not—she must have meant something else—something which in the press of the hours that preceded her departure she had not had time to explain. Isabel would return to this some day; there were certain things as to which she liked to be clear. She heard Pansy strumming at the piano in another apartment, as she herself was ushered into Mr. Osmond's drawing-room; the little girl was "practising," and Isabel was pleased to think that she performed this duty faithfully. Presently Pansy came in, smoothing down her frock, and did the honours of her father's house with the wide-eyed conscientiousness of a sensitive child. Isabel sat there for half an hour, and

Pansy entertained her like a little lady—not chattering, but conversing, and showing the same courteous interest in Isabel's affairs that Isabel was so good as to take in hers. Isabel wondered at her; as I have said before, she had never seen a child like that. How well she had been taught, said our keen young lady, how prettily she had been directed and fashioned; and yet how simple, how natural, how innocent she has been kept! Isabel was fond of psychological problems, and it had pleased her, up to this time, to be in doubt as to whether Miss Pansy were not all-knowing. Was her infantine serenity but the perfection of self-consciousness? Was it put on to please her father's visitor, or was it the direct expression of a little neat, orderly character? The hour that Isabel spent in Mr. Osmond's beautiful empty, dusky rooms—the windows had been half-darkened, to keep out the heat, and here and there, through an easy crevice, the splendid summer day peeped in, lighting a gleam of faded colour or tarnished gilt in the rich-looking gloom—Isabel's interview with the daughter of the house, I say, effectually settled this question. Pansy was really a blank page, a pure white surface; she was not clever enough for precocious coquetties. She was not clever; Isabel could see that; she only had nice feelings. There was something touching about her; Isabel had felt it before; she would be an easy victim of fate. She would have no will, no power to resist, no sense of her own importance; only an exquisite taste, and an appreciation, equally exquisite, of such affection as might be bestowed upon her. She would easily be mystified, easily crushed; her force would be solely in her power to cling. She moved about the place with Isabel, who had asked leave to walk through the other rooms again, where Pansy gave her judgment on several works of art. She talked about her prospects, her occupations, her father's intentions; she was not egotistical, but she felt the propriety of

giving Isabel the information that so observant a visitor would naturally expect.

"Please tell me," she said, "did papa, in Rome, go to see Madame Catherine? He told me he would if he had time. Perhaps he had not time. Papa likes a great deal of time. He wished to speak about my education; it isn't finished yet, you know. I don't know what they can do with me more; but it appears it is far from finished. Papa told me one day he thought he would finish it himself; for the last year or two, at the convent, the masters that teach the tall girls are so very dear. Papa is not rich, and I should be very sorry if he were to pay much money for me, because I don't think I am worth it. I don't learn quickly enough, and I have got no memory. For what I am told, yes—especially when it is pleasant; but not for what I learn in a book. There was a young girl, who was my best friend, and they took her away from the convent when she was fourteen, to make—how do you say it in English?—to make a *dot*. You don't say it in English? I hope it isn't wrong; I only mean they wished to keep the money, to marry her. I don't know whether it is for that that papa wishes to keep the money, to marry me. It costs so much to marry!" Pansy went on, with a sigh; "I think papa might make that economy. At any rate I am too young to think about it yet, and I don't care for any gentleman; I mean for any but him. If he were not my papa I should like to marry him; I would rather be his daughter than the wife of—of some strange person. I miss him very much, but not so much as you might think, for I have been so much away from him. Papa has always been principally for holidays. I miss Madame Catherine almost more; but you must not tell him that. You shall not see him again? I am very sorry for that. Of every one who comes here I like you the best. That is not a great compliment, for there

are not many people. It was very kind of you to come to-day—so far from your house; for I am as yet only a child. Oh, yes, I have only the occupations of a child. When did you give them up, the occupations of a child? I should like to know how old you are, but I don't know whether it is right to ask. At the convent they told us that we must never ask the age. I don't like to do anything that is not expected; it looks as if one had not been properly taught. I myself—I should never like to be taken by surprise. Papa left directions for everything. I go to bed very early. When the sun goes off that side I go into the garden. Papa left strict orders that I was not to get scorched. I always enjoy the view; the mountains are so graceful. In Rome, from the convent, we saw nothing but roofs and bell-towers. I practise three hours. I do not play very well. You play yourself? I wish very much that you would play something for me; papa wishes very much that I should hear good music. Madame Merle has played for me several times; that is what I like best about Madame Merle; she has great facility. I shall never have facility. And I have no voice—just a little thread."

Isabel gratified this respectful wish, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the piano, while Pansy, standing beside her, watched her white hands move quickly over the keys. When she stopped, she kissed the child good-bye, and held her a moment, looking at her.

"Be a good child," she said; "give pleasure to your father."

"I think that is what I live for," Pansy answered. "He has not much pleasure; he is rather a sad man."

Isabel listened to this assertion with an interest which she felt it to be almost a torment that she was obliged to conceal from the child. It was her pride that obliged her, and a certain sense of decency; there were still other things in her head which she felt a strong impulse, instantly checked,

to say to Pansy about her father; there were things it would have given her pleasure to hear the child, to make the child, say. But she no sooner became conscious of these things than her imagination was hushed with horror at the idea of taking advantage of the little girl—it was of this she would have accused herself—and of leaving an audible trace of her emotion behind. She had come—she had come; but she had stayed only an hour! She rose quickly from the music-stool; even then, however, she lingered a moment, still holding her small companion, drawing the child's little tender person closer, and looking down at her. She was obliged to confess it to herself—she would have taken a passionate pleasure in talking about Gilbert Osmond to this innocent, diminutive creature who was near to him. But she said not another word; she only kissed Pansy once more. They went together through the vestibule, to the door which opened into the court; and there Pansy stopped, looking rather wistfully beyond.

"I may go no further," she said. "I have promised papa not to go out of this door."

"You are right to obey him; he will never ask you anything unreasonable."

"I shall always obey him. But when will you come again?"

"Not for a long time, I am afraid."

"As soon as you can, I hope. I am only a little girl," said Pansy, "but I shall always expect you."

And the small figure stood in the high, dark doorway, watching Isabel cross the clear, grey court, and disappear into the brightness beyond the big *portone*, which gave a wider gleam as it opened.

XXX.

ISABEL came back to Florence, but only after several months; an interval sufficiently replete with incident. It is not, however, during this interval that we are closely concerned with

her; our attention is engaged again on a certain day in the late spring-time, shortly after her return to the Palazzo Crescentini, and a year from the date of the incidents I have just narrated. She was alone on this occasion, in one of the smaller of the numerous rooms devoted by Mrs. Touchett to social uses, and there was that in her expression and attitude which would have suggested that she was expecting a visitor. The tall window was open, and though its green shutters were partly drawn, the bright air of the garden had come in through a broad interstice, and filled the room with warmth and perfume. Our young lady stood for some time at the window, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing into the brilliant aperture, in the manner of a person relapsing into reverie. She was preoccupied; she was too restless to sit down, to work, to read. It was evidently not her design, however, to catch a glimpse of her visitor before he should pass into the house; for the entrance to the palace was not through the garden, in which stillness and privacy always reigned. She was endeavouring rather to anticipate his arrival by a process of conjecture, and to judge by the expression of her face this attempt gave her plenty to do. She was extremely grave; not sad exactly, but deeply serious. The lapse of a year may doubtless account for a considerable increase of gravity; though this will depend a good deal upon the manner in which the year has been spent. Isabel had spent hers in seeing the world; she had moved about; she had travelled; she had exerted herself with an almost passionate activity. She was now, to her own sense, a very different person from the frivolous young woman from Albany, who had begun to see Europe upon the lawn at Gardencourt a couple of years before. She flattered herself that she had gathered a rich experience, that she knew a great deal more of life than this light-minded creature had even suspected. If her thoughts just now

had inclined themselves to retrospect, instead of fluttering their wings nervously about the present, they would have evoked a multitude of interesting pictures. These pictures would have been both landscapes and figure-pieces; the latter, however, would have been the more numerous. With several of the figures concerned in these combinations we are already acquainted. There would be, for instance, the conciliatory Lily, our heroine's sister and Edmund Ludlow's wife, who came out from New York to spend five months with Isabel. She left her husband behind her, but she brought her children, to whom Isabel now played with equal munificence and tenderness the part of maiden-aunt. Mr. Ludlow, toward the last, had been able to snatch a few weeks from his forensic triumphs, and, crossing the ocean with extreme rapidity, spent a month with the two ladies in Paris, before taking his wife home. The little Ludlows had not yet, even from the American point of view, reached the proper tourist-age; so that while her sister was with her, Isabel confined her movements to a narrow circle. Lily and the babies had joined her in Switzerland in the month of July, and they had spent a summer of fine weather in an Alpine valley where the flowers were thick in the meadows, and the shade of great chestnuts made a resting-place in such upward wanderings as might be undertaken by ladies and children on warm afternoons. Afterwards they had come to Paris, a city beloved by Lily, but less appreciated by Isabel, who in those days was constantly thinking of Rome. Mrs. Ludlow enjoyed Paris, but she was nevertheless somewhat disappointed and puzzled; and after her husband had joined her she was in addition a good deal depressed at not being able to induce him to enter into these somewhat subtle and complex emotions. They all had Isabel for their object; but Edmund Ludlow, as he had always done before, declined to be surprised, or distressed, or mysti-

fied, or elated, at anything his sister-in-law might have done or have failed to do. Mrs. Ludlow's feelings were various. At one moment she thought it would be so natural for Isabel to come home and take a house in New York—the Rossiters', for instance, which had an elegant conservatory, and was just round the corner from her own; at another she could not conceal her surprise at the girl's not marrying some gentleman of rank in one of the foreign countries. On the whole, as I have said, she was rather disappointed. She had taken more satisfaction in Isabel's accession of fortune than if the money had been left to herself; it had seemed to her to offer just the proper setting for her sister's slender but eminent figure. Isabel had developed less, however, than Lily had thought likely—development, to Lily's understanding, being somehow mysteriously connected with morning calls and evening parties. Intellectually, doubtless, she had made immense strides; but she appeared to have achieved few of those social conquests of which Mrs. Ludlow had expected to admire the trophies. Lily's conception of such achievements was extremely vague; but this was exactly what she had expected of Isabel—to give it form and body. Isabel could have done as well as she had done in New York; and Mrs. Ludlow appealed to her husband to know whether there was any privilege that she enjoyed in Europe which the society of that city might not offer her. We know, ourselves, that Isabel had made conquests—whether inferior or not to those she might have effected in her native land, it would be a delicate matter to decide; and it is not altogether with a feeling of complacency that I again mention that she had not made these honourable victories public. She had not told her sister the history of Lord Warburton, nor had she given her a hint of Mr. Osmond's state of mind; and she had no better reason for her silence than that she didn't wish to speak. It entertained her more to say

nothing, and she had no idea of asking poor Lily's advice. But Lily knew nothing of these rich mysteries, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she pronounced her sister's career in Europe rather dull—an impression confirmed by the fact that Isabel's silence about Mr. Osmond, for instance, was in direct proportion to the frequency with which he occupied her thoughts. As this happened very often, it sometimes appeared to Mrs. Ludlow that her sister was really losing her gaiety. So very strange a result of so exhilarating an incident as inheriting a fortune was of course perplexing to the cheerful Lily; it added to her general sense that Isabel was not at all like other people.

Isabel's gaiety, however—superficially speaking at least—exhibited itself rather more after her sister had gone home. She could imagine something more poetic than spending the winter in Paris—Paris was like smart, neat prose—and her frequent correspondence with Madame Merle did much to stimulate such fancies. She had never had a keener sense of freedom, of the absolute boldness and wantonness of liberty than when she turned away from the platform at the Euston Station, on one of the latter days of November, after the departure of the train which was to convey poor Lily, her husband, and her children, to their ship at Liverpool. It had been good for her to have them with her; she was very conscious of that; she was very observant, as we know, of what was good for her, and her effort was constantly to find something that was good enough. To profit by the present advantage till the latest moment, she had made the journey from Paris with the unenvied travellers. She would have accompanied them to Liverpool as well, only Edmund Ludlow had asked her, as a favour, not to do so; it made Lily so fidgety, and she asked such impossible questions. Isabel watched the train move away; she kissed her hand to the elder of her small nephews, a demonstrative child

who leaned dangerously far out of the window of the carriage and made separation an occasion of violent hilarity, and then she walked back into the foggy London street. The world lay before her—she could do whatever she chose. There was something exciting in the feeling, but for the present her choice was tolerably discreet; she chose simply to walk back from Euston Square to her hotel. The early dusk of a November afternoon had already closed in; the street-lamps, in the thick, brown air, looked weak and red; our young lady was unattended, and Euston Square was a long way from Piccadilly. But Isabel performed the journey with a positive enjoyment of its dangers, and lost her way almost on purpose, in order to get more sensations, so that she was disappointed when an obliging policeman easily set her right again. She was so fond of the spectacle of human life that she enjoyed even the aspect of gathering dusk in the London streets—the moving crowds, the hurrying cabs, the lighted shops, the flaring stalls, the dark, shining dampness of everything. That evening, at her hotel, she wrote to Madame Merle that she should start in a day or two for Rome. She made her way down to Rome without touching at Florence—having gone first to Venice and then proceeded southward by Ancona. She accomplished this journey without other assistance than that of her servant, for her natural protectors were not now on the ground. Ralph Touchett was spending the winter at Algiers, and Miss Stackpole, in the September previous, had been recalled to America by a telegram from the *Interviewer*. This journal offered its brilliant correspondent a fresher field for her talents than the mouldering cities of Europe, and Henrietta was cheered on her way by a promise from Mr. Bantling that he would soon come over and see her. Isabel wrote to Mrs. Touchett to apologise for not coming just then to Florence, and her aunt replied characteristically enough.

Apologies, Mrs. Touchett intimated, were of no more use than soap-bubbles, and she herself never dealt in such articles. One either did the thing or one didn't, and what one would have done belonged to the sphere of the irrelevant, like the idea of a future life or of the origin of things. Her letter was frank, but (a rare case with Mrs. Touchett) it was not so frank as it seemed. She easily forgave her niece for not stopping at Florence, because she thought it was a sign that there was nothing going on with Gilbert Osmond. She watched, of course, to see whether Mr. Osmond would now go to Rome, and took some comfort in learning that he was not guilty of an absence. Isabel, on her side, had not been a fortnight in Rome before she proposed to Madame Merle that they should make a little pilgrimage to the East. Madame Merle remarked that her friend was restless, but she added that she herself had always been consumed with the desire to visit Athens and Constantinople. The two ladies accordingly embarked on this expedition, and spent three months in Greece, in Turkey, in Egypt. Isabel found much to interest her in these countries, though Madame Merle continued to remark that even among the most classic sites, the scenes most calculated to suggest repose and reflection, her restlessness prevailed. Isabel travelled rapidly, eagerly, audaciously; she was like a thirsty person draining cup after cup. Madame Merle, for the present, was a most efficient duenna. It was on Isabel's invitation she had come, and she imparted all necessary dignity to the girl's uncounseled condition. She played her part with the sagacity that might have been expected of her; she effaced herself, she accepted the position of a companion whose expenses were profusely paid. The situation, however, had no hardships, and people who met this graceful pair on their travels would not have been able to tell you which was the patroness and which the client. To say that Madame Merle

improved on acquaintance would misrepresent the impression she made upon Isabel, who had thought her from the first a perfectly enlightened woman. At the end of an intimacy of three months Isabel felt that she knew her better; her character had revealed itself, and Madame Merle had also at last redeemed her promise of relating her history from her own point of view—a consummation the more desirable as Isabel had already heard it related from the point of view of others. This history was so sad a one (in so far as it concerned the late M. Merle, an adventurer of the lowest class, who had taken advantage, years before, of her youth, and of an inexperience in which doubtless those who knew her only now would find it difficult to believe); it abounded so in startling and lamentable incidents, that Isabel wondered the poor lady had kept so much of her freshness, her interest in life. Into this freshness of Madame Merle's she obtained a considerable insight; she saw that it was, after all, a tolerably artificial bloom. Isabel liked her as much as ever, but there was a certain corner of the curtain that never was lifted; it was as if Madame Merle had remained after all a foreigner. She had once said that she came from a distance, that she belonged to the old world, and Isabel never lost the impression that she was the product of a different clime from her own, that she had grown up under other stars. Isabel believed that at bottom she had a different morality. Of course the morality of civilized persons has always much in common; but Isabel suspected that her friend had esoteric views. She believed, with the presumption of youth, that a morality which differed from her own must be inferior to it; and this conviction was an aid to detecting an occasional flash of cruelty, an occasional lapse from candour, in the conversation of a woman who had raised delicate kindness to an art, and whose nature was too large for the narrow ways of deception. Her con-

ception of human motives was different from Isabel's, and there were several in her list of which our heroine had not even heard. She had not heard of everything, that was very plain; and there were evidently things in the world of which it was not advantageous to hear. Once or twice Isabel had a sort of fright, but the reader will be amused at the cause of it. Madame Merle, as we know, comprehended, responded, sympathised, with wonderful readiness; yet it had nevertheless happened that her young friend mentally exclaimed—"Heaven forgive her, she doesn't understand me!" Absurd as it may seem, this discovery operated as a shock; it left Isabel with a vague horror, in which there was even an element of foreboding. The horror of course subsided, in the light of some sudden proof of Madame Merle's remarkable intelligence; but it left a sort of high-water-mark in the development of this delightful intimacy. Madame Merle had once said that, in her belief, when a friendship ceased to grow, it immediately began to decline—there was no point of equilibrium between liking a person more and liking him less. A stationary affection, in other words, was impossible—it must move one way or the other. Without estimating the value of this doctrine I may say that if Isabel's imagination, which had hitherto been so actively engaged on her friend's behalf, began at last to languish, she enjoyed her society not a particle less than before. If their friendship had declined, it had declined to a very comfortable level. The truth is that in these days the girl had other uses for her imagination, which was better occupied than it had ever been. I do not allude to the impulse it received as she gazed at the Pyramids in the course of an excursion from Cairo, or as she stood among the broken columns of the Acropolis and fixed her eyes upon the point designated to her as the strait of Salamis; deep and memorable as these emotions had been. She came back by the last of March from Egypt and Greece, and

made another stay in Rome. A few days after her arrival Gilbert Osmond came down from Florence, and remained three weeks, during which the fact of her being with his old friend Madame Merle, in whose house she had gone to lodge, made it virtually inevitable that he should see her every day. When the last of April came she wrote to Mrs. Touchett that she should now be very happy to accept an invitation given long before, and went to pay a visit at the Palazzo Crescentini, Madame Merle on this occasion remaining in Rome. Isabel found her aunt alone; her cousin was still at Algiers. Ralph, however, was expected in Florence from day to day, and Isabel, who had not seen him for upwards of a year, was prepared to give him the most affectionate welcome.

XXXI.

It was not of him nevertheless that she was thinking while she stood at the window, where we found her a while ago, and it was not of any of the matters that I have just rapidly sketched. She was not thinking of the past, but of the future; of the immediate, impending hour. She had reason to expect a scene, and she was not fond of scenes. She was not asking herself what she should say to her visitor; this question had already been answered. What he would say to her—that was the interesting speculation. It could be nothing agreeable; Isabel was convinced of this, and the conviction had something to do with her being rather paler than usual. For the rest, however, she wore her natural brightness of aspect; even deep grief, with this vivid young lady, would have had a certain soft effulgence. She had laid aside her mourning, but she was still very simply dressed, and as she felt a good deal older than she had done a year before, it is probable that to a certain extent she looked so. She was not left indefinitely to her appre-

hensions, for the servant at last came in and presented her a card.

"Let the gentleman come in," said Isabel, who continued to gaze out of the window after the footman had retired. It was only when she had heard the door close behind the person who presently entered that she looked round.

Caspar Goodwood stood there—stood and received a moment, from head to foot, the bright, dry gaze with which she rather withheld than offered a greeting. Whether on his side Mr. Goodwood felt himself older than on the first occasion of our meeting him, is a point which we shall perhaps presently ascertain; let me say meanwhile that to Isabel's critical glance he showed nothing of the encroachments of time. Straight, strong, and fresh, there was nothing in his appearance that spoke positively either of youth or of age; he looked too deliberate, too serious to be young, and too eager, too active to be old. Old he would never be, and this would serve as a compensation for his never having known the age of chubbiness. Isabel perceived that his jaw had quite the same voluntary look that it had worn in earlier days; but she was prepared to admit that such a moment as the present was not a time for relaxation. He had the air of a man who had travelled hard; he said nothing at first, as if he had been out of breath. This gave Isabel time to make a reflection. "Poor fellow," she mentally murmured, "what great things he is capable of, and what a pity that he should waste his splendid force! What a pity, too, that one can't satisfy everybody!" It gave her time to do more—to say at the end of a minute,

"I can't tell you how I hoped that you wouldn't come."

"I have no doubt of that." And Caspar Goodwood looked about him for a seat. Not only had he come, but he meant to stay a little.

"You must be very tired," said Isabel, seating herself, generously,

as she thought, to give him his opportunity.

"No, I am not at all tired. Did you ever know me to be tired?"

"Never; I wish I had. When did you arrive here?"

"Last night, very late; in a kind of snail-train they call the express. These Italian trains go at about the rate of an American funeral."

"That is in keeping—you must have felt as if you were coming to a funeral," Isabel said, forcing a smile, in order to offer such encouragement as she might to an easy treatment of their situation. She had reasoned out the matter elaborately; she had made it perfectly clear that she broke no faith, that she falsified no contract; but for all this she was afraid of him. She was ashamed of her fear; but she was devoutly thankful there was nothing else to be ashamed of. He looked at her with his stiff persistency—a persistency in which there was almost a want of tact; especially as there was a dull dark beam in his eye which rested on her almost like a physical weight.

"No, I didn't feel that; because I couldn't think of you as dead. I wish I could!" said Caspar Goodwood, plainly.

"I thank you immensely."

"I would rather think of you as dead than as married to another man."

"That is very selfish of you!" Isabel cried, with the ardour of a real conviction. "If you are not happy yourself, others have a right to be."

"Very likely it is selfish; but I don't in the least mind your saying so. I don't mind anything you can say now—I don't feel it. The cruellest things you could think of would be mere pin-pricks. After what you have done I shall never feel anything. I mean anything but that. That I shall feel all my life."

Mr. Goodwood made these detached assertions with a sort of dry deliberateness, in his hard, slow American tone, which flung no atmospheric

colour over propositions intrinsically displeasing. The tone made Isabel angry rather than touched her; but her anger perhaps was fortunate, inasmuch as it gave her a further reason for controlling herself. It was under the pressure of this control that she said, after a little, irrelevantly, by way of answer to Mr. Goodwood's speech—"When did you leave New York?"

He threw up his head a moment, as if he were calculating. "Seventeen days ago."

"You must have travelled fast, in spite of your slow trains."

"I came as fast as I could. I would have come five days ago if I had been able."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, Mr. Goodwood," said Isabel, smiling.

"Not to you—no. But to me."

"You gain nothing that I see."

"That is for me to judge!"

"Of course. To me it seems that you only torment yourself." And then, to change the subject, Isabel asked him if he had seen Henrietta Stackpole.

He looked as if he had not come from Boston to Florence to talk about Henrietta Stackpole; but he answered, distinctly enough, that this young lady had come to see him just before he left America.

"She came to see you?"

"Yes, she was in Boston, and she called at my office. It was the day I had got your letter."

"Did you tell her?" Isabel asked, with a certain anxiety.

"Oh no," said Caspar Goodwood, simply; "I didn't want to. She will hear it soon enough; she hears everything."

"I shall write to her; and then she will write to me and scold me," Isabel declared, trying to smile again.

Caspar, however, remained sternly grave. "I guess she'll come out," he said.

"On purpose to scold me?"

"I don't know. She seemed to think she had not seen Europe thoroughly."

"I am glad you tell me that," Isabel said. "I must prepare for her."

Mr. Goodwood fixed his eyes for a moment on the floor; then at last, raising them—"Does she know Mr. Osmond?" he asked.

"A little. And she doesn't like him. But of course I don't marry to please Henrietta," Isabel added.

It would have been better for poor Caspar if she had tried a little more to gratify Miss Stackpole; but he did not say so; he only asked, presently, when her marriage would take place.

"I don't know yet. I can only say it will be soon. I have told no one but yourself and one other person—an old friend of Mr. Osmond's."

"Is it a marriage your friends won't like?" Caspar Goodwood asked.

"I really haven't an idea. As I say, I don't marry for my friends."

He went on, making no exclamation, no comment, only asking questions.

"What is Mr. Osmond?"

"What is he? Nothing at all but a very good man. He is not in business," said Isabel. "He is not rich; he is not known for anything in particular."

She disliked Mr. Goodwood's questions, but she said to herself that she owed it to him to satisfy him as far as possible.

The satisfaction poor Caspar exhibited was certainly small; he sat very upright, gazing at her.

"Where does he come from?" he went on.

"From nowhere. He has spent most of his life in Italy."

"You said in your letter that he was an American. Hasn't he a native place?"

"Yes, but he has forgotten it. He left it as a small boy."

"Has he never gone back?"

"Why should he go back?" Isabel asked, flushing a little, and defensively.

"He has no profession."

"He might have gone back for his pleasure. Doesn't he like the United States?"

"He doesn't know them. Then he is very simple—he contents himself with Italy."

"With Italy and with you," said Mr. Goodwood, with gloomy plainness, and no appearance of trying to make an epigram. "What has he ever done?" he added, abruptly.

"That I should marry him? Nothing at all," Isabel replied, with a smile that had gradually become a trifle defiant. "If he had done great things would you forgive me any better? Give me up, Mr. Goodwood; I am marrying a nonentity. Don't try to take an interest in him; you can't."

"I can't appreciate him; that's what you mean. And you don't mean in the least that he is a nonentity. You think he is a great man, though no one else thinks so."

Isabel's colour deepened; she thought this very clever of her companion, and it was certainly a proof of the clairvoyance of such a feeling as his.

"Why do you always come back to what others think? I can't discuss Mr. Osmond with you."

"Of course not," said Caspar, reasonably.

And he sat there with his air of stiff helplessness, as if not only this were true, but there were nothing else that they might discuss.

"You see how little you gain," Isabel broke out—"how little comfort or satisfaction I can give you."

"I didn't expect you to give me much."

"I don't understand, then, why you came."

"I came because I wanted to see you once more—as you are."

"I appreciate that; but if you had waited a while, sooner or later we should have been sure to meet, and our meeting would have been pleasanter for each of us than this."

"Waited till after you are married? That is just what I didn't want to do. You will be different then."

"Not very. I shall still be a great friend of yours. You will see."

"That will make it all the worse," said Mr. Goodwood grimly.

"Ah, you are unaccommodating! I can't promise to dislike you, in order to help you to resign yourself."

"I shouldn't care if you did!"

Isabel got up, with a movement of repressed impatience, and walked to the window, where she remained a moment, looking out. When she turned round, her visitor was still motionless in his place. She came towards him again and stopped, resting her hand on the back of the chair she had just quitted.

"Do you mean you came simply to look at me? That's better for you, perhaps, than for me."

"I wished to hear the sound of your voice," said Caspar.

"You have heard it, and you see it says nothing very sweet."

"It gives me pleasure, all the same."

And with this he got up.

She had felt pain and displeasure when she received that morning the note in which he told her that he was in Florence, and, with her permission, would come within an hour to see her. She had been vexed and distressed, though she had sent back word by his messenger that he might come when he would. She had not been better pleased when she saw him; his being there at all was so full of implication. It implied things she could never assent to—rights, reproaches, remonstrance, rebuke, the expectation of making her change her purpose. These things, however, if implied, had not been expressed; and now our young lady, strangely enough, began to resent her visitor's remarkable self-control. There was a dumb misery about him which irritated her; there was a manly staying of his hand which made her heart beat faster. She felt her agitation rising, and she said to herself that she was as angry as a woman who had been in the wrong. She was not in the wrong; she had fortunately

not that bitterness to swallow; but, all the same, she wished he would denounce her a little. She had wished his visit would be short; it had no purpose, no propriety; yet now that he seemed to be turning away, she felt a sudden horror of his leaving her without uttering a word that would give her an opportunity to defend herself more than she had done in writing to him a month before, in a few carefully chosen words, to announce her engagement. If she were not in the wrong, however, why should she desire to defend herself? It was an excess of generosity on Isabel's part to desire that Mr. Goodwood should be angry.

If he had not held himself hard it might have made him so to hear the tone in which she suddenly exclaimed, as if she were accusing him of having accused her,

"I have not deceived you! I was perfectly free!"

"Yes, I know that," said Caspar.

"I gave you full warning that I would do as I chose."

"You said you would probably never marry, and you said it so positively that I pretty well believed it."

Isabel was silent an instant.

"No one can be more surprised than myself at my present intention."

"You told me that if I heard you were engaged, I was not to believe it," Caspar went on. "I heard it twenty days ago from yourself, but I remembered what you had said. I thought there might be some mistake, and that is partly why I came."

"If you wish me to repeat it by word of mouth, that is soon done. There is no mistake at all."

"I saw that as soon as I came into the room."

"What good would it do you that I shouldn't marry?" Isabel asked, with a certain fierceness.

"I should like it better than this."

"You are very selfish, as I said before."

"I know that. I am selfish as iron."

"Even iron sometimes melts. If

you will be reasonable I will see you again."

"Don't you call me reasonable now?"

"I don't know what to say to you," she answered, with sudden humility.

"I sha'n't trouble you for a long time," the young man went on. He made a step towards the door, but he stopped. "Another reason why I came was that I wanted to hear what you would say in explanation of your having changed your mind."

Isabel's humbleness as suddenly deserted her.

"In explanation? Do you think I am bound to explain?"

Caspar gave her one of his long dumb looks.

"You were very positive. I did believe it."

"So did I. Do you think I could explain if I would?"

"No, I suppose not. Well," he added, "I have done what I wished. I have seen you."

"How little you make of these terrible journeys," Isabel murmured.

"If you are afraid I am tired, you may be at your ease about that." He turned away, this time in earnest, and no hand-shake, no sign of parting, was exchanged between them. At the door he stopped, with his hand on the knob. "I shall leave Florence to-morrow," he said.

"I am delighted to hear it!" she answered, passionately. And he went out. Five minutes after he had gone she burst into tears.

XXXII.

HER fit of weeping, however, was of brief duration, and the signs of it had vanished when, an hour later, she broke the news to her aunt. I use this expression because she had been sure Mrs. Touchett would not be pleased; Isabel had only waited to tell her till she had seen Mr. Goodwood. She had an odd impression that it would not be honourable to make the

fact public before she should have heard what Mr. Goodwood would say about it. He had said rather less than she expected, and she now had a somewhat angry sense of having lost time. But she would lose no more; she waited till Mrs. Touchett came into the drawing-room before the mid-day breakfast, and then she said to her—

"Aunt Lydia, I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little jump and looked at the girl almost fiercely.

"You needn't tell me; I know what it is."

"I don't know how you know."

"The same way that I know when the window is open—by feeling a draught. You are going to marry that man."

"What man do you mean?" Isabel inquired, with great dignity.

"Madame Merle's friend—Mr. Osmond."

"I don't know why you call him Madame Merle's friend. Is that the principal thing he is known by?"

"If he is not her friend he ought to be—after what she has done for him!" cried Mrs. Touchett. "I shouldn't have expected it of her; I am disappointed."

"If you mean that Madame Merle has had anything to do with my engagement you are greatly mistaken," Isabel declared, with a sort of ardent coldness.

"You mean that your attractions were sufficient, without the gentleman being urged? You are quite right. They are immense, your attractions, and he would never have presumed to think of you if she had not put him up to it. He has a very good opinion of himself, but he was not a man to take trouble. Madame Merle took the trouble for him."

"He has taken a great deal for himself!" cried Isabel, with a voluntary laugh.

Mrs. Touchett gave a sharp nod.

"I think he must, after all, to have made you like him."

"I thought you liked him yourself."

"I did, and that is why I am angry with him."

"Be angry with me, not with him," said the girl.

"Oh, I am always angry with you; that's no satisfaction! Was it for this that you refused Lord Warburton?"

"Please don't go back to that. Why shouldn't I like Mr. Osmond, since you did?"

"I never wanted to marry him; there is nothing of him."

"Then he can't hurt me," said Isabel.

"Do you think you are going to be happy? No one is happy."

"I shall set the fashion then. What does one marry for?"

"What you will marry for, heaven only knows. People usually marry as they go into partnership—to set up a house. But in your partnership you will bring everything."

"Is it that Mr. Osmond is not rich? Is that what you are talking about?" Isabel asked.

"He has no money; he has no name; he has no importance. I value such things and I have the courage to say it; I think they are very precious. Many other people think the same, and they show it. But they give some other reason!"

Isabel hesitated a little.

"I think I value everything that is valuable. I care very much for money, and that is why I wish Mr. Osmond to have some."

"Give it to him, then; but marry some one else."

"His name is good enough for me," the girl went on. "It's a very pretty name. Have I such a fine one myself?"

"All the more reason you should improve on it. There are only a dozen American names. Do you marry him out of charity?"

"It was my duty to tell you, Aunt Lydia, but I don't think it is my duty to explain to you. Even if it were, I

shouldn't be able. So please don't remonstrate; in talking about it you have me at a disadvantage. I can't talk about it."

"I don't remonstrate, I simply answer you; I must give some sign of intelligence. I saw it coming, and I said nothing. I never meddle."

"You never do, and I am greatly obliged to you. You have been very considerate."

"It was not considerate—it was convenient," said Mrs. Touchett. "But I shall talk to Madame Merle."

"I don't see why you keep bringing her in. She has been a very good friend to me."

"Possibly; but she has been a poor one to me."

"What has she done to you?"

"She has deceived me. She had as good as promised me to prevent your engagement."

"She couldn't have prevented it."

"She can do anything; that is what I have always liked her for. I knew she could play any part; but I understood that she played them one by one. I didn't understand that she would play two at the same time."

"I don't know what part she may have played to you," Isabel said; "that is between yourselves. To me she has been honest, and kind, and devoted."

"Devoted, of course; she wished you to marry her candidate. She told me that she was watching you only in order to interpose."

"She said that to please you," the girl answered; conscious, however, of the inadequacy of the explanation.

"To please me by deceiving me? She knows me better. Am I pleased to-day?"

"I don't think you are ever much pleased," Isabel was obliged to reply. "If Madame Merle knew you would learn the truth, what had she to gain by insincerity?"

"She gained time, as you see. While I waited for her to interfere you were marching away, and she was really beating the drum."

"That is very well. But by your own admission you saw I was marching, and even if she had given the alarm you would not have tried to stop me."

"No, but some one else would."

"Whom do you mean?" Isabel asked, looking very hard at her aunt.

Mrs. Touchett's little bright eyes, active as they usually were, sustained her gaze rather than returned it.

"Would you have listened to Ralph?"

"Not if he had abused Mr. Osmond."

"Ralph doesn't abuse people; you know that perfectly. He cares very much for you."

"I know he does," said Isabel; "and I shall feel the value of it now, for he knows that whatever I do I do with reason."

"He never believed you would do this. I told him you were capable of it, and he argued the other way."

"He did it for the sake of argument," said Isabel smiling. "You don't accuse him of having deceived you; why should you accuse Madame Merle?"

"He never pretended he would prevent it."

"I am glad of that!" cried the girl, gaily. "I wish very much," she presently added, "that when he comes you would tell him first of my engagement."

"Of course I will mention it," said Mrs. Touchett. "I will say nothing more to you about it, but I give you notice I will talk to others."

"That's as you please. I only meant that it is rather better the announcement should come from you than from me."

"I quite agree with you; it is much more proper!"

And on this the two ladies went to breakfast, where Mrs. Touchett was as good as her word, and made no allusion to Gilbert Osmond. After an interval of silence, however, she asked her companion from whom she had received a visit an hour before.

"From an old friend—an American gentleman," Isabel said, with a colour in her cheek.

"An American, of course. It is only an American that calls at ten o'clock in the morning."

"It was half-past ten; he was in a great hurry; he goes away this evening."

"Couldn't he have come yesterday, at the usual time?"

"He only arrived last night."

"He spends but twenty-four hours in Florence?" Mrs. Touchett cried. "He's an American truly."

"He is indeed," said Isabel, thinking with a perverse admiration of what Caspar Goodwood had done for her.

Two days afterward Ralph arrived; but though Isabel was sure that Mrs. Touchett had lost no time in telling him the news, he betrayed at first no knowledge of the great fact. Their first talk was naturally about his health; Isabel had many questions to ask about his Algerian winter. She had been shocked by his appearance when he came into the room; she had forgotten how ill he looked. In spite of his Algerian winter he looked very ill to-day, and Isabel wondered whether he were really worse or whether she were simply disaccustomed to living with an invalid. Poor Ralph grew no handsomer as he advanced in life, and the now apparently complete loss of his health had done little to mitigate the natural oddity of his person. His face wore its pleasant perpetual smile, which perhaps suggested wit rather than achieved it; his thin whisker languished upon a lean cheek; the exorbitant curve of his nose defined itself more sharply. Lean he was altogether; lean and long and loose-jointed; an accidental cohesion of relaxed angles. His brown velvet jacket had become perennial; his hands had fixed themselves in his pockets; he shambled and stumbled, he shuffled and strayed, in a manner that denoted great physical helplessness. It was perhaps this whimsical gait that helped to mark his character

more than ever as that of the humorous invalid—the invalid for whom even his own disabilities are part of the general joke. They might well indeed with Ralph have been the chief cause of the want of seriousness with which he appeared to regard a world in which the reason for his own presence was past finding out. Isabel had grown fond of his ugliness; his awkwardness had become dear to her. These things were endeared by association; they struck her as the conditions of his being so charming. Ralph was so charming that her sense of his being ill had hitherto had a sort of comfort in it; the state of his health had seemed not a limitation, but a kind of intellectual advantage; it absolved him from all professional and official emotions and left him the luxury of being simply personal. This personality of Ralph's was delightful; it had none of the staleness of disease; it was always easy and fresh and genial. Such had been the girl's impression of her cousin; and when she had pitied him it was only on reflection. As she reflected a good deal she had given him a certain amount of compassion; but Isabel always had a dread of wasting compassion—a precious article, worth more to the giver than to any one else. Now, however, it took no great ingenuity to discover that poor Ralph's tenure of life was less elastic than it should be. He was a dear, bright, generous fellow; he had all the illumination of wisdom and none of its pedantry, and yet he was dying. Isabel said to herself that life was certainly hard for some people, and she felt a delicate glow of shame as she thought how easy it now promised to become for herself. She was prepared to learn that Ralph was not pleased with her engagement; but she was not prepared, in spite of her affection for her cousin, to let this fact spoil the situation. She was not even prepared—or so she thought—to resent his want of sympathy; for it would be his privilege—it would be indeed

his natural line—to find fault with any step she might take toward marriage. One's cousin always pretended to hate one's husband; that was traditional, classical; it was a part of one's cousin's always pretending to adore one. Ralph was nothing if not critical; and though she would certainly, other things being equal, have been as glad to marry to please Ralph as to please any one, it would be absurd to think it important that her choice should square with his views. What were his views, 'after all? He had pretended to think she had better marry Lord Warburton; but this was only because she had refused that excellent man. If she had accepted him Ralph would certainly have taken another tone; he always took the opposite one. You could criticise any marriage; it was of the essence of a marriage to be open to criticism. How well she herself, if she would only give her mind to it, might criticise this business of her own! She had other employment, however, and Ralph was welcome to relieve her of the care. Isabel was prepared to be wonderfully good-humoured.

He must have seen that, and this made it the more odd that he should say nothing. After three days had elapsed without his speaking, Isabel became impatient; dislike it as he would, he might at least go through the form. We who know more about poor Ralph than his cousin, may easily believe that during the hours that followed his arrival at the Palazzo Crescentini, he had privately gone through many forms. His mother had literally greeted him with the great news, which was even more sensibly chilling than Mrs. Touchett's maternal kiss. Ralph was shocked and humiliated; his calculations had been false, and his cousin was lost. He drifted about the house like a rudderless vessel in a rocky stream, or sat in the garden of the palace in a great cane chair, with his long legs extended, his head thrown back, and his hat pulled over his eyes. He felt cold about the

heart; he had never liked anything less. What could he do, what could he say? If Isabel were irreclaimable, could he pretend to like it? To attempt to reclaim her was permissible only if the attempt should succeed. To try to persuade her that the man to whom she had pledged her faith was a humbug would be decently discreet only in the event of her being persuaded. Otherwise he should simply have damned himself. It cost him an equal effort to speak his thought and to dissemble; he could neither assent with sincerity nor protest with hope. Meanwhile he knew—or rather he supposed—that the affianced pair were daily renewing their mutual vows. Osmond, at this moment, showed himself little at the Palazzo Crescentini; but Isabel met him every day elsewhere, as she was free to do after their engagement had been made public. She had taken a carriage by the month, so as not to be indebted to her aunt for the means of pursuing a course of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and she drove in the morning to the Cascine. This suburban wilderness, during the early hours, was void of all intruders, and our young lady, joined by her lover in its quietest part, strolled with him a while in the grey Italian shade and listened to the nightingales.

XXXIII.

ONE morning, on her return from her drive, some half-hour before luncheon, she quitted her vehicle in the court of the palace, and instead of ascending the great staircase, crossed the court, passed beneath another archway and entered the garden. A sweeter spot, at this moment, could not have been imagined. The stillness of noontide hung over it; the warm shade was motionless, and the hot light made it pleasant. Ralph was sitting there in the clear gloom, at the base of a statue of Terpsichore—a dancing nymph with taper fingers and inflated draperies, in

the manner of Bernini; the extreme relaxation of his attitude suggested at first to Isabel that he was asleep. Her light footstep on the grass had not roused him, and before turning away she stood for a moment looking at him. During this instant he opened his eyes; upon which she sat down on a rustic chair that matched with his own. Though in her irritation she had accused him of indifference, she was not blind to the fact that he was visibly preoccupied. But she had attributed his long reveries partly to the languor of his increased weakness, partly to his being troubled about certain arrangements he had made as to the property inherited from his father—arrangements of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and which, as she had told Isabel, now encountered opposition from the other partners in the bank. He ought to have gone to England, his mother said, instead of coming to Florence; he had not been there for months, and he took no more interest in the bank than in the state of Patagonia.

"I am sorry I waked you," Isabel said; "you look tired."

"I feel tired. But I was not asleep. I was thinking of you."

"Are you tired of that?"

"Very much so. It leads to nothing. The road is long and I never arrive."

"What do you wish to arrive at?" Isabel said, drawing off a glove.

"At the point of expressing to myself properly what I think of your engagement."

"Don't think too much of it," said Isabel, lightly.

"Do you mean that it's none of my business?"

"Beyond a certain point, yes."

"That's the point I wish to fix. I had an idea that you have found me wanting in good manners; I have never congratulated you."

"Of course I have noticed that; I wondered why you were silent."

"There have been a good many reasons; I will tell you now," said Ralph.

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He pulled off his hat and laid it on the ground; then he sat looking at her. He leaned back, with his head against the marble pedestal of Terpsichore, his arms dropped on either side of him, his hands laid upon the sides of his wide chair. He looked awkward, uncomfortable; he hesitated for a long time. Isabel said nothing; when people were embarrassed she was usually sorry for them; but she was determined not to help Ralph to utter a word that should not be to the honour of her excellent purpose.

"I think I have hardly got over my surprise," he said, at last. "You were the last person I expected to see caught."

"I don't know why you call it caught."

"Because you are going to be put into a cage."

"If I like my cage, that needn't trouble you," said Isabel.

"That's what I wonder at; that's what I have been thinking of."

"If you have been thinking, you may imagine how I have thought! I am satisfied that I am doing well."

"You must have changed immensely. A year ago you valued your liberty beyond everything. You wanted only to see life."

"I have seen it," said Isabel. "It doesn't seem to me so charming."

"I don't pretend it is; only I had an idea that you took a genial view of it and wanted to survey the whole field."

"I have seen that one can't do that. One must choose a corner and cultivate that."

"That's what I think. And one must choose a good corner. I had no idea, all winter, while I read your delightful letters, that you were choosing. You said nothing about it, and your silence put me off my guard."

"It was not a matter I was likely to write to you about. Besides, I knew nothing of the future. It has all come lately. If you had been on your guard, however," Isabel asked, "what would you have done?"

"I should have said—'Wait a little longer.'"

"Wait for what?"

"Well, for a little more light," said Ralph, with a rather absurd smile, while his hands found their way into his pockets.

"Where should my light have come from? From you?"

"I might have struck a spark or two!"

Isabel had drawn off her other glove; she smoothed the two out as they lay upon her knee. The gentleness of this movement was accidental, for her expression was not conciliatory.

"You are beating about the bush, Ralph. You wish to say that you don't like Mr. Osmond, and yet you are afraid."

"I am afraid of you, not of him. If you marry him it won't be a nice thing to have said."

"If I marry him! Have you had any expectation of dissuading me?"

"Of course that seems to you too fatuous."

"No," said Isabel, after a little; "it seems to me touching."

"That's the same thing. It makes me so ridiculous that you pity me."

Isabel stroked out her long gloves again.

"I know you have a great affection for me. I can't get rid of that."

"For heaven's sake don't try. Keep that well in sight. It will convince you how intensely I want you to do well."

"And how little you trust me!"

There was a moment's silence; the warm noon-tide seemed to listen.

"I trust you, but I don't trust him," said Ralph.

Isabel raised her eyes and gave him a wide, deep look.

"You have said it now; you will suffer for it."

"Not if you are just."

"I am very just," said Isabel.

"What better proof of it can there be than that I am not angry with you? I don't know what is the matter with

me, but I am not. I was when you began, but it has passed away. Perhaps I ought to be angry, but Mr. Osmond wouldn't think so. He wants me to know everything; that's what I like him for. You have nothing to gain, I know that. I have never been so nice to you, as a girl, that you should have much reason for wishing me to remain one. You give very good advice; you have often done so. No, I am very quiet; I have always believed in your wisdom," Isabel went on, boasting of her quietness, yet speaking with a kind of contained exaltation. It was her passionate desire to be just; it touched Ralph to the heart, affected him like a caress from a creature he had injured. He wished to interrupt, to reassure her; for a moment he was absurdly inconsistent; he would have retracted what he had said. But she gave him no chance; she went on, having caught a glimpse, as she thought, of the heroic line, and desiring to advance in that direction.

"I see you have got some idea; I should like very much to hear it. I am sure it's disinterested; I feel that. It seems a strange thing to argue about, and of course I ought to tell you definitely that if you expect to dissuade me you may give it up. You will not move me at all; it is too late. As you say, I am caught. Certainly it won't be pleasant for you to remember this, but your pain will be in your own thoughts. I shall never reproach you."

"I don't think you ever will," said Ralph. "It is not in the least the sort of marriage I thought you would make."

"What sort of marriage was that, pray?"

"Well, I can hardly say. I hadn't exactly a positive view of it, but I had a negative. I didn't think you would marry a man like Mr. Osmond."

"What do you know against him? You know him scarcely at all."

"Yes," Ralph said, "I know him very little, and I know nothing against him. But all the same I can't help

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Cambridge and London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1881

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"I have chiefly to do with the relation in which he stands to me. In that he is excellent."

"He is the incarnation of taste," Ralph went on, thinking hard how he could best express Gilbert Osmond's sinister attributes without putting himself in the wrong by seeming to describe him coarsely. He wished to describe him impersonally, scientifically. "He judges and measures, approves and condemns, altogether by that."

"It is a happy thing then that his taste should be exquisite."

"It is exquisite indeed, since it has led him to select you as his wife. But have you ever seen an exquisite taste ruffled?"

"I hope it may never be my fortune to fail to gratify my husband's."

At these words a sudden passion leaped to Ralph's lips. "Ah, that's wilful, that's unworthy of you!" he cried. "You were not meant to be measured in that way—you were meant for something better than to keep guard over the sensibilities of a sterile dilettante!"

Isabel rose quickly and Ralph did the same, so that they stood for a moment looking at each other as if he had flung down a defiance or an insult.

"You go too far," she murmured.

"I have said what I had on my mind—and I have said it because I love you!"

Isabel turned pale: was he too on that tiresome list? She had a sudden wish to strike him off. "Ah then, you are not disinterested!"

"I love you, but I love without hope," said Ralph, quickly, forcing a smile, and feeling that in that last declaration he had expressed more than he intended.

Isabel moved away and stood looking into the sunny stillness of the garden; but after a little she turned back to him. "I am afraid your talk, then, is the wildness of despair. I don't understand it—but it doesn't matter. I am not arguing with you; it is impossible that I should; I have

only tried to listen to you. I am much obliged to you for attempting to explain," she said gently, as if the anger with which she had just sprung up had already subsided. "It is very good of you to try to warn me, if you are really alarmed. But I won't promise to think of what you have said; I shall forget it as soon as possible. Try and forget it yourself; you have done your duty, and no man can do more. I can't explain to you what I feel, what I believe, and I wouldn't if I could." She paused a moment, and then she went on, with an inconsequence that Ralph observed even in the midst of his eagerness to discover some symptom of concession. "I can't enter into your idea of Mr. Osmond; I can't do it justice, because I see him in quite another way. He is not important—no, he is not important; he is a man to whom importance is supremely indifferent. If that is what you mean when you call him 'small,' then he is as small as you please. I call that large—it's the largest thing I know. I won't pretend to argue with you about a person I am going to marry," Isabel repeated. "I am not in the least concerned to defend Mr. Osmond; he is not so weak as to need my defence. I should think it would seem strange, even to yourself, that I should talk of him so quietly and coldly, as if he were any one else. I would not talk of him at all, to any one but you; and you, after what you have said—I may just answer you once for all. Pray, would you wish me to make a mercenary marriage—what they call a marriage of ambition? I have only one ambition—to be free to follow out a good feeling. I had others once; but they have passed away. Do you complain of Mr. Osmond because he is not rich? That is just what I like him for. I have fortunately money enough; I have never felt so thankful for it as to-day. There have been moments when I should like to go and kneel down by your father's grave; he did perhaps a better thing than he knew

when he put it into my power to marry a poor man—a man who has borne his poverty with such dignity, with such indifference. Mr. Osmond has never scrambled nor struggled—he has cared for no worldly prize. If that is to be narrow, if that is to be selfish, then it's very well. I am not frightened by such words, I am not even displeased; I am only sorry that you should make a mistake. Others might have done so, but I am surprised that you should. You might know a gentleman when you see one—you might know a fine mind. Mr. Osmond makes no mistakes! He knows everything, he understands everything, he has the kindest, gentlest, highest spirit. You have got hold of some false idea; it's a pity, but I can't help it; it regards you more than me." Isabel paused a moment, looking at her cousin with an eye illuminated by a sentiment which contradicted the careful calmness of her manner—a mingled sentiment, to which the angry pain excited by his words and the wounded pride of having needed to justify a choice of which she felt only the nobleness and purity, equally contributed. Though she paused, Ralph said nothing; he saw she had more to say. She was superb, but she was eager; she was indifferent, but she was secretly trembling. "What sort of a person should you have liked me to marry?" she asked, suddenly. "You talk about one's soaring and sailing, but if one marries at all one touches the earth. One has human feelings and needs, one has a heart in one's bosom, and one must marry a particular individual. Your mother has never forgiven me for not having come to a better understanding with Lord Warburton, and she is horrified at my contenting myself with a person who has none of Lord Warburton's great advantages—no property, no title, no honours, no houses, nor lands, nor position, nor reputation, nor brilliant belongings of any sort. It is the total absence of all these things that

pleases me. Mr. Osmond is simply a man—he is not a proprietor!"

Ralph had listened with great attention, as if everything she said merited deep consideration; but in reality he was only half thinking of the things she said, he was for the rest simply accommodating himself to the weight of his total impression—the impression of her passionate good faith. She was wrong, but she believed; she was deluded, but she was consistent. It was wonderfully characteristic of her that she had invented a fine theory about Gilbert Osmond, and loved him, not for what he really possessed, but for his very poverties dressed out as honours. Ralph remembered what he had said to his father about wishing to put it into Isabel's power to gratify her imagination. He had done so, and the girl had taken full advantage of the privilege. Poor Ralph felt sick; he felt ashamed. Isabel had uttered her last words with a low solemnity of conviction which virtually terminated the discussion, and she closed it formally by turning away and walking back to the house. Ralph walked beside her, and they passed into the court together and reached the big staircase. Here Ralph stopped, and Isabel paused, turning on him a face full of a deep elation at his opposition having made her own conception of her conduct more clear to her.

"Shall you not come up to breakfast?" she asked.

"No; I want no breakfast, I am not hungry."

"You ought to eat," said the girl; "you live on air."

"I do, very much, and I shall go back into the garden and take another mouthful of it. I came thus far simply to say this. I said to you last year that if you were to get into trouble I should feel terribly sold. That's how I feel to-day."

"Do you think I am in trouble?"

"One is in trouble when one is in error."

"Very well," said Isabel; "I shall

never complain of my trouble to you!" And she moved up the staircase.

Ralph, standing there with his hands in his pockets, followed her with his eyes; then the lurking chill of the high-walled court struck him and made him shiver, so that he returned to the garden, to breakfast on the Florentine sunshine.

XXXIV.

ISABEL, when she strolled in the Cascine with her lover, felt no impulse to tell him that he was not thought well of at the Palazzo Crescentini. The discreet opposition offered to her marriage by her aunt and her cousin made on the whole little impression upon her; the moral of it was simply that they disliked Gilbert Osmond. This dislike was not alarming to Isabel; she scarcely even regretted it; for it served mainly to throw into higher relief the fact, in every way so honourable, that she married to please herself. One did other things to please other people; one did this for a more personal satisfaction; and Isabel's satisfaction was assured by her lover's admirable good conduct. Gilbert Osmond was in love, and he had never deserved less than during these still, bright days, each of them numbered, which preceded the fulfilment of his hopes, the harsh criticism passed upon him by Ralph Touchett. The chief impression produced upon Isabel's mind by this criticism was that the passion of love separated its victim terribly from every one but the loved object. She felt herself disjoined from every one she had ever known before—from her two sisters, who wrote to express a dutiful hope that she would be happy, and a surprise, somewhat more vague, at her not having chosen a consort of whom a richer portrait could be painted; from Henrietta, who, she was sure, would come out, too late, on purpose to remonstrate; from Lord Warburton, who would certainly console himself, and from Caspar Good-

wood, who perhaps would not; from her aunt, who had cold, shallow ideas about marriage, for which she was not sorry to manifest her contempt; and from Ralph, whose talk about having great views for her was surely but a whimsical cover for a personal disappointment. Ralph apparently wished her not to marry at all—that was what it really meant—because he was amused with the spectacle of her adventures as a single woman. His disappointment made him say angry things about the man she had preferred even to him: Isabel flattered herself that she believed Ralph had been angry. It was the more easy for her to believe this, because, as I say, she thought on the whole but little about it, and accepted as an incident of her lot the idea that to prefer Gilbert Osmond as she preferred him was perforce to break all other ties. She tasted of the sweets of this preference, and they made her feel that there was after all something very invidious in being in love; much as the sentiment was theoretically approved of. It was the tragical side of happiness; one's right was always made of the wrong of some one else. Gilbert Osmond was not demonstrative; the consciousness of success, which must now have flamed high within him, emitted very little smoke for so brilliant a blaze. Contentment, on his part, never took a vulgar form; excitement, in the most self-conscious of men, was a kind of ecstasy of self-control. This disposition, however, made him an admirable lover; it gave him a constant view of the amorous character. He never forgot himself, as I say; and so he never forgot to be graceful and tender, to wear the appearance of devoted intention. He was immensely pleased with his young lady; Madame Merle had made him a present of incalculable value. What could be a finer thing to live with than a high spirit attuned to softness? For would not the softness be all for one's self, and the strenuousness for society, which admired the air of

superiority? What could be a happier gift in a companion than a quick, fanciful mind, which saved one repetitions, and reflected one's thought upon a scintillating surface? Osmond disliked to see his thought reproduced literally—that made it look stale and stupid; he preferred it to be brightened in the reproduction. His egotism, if egotism it was, had never taken the crude form of wishing for a dull wife; this lady's intelligence was to be a silver plate, not an earthen one—a plate that he might heap up with ripe fruits, to which it would give a decorative value, so that conversation might become a sort of perpetual dessert. He found the silvery quality in perfection in Isabel; he could tap her imagination with his knuckle and make it ring. He knew perfectly, though he had not been told, that the union found little favour among the girl's relations; but he had always treated her so completely as an independent person that it hardly seemed necessary to express regret for the attitude of her family. Nevertheless, one morning, he made an abrupt allusion to it.

"It's the difference in our fortune they don't like," he said. "They think I am in love with your money."

"Are you speaking of my aunt—of my cousin?" Isabel asked. "How do you know what they think?"

"You have not told me that they are pleased, and when I wrote to Mrs. Touchett the other day she never answered my note. If they had been delighted I should have learnt it, and the fact of my being poor and you rich is the most obvious explanation of their want of delight. But, of course, when a poor man marries a rich girl he must be prepared for imputations. I don't mind them; I only care for one thing—your thinking it's all right. I don't care what others think. I have never cared much, and why should I begin to-day, when I have taken to myself a compensation for everything? I won't pretend that I am sorry you are rich;

I am delighted. I delight in everything that is yours—whether it be money or virtue. Money is a great advantage. It seems to me, however, that I have sufficiently proved that I can get on without it; I never in my life tried to earn a penny, and I ought to be less subject to suspicion than most people. I suppose it is their business to suspect—that of your own family; it's proper on the whole they should. They will like me better some day; so will you, for that matter. Meanwhile my business is not to bother, but simply to be thankful for life and love. It has made me better, loving you," he said on another occasion; "it has made me wiser, and easier, and brighter. I used to want a great many things before, and to be angry that I didn't have them. Theoretically, I was satisfied, as I once told you. I flattered myself that I had limited my wants. But I was subject to irritation; I used to have morbid, sterile, hateful fits of hunger, of desire. Now I am really satisfied, because I can't think of anything better. It is just as when one has been trying to spell out a book in the twilight, and suddenly the lamp comes in. I had been putting out my eyes over the book of life, and finding nothing to reward me for my pains; but now that I can read it properly I see that it's a delightful story. My dear girl, I can't tell you how life seems to stretch there before us—what a long summer afternoon awaits us. It's the latter half of an Italian day—with a golden haze, and the shadows just lengthening, and that divine delicacy in the light, the air, the landscape, which I have loved all my life, and which you love to-day. Upon my word, I don't see why we shouldn't get on. We have got what we like—to say nothing of having each other. We have the faculty of admiration, and several excellent beliefs. We are not stupid, we are not heavy, we are not under bonds to any dull limitations. You are very fresh, and I am well seasoned. We

have got my poor child to amuse us ; we will try and make up some little life for her. It is all soft and mellow—it has the Italian colouring.”

They made a good many plans, but they left themselves also a good deal of latitude ; it was a matter of course, however, that they should live for the present in Italy. It was in Italy that they had met, Italy had been a party to their first impressions of each other, and Italy should be a party to their happiness. Osmond had the attachment of old acquaintance, and Isabel the stimulus of new, which seemed to assure her a future of beautiful hours. The desire for unlimited expansion had been succeeded in her mind by the sense that life was vacant without some private duty which gathered one's energies to a point. She told Ralph that she had “seen life” in a year or two and that she was already tired, not of life, but of observation. What had become of all her ardours, her aspirations, her theories, her high estimate of her independence, and her incipient conviction that she should never marry ? These things had been absorbed in a more primitive sentiment—the joy of Gilbert Osmond's being dear to her, the bliss of being dear to him. This feeling answered all questions, satisfied all needs, solved all difficulties. It simplified the future at a stroke, it came down from above, like the light of the stars, and it needed no explanation. There was explanation enough in the fact that he was her lover, her own, and that she was able to be of use to him. She could marry him with a kind of pride ; she was not only taking, but giving.

He brought Pansy with him two or three times to the Cascine—Pansy who was very little taller than a year before, and not much older. That she would always be a child was the conviction expressed by her father, who held her by the hand when she was in her sixteenth year, and told her to go and play while he sat down awhile with the pretty lady. Pansy wore a short dress and a long coat ; her hat

always seemed too big for her. She amused herself with walking off, with quick, short steps, to the end of the alley, and then walking back with a smile that seemed an appeal for approbation. Isabel gave her approbation in abundance, and it was of that demonstrated personal kind which the child's affectionate nature craved. She watched her development with a kind of amused suspense ; Pansy had already become a little daughter. She was treated so completely as a child that Osmond had not yet explained to her the new relation in which he stood to the elegant Miss Archer. “She doesn't know,” he said to Isabel ; “she doesn't suspect ; she thinks it perfectly natural that you and I should come and walk here together, simply as good friends. There seems to me something enchantingly innocent in that ; it's the way I like her to be. No, I am not a failure, as I used to think ; I have succeeded in two things. I am to marry the woman I adore, and I have brought up my child as I wished, in the old way.”

He was very fond, in all things, of the “old way ;” that had struck Isabel as an element in the picturesqueness of his character.

“It seems to me you will not know whether you have succeeded until you have told her,” she said. “You must see how she takes your news. She may be horrified—she may be jealous.”

“I am not afraid of that ; she is too fond of you on her own account. I should like to leave her in the dark a little longer—to see if it will come into her head that if we are not engaged we ought to be.”

Isabel was impressed by Osmond's æsthetic relish of Pansy's innocence—her own appreciation of it being more moral. She was perhaps not the less pleased when he told her a few days later that he had broken the news to his daughter, who made such a pretty little speech. “Oh, then I shall have a sister !” She was neither surprised nor alarmed ; she had not cried, as he expected.

"Perhaps she had guessed it," said Isabel.

"Don't say that; I should be disgusted if I believed that. I thought it would be just a little shock; but the way she took it proves that her good manners are paramount. That is also what I wished. You shall see for yourself; to-morrow she shall make you her congratulations in person."

The meeting, on the morrow, took place at the Countess Gemini's, whither Pansy had been conducted by her father, who knew that Isabel was to come in the afternoon to return a visit made her by the Countess on learning that they were to become sisters-in-law. Calling at Casa Touchett, the visitor had not found Isabel at home; but after our young lady had been ushered into the Countess's drawing-room, Pansy came in to say that her aunt would presently appear. Pansy was spending the day with her aunt, who thought she was of an age when she should begin to learn how to carry herself in company. It was Isabel's view that the little girl might have given lessons in deportment to the elder lady, and nothing could have justified this conviction more than the manner in which Pansy acquitted herself while they waited together for the Countess. Her father's decision, the year before, had finally been to send her back to the convent to receive the last graces, and Madame Catherine had evidently carried out her theory that Pansy was to be fitted for the great world.

"Papa has told me that you have kindly consented to marry him," said the good woman's pupil. "It is very delightful; I think you will suit very well."

"You think I will suit you?"

"You will suit me beautifully; but what I mean is that you and papa will suit each other. You are both so quiet and so serious. You are not so quiet as he—or even as Madame Merle; but you are more quiet than many others. He should not, for instance, have a wife like my aunt.

She is always moving; to-day especially; you will see when she comes in. They told us at the convent it was wrong to judge our elders, but I suppose there is no harm if we judge them favourably. You will be a delightful companion for papa."

"For you too, I hope," Isabel said.

"I speak first of him on purpose. I have told you already what I myself think of you; I liked you from the first. I admire you so much that I think it will be a great good fortune to have you always before me. You will be my model; I shall try to imitate you—though I am afraid it will be very feeble. I am very glad for papa—he needed something more than me. Without you, I don't see how he could have got it. You will be my stepmother; but we must not use that word. You don't look at all like the word; it is somehow so ugly. They are always said to be cruel; but I think you will never be cruel. I am not afraid."

"My good little Pansy," said Isabel, gently, "I shall be very kind to you."

"Very well then; I have nothing to fear," the child declared, lightly.

Her description of her aunt had not been incorrect; the Countess Gemini was less than ever in a state of repose. She entered the room with a great deal of expression, and kissed Isabel, first on her lips and then on each cheek, in the short, quick manner of a bird drinking. She made Isabel sit down on the sofa beside her, and looking at our heroine with a variety of turns of the head, delivered herself of a hundred remarks, from which I offer the reader but a brief selection.

"If you expect me to congratulate you, I must beg you to excuse me. I don't suppose you care whether I do or not; I believe you are very proud. But I care myself whether I tell fibs or not; I never tell them unless there is something to be gained. I don't see what there is to be gained with you—especially as you would not believe me. I don't make phrases—I never made a phrase in my life. My

fibs are always very crude. I am very glad, for my own sake, that you are going to marry Osmond; but I won't pretend I am glad for yours. You are very remarkable—you know that's what people call you; you are an heiress, and very good-looking and clever, very original; so it's a good thing to have you in the family. Our family is very good, you know; Osmond will have told you that; and my mother was rather distinguished—she was called the American Corinne. But we are rather fallen, I think, and perhaps you will pick us up. I have great confidence in you; there are ever so many things I want to talk to you about. I never congratulate any girl on marrying; I think it's the worst thing she can do. I suppose Pansy oughtn't to hear all this; but that's what she has come to me for—to acquire the tone of society. There is no harm in her knowing that it isn't such a blessing to get married. When first I got an idea that my brother had designs upon you, I thought of writing to you, to recommend you, in

the strongest terms, not to listen to him. Then I thought it would be disloyal, and I hate anything of that kind. Besides, as I say, I was enchanted, for myself; and after all, I am very selfish. By the way, you won't respect me, and we shall never be intimate. I should like it, but you won't. Some day, all the same, we shall be better friends than you will believe at first. My husband will come and see you, though, as you probably know, he is on no sort of terms with Osmond. He is very fond of going to see pretty women, but I am not afraid of you. In the first place, I don't care what he does. In the second, you won't care a straw for him; you will take his measure at a glance. Some day I will tell you all about him. Do you think my niece ought to go out of the room? Pansy, go and practise a little in my boudoir."

"Let her stay, please," said Isabel. "I would rather hear nothing that Pansy may not!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

MEMORY'S SONG.

"Causa fuit. Pater his." — HOR.

THE earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
 And overhead the skies
 Looked down between the soft white clouds,
 As blue as children's eyes:—
 The breath of Spring was all too sweet, she said,
 Too like the Spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
 The flowers awoke from sleep,
 And round her did the sunbeams play
 Till she was fain to weep.
 The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
 It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
 On many a leafless tree,
 The little brooks did laugh and run
 With most melodious glee.
 O God! they make a jocund noise, she said,
 All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
 Red blossoms round her feet,
 On hazel-boughs the catkins hung,
 The willow blooms grew sweet—
 Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she said,
 He always found the first;—but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
 And, touched with purest green,
 The small white flower of stainless name
 Above the ground was seen.
 He used to love the white and gold, she said;
 The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
 In this dark world of pain.
 For him the joys of life abide,
 For me its griefs remain.
 I would not wish him back again, she said,
 But Spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

A. M.

OLD MYTHOLOGY IN MODERN POETRY.

THOSE who are inclined to despair of art (which is here taken to include poetry) have sometimes pointed out that the greatest imaginative works are religious. By this is meant not that these works were necessarily composed with a directly religious purpose, but that they sprang up in an atmosphere of faith; that the artists frankly accepted the ideas which expressed that faith; and that their buildings, sculptures, paintings, or poems, if not representations of those ideas, stand, at any rate, in a vital connection with them. Many of those ideas we have come to regard as mythological; whether wholly so, as in the case of Greek sculpture and poetry; or only in part, as in that of Italian painting and the poems of Dante and Milton. They are, therefore, no longer matters of belief to us, but they were so to the old artists and poets. Hence we draw the inference that the greatest art depends, as a rule, upon the prevalence of a mythology which is accepted by the artist as religious truth. But there is no such living mythology now which the best minds can accept as religious truth; and we are unable to conceive how our civilisation, if it pursues its present course, is ever again to produce one. And so our poetry seems doomed either to seek its subjects in the everyday "profane" world, which has never yet yielded it the highest material; or else, if it persist in the attempt to embody religious ideas, it must indulge itself in a conscious illusion, and produce works which will not satisfy either the love of beauty or the love of truth. Under these circumstances, the arts may continue to be adornments of life and channels of harmless pleasure, but they will never again feel within them the energy which comes of a union of our highest beliefs with the

sense of beauty, and which produced the masterpieces of more fortunate times. The pooriness of most modern religious pictures, and the devotion of many of our painters to portrait and landscape, may be cited as witnesses to this point of view. Architecture, though it represents no definite ideas, does not thrive in the air of modern religion. The only art which has reached its zenith since the supposed ages of faith, is one which expresses not beliefs, but (if anything) those vague emotions which make no assertions and therefore cannot be denied.

I will not attempt in the present essay to separate the truth and falsehood mingled in this view. To say nothing of the compensating advantages it neglects, we should have to ask, first of all, whether it really applies to poetry at all. Was not Shakespeare the greatest of poets, and Goethe among the greatest? and what mythology taken for fact was the life-blood of their creations? Again, can the fact that music—which is after all an art, and not a mass of interjections—reached its highest point in a "godless" century, be explained by its independence of definite ideas—an independence scarcely greater than that of architecture, and enjoyed or suffered in various degrees by the other arts? Further, to come nearer the root of the matter, are we sure that *Æschylus* and *Phidias* "believed" in the literal truth of the mythology they used? or, conversely, that we could adequately express, in the terms of Catholic mythology, the ideas which *Michael Angelo* or *Raphael* embodied? And again, if art is really so dependent on religious belief, how does it happen that men completely estranged from the orthodox

creed admire the Madonna di San Sisto with a whole heart; and that those who believe neither in heaven, hell, nor purgatory, find the *Divine Comedy* as great a poem as those who believe in all three? It may be retorted that it is one thing to appreciate a work of art, and another to produce it; that our doubts concern production, and production only; and that these works were produced by men whose imagination and faith were at one. But, admitting that this union is necessary, a wider question would still remain. Is it not the case that every day, without knowing it, we are making new mythological modes of thought and speech? Is not the popularisation of that science which is the most active dissolvent of old mythology, itself thoroughly mythological? And can we suppose that the general view which civilised men will come to hold, will be purely scientific, and will not gradually express itself in some symbolic body of ideas—ideas which may then stir the minds of men, and therefore of poets, with a power not less direct and productive than of old—ideas which scarcely any one would call religious now, but which will be religious then? Indications of such a possible future are not wanting, but this is not the place to discuss them. One thing is clear, that any progress of religion which expressed the best tendencies of modern culture would radically change the nature of the antithesis of sacred and profane; would be able to include in the sphere of the former much that is now supposed to lie beyond it; and would tend to find in nature, in social life and in national history constant manifestations of that divineness which, in the orthodox belief, was shown rather in the violation of natural laws, in the tradition of a church or the statements of a book, and in a few events out of the whole history of the world. With any such change the range of the religious imagination would be greatly widened, and a mythology might arise which poets and artists could use without constant

misgivings as to its truth. For we should recollect that it is not natural to men to be always asking after the truth of their habitual ideas, and that some of our doubts about the future come from our supposing it to be afflicted by the passing troubles of our own day. The time may come when even educated people will work, enjoy, and worship in peace; when every man, however busy, and however ill instructed he may be, will not think it necessary to have a private religion or philosophy of his own, but the pursuit of new truths will be left to the very small minority who can do some good by it; when we shall not be questioned over our soup about the immortality of the soul, but we shall look at the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens without fear or favour, and never dream of drawing from our relationship to them excited inferences as to our relationship to God.

But this is the dream of a future perhaps far distant. And even if it were soon realised in a small section of society, the conditions which seem necessary to religious art would remain unsatisfied. Religious art, and indeed any art of the greatest kind, seems to rest on popular foundations; the general spirit of Shakespeare's plays is the spirit of the England of his day, not of a heretical or advanced section; and it is probable that such a revival of art as we have been contemplating presupposes a change in religious ideas going deep into the heart of the nation, and therefore requiring for its completion a time which it would be idle to calculate. Leaving, therefore, the development of the questions here indicated for some other opportunity, I wish now to suggest a less ambitious hope. I put aside the assertion that all great art requires a mythology believed to be fact, and the possible retort that art needs no mythology at all. I shall try to point out that at any rate good poetry, if not the best, can be written in connection with a mythology known *not* to be fact; that a surprisingly large quantity of such

poetry has been produced in modern times; and that our own day, both in its advantages and defects, is peculiarly favourable to such poetry, because our knowledge of mythology is being rapidly and largely increased, and because the use of the greater part of this material involves no collision with other interests. Lastly, I will venture to suggest that, by the extension of this poetical attitude to *all* mythical material, it may be possible to retain something of the value of religious ideas which are no longer recognised as scientifically true. I shall confine myself to poetry, and to the poetry of the last hundred years, although there are other arts not less interested in the subject; and I shall try to illustrate the ways in which mythology has been successfully used, and to point out some of the conditions necessary to success.

In its origin a myth is the natural, though symbolic, expression of something—we may call it indifferently an emotion or an idea—which is vividly interesting; and it is the essence of living mythological language that it should be thus natural to those who use it, whether it represents to us a feeling (*e.g.* “it went to my heart”), or whether a whole system of thoughts is implied in it, as for instance when we say that the succession of events is “guided” or “governed” by laws of nature. And this naturalness is required in poetry even more than in other forms of speech, so that any difficulty in adopting the words of a poet is, for the time being, fatal to our enjoyment of them. This fact would seem a serious obstacle to the use of any past mythology. For here we have something created by men who lived in a different civilisation from our own, and had different ideas from ours, and who found these stories and legends the obvious imaginative vehicle of their experience. These legends are therefore not the form into which we should spontaneously cast our own ideas; and if we are to make use of them in poetry—other uses of them do

not concern us here—the problem is so to reshape the material they give us, that it may express ideas, feelings, experiences interesting to *us*, in a form natural and poetically attractive to *us*. There will always remain a large mass of mythology which cannot be made use of in this way; some of it has been practically “used up” by ancient poets;¹ some of it is intrinsically insignificant; some of it has a real meaning and interest, but it has taken a shape so intricate or so dependent on national or local peculiarities, that it never can be made to appeal to us directly. But there remains in certain mythologies, and probably in all, a good deal which has not been already versified, and which is really as interesting to us as it was to those who believed in the legends which embody it; and such legends can be used in modern poetry. In the poet’s mind the story is gradually, and perhaps unconsciously, transformed until it expresses by external changes the changed shape which the original meaning has assumed for him. These changes may be small or great, and they have their limits. But in *all* cases there is really *some* change, although the myth is, as we say, the same; and I think it will be found that the first requisite for the poetic treatment of an old myth is that it should be used as mere material, and handled with perfect freedom. Adherence to it, which is sometimes called adherence to truth, is neither a merit nor a defect. The sole object and the sole criterion is the poetic success of the new work, and that sets the only valid limit to change; since a departure from the old form, of such a kind that we are constantly aware of incongruities between the new and old, is tantamount to poetic failure.

Poetic failure may be produced in another way, and may be accompanied by strict fidelity to the outward form

¹ Still even in this case certain *aspects* of the myth may become the basis of a successful modern work. Mr. Tennyson’s *Ulysses* is an instance.

of the material. Instead of allowing the myth to develop in imagination until it has assumed the meaning and shape natural to the modern poet, he may introduce into it ready-made modern ideas, and force it to express them. And it will be able to express them only through a highly symbolical or even allegorical treatment. In this case only half the problem is solved, and the half by itself is worth little. The idea has an interest for us, but its expression is not the natural expression. Matters may be even worse. We may feel that its expression is the form appropriate to some *other* idea or experience; and consequently we become aware of an incongruity fatal to poetic enjoyment. Or, worse still, it may be that the idea presented to us has not a *poetic* interest for us at all, but a directly moral or religious one; and in this case we complain that a beautiful story has been spoilt for purposes not poetical. But, whether this be so or not, the idea introduced by the allegory almost always has this in common with moral ideas, that it is not produced by the poetic imagination, and therefore inseparable and indistinguishable from its embodiment, but is a current idea, due in a greater or less degree to abstraction, and therefore capable of only an artificial connection with the myth which is supposed to express it. The consequences of this procedure can be best explained by illustration. Here we may at once state our second requisite for this kind of poetry:—in the new poem, as in the old myth, the meaning and the form should be completely harmonious, and form a natural unity.

The species of verse which seems to offer the greatest obstacle to success of this kind is the pure lyric. For here the poet, instead of writing *about* a myth, has to speak the language of it, to utter as the direct outcome of his own personal feeling what he nevertheless puts into the mouth of some mythological figure. Yet this is what Goethe has actually done in more than one instance. I am thinking of

that series of unrhymed lyrics of which *Ganymed*, *Prometheus*, and *Mahomet's Gesang* are the most famous. Let us dwell for a moment on the first of these and ask, for the purposes of our subject, what Goethe has accomplished. On the basis of a subject unpromising enough for a modern poet he has produced a lyric which hardly stands second to any even of his own songs in its glowing ardour and passionate directness. The reason is that, paying no regard to historical exactness, he has seized in the myth what is of lasting import, the idea (if we must put it in a theoretical shape) of a yearning towards the life or love or spirit that is in nature and beyond it. It is not that in his mind the idea has this meagre form, and that he forces the myth to express it; but the myth means that to him, *is* that to him; that and the myth are one and the same thing. Probably it was so when first he heard the story. Perhaps, as time went on, its old shape died more and more out of his mind, until at last, under the influence of some special occasion, this essence of it took a new shape in that song of *Ganymed*, which certainly would have been astonishing to a Greek, but which is none the worse for that. The song gives utterance to an idea or mood which, in Wordsworth and Shelley, produced poems of the most various kinds. It was a mood which coloured a whole period of Goethe's life and some of his best verse; the mood which during his year's sojourn in Italy seemed to bathe his whole nature in sunlight; the mood which produced poems so perfect, yet so different, as the seventh of the *Roman Elegies* and the Proemion to *Gott und Welt*. But in the first of these Goethe has given the feeling a strictly classical form; and in the latter the classical associations have quite disappeared. At this earlier time the ancient form was not yet natural to him, and the meaning he divined in the legend found a more purely lyrical expression. It melted so completely into his own joy and

longing that it could not be described, it could only sing itself out. It was no dead and soulless prospect that met his eye, no "senseless gust" that called to him in the wind. One spirit was moving within him and without him, panting for union, incarnate in light and sound and in the eye and ear. It is at such moments that for men of all times the earth in spring seems to thrill towards her lover the sun; possibly some such feeling may have underlain the original myth; and, however that may be, it found in Goethe's case no utterance so natural as words which he could connect with the memory of *Ganymed*:—

Hinauf, hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehrenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir
In eurem Schoos
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater! :

The sign of excellence in a poem like this is that it gives us a single total impression, and that a purely poetic one. For this means that the meaning and form are completely fused. Our first thought of *Ganymed* is not that it is historically exact or inexact, moral or immoral, full of religious meaning or destitute of it; that it is wonderfully clever or that we have had a new pleasure: our first thought is that it is beautiful. Other qualities may be there, second thoughts may dwell on them; and, if we have faith in human nature, we shall be slow to suppose that a completely satisfactory poem can be really immoral or irreligious. But before the religion, the morality, the spiritual significance can enter into it, they have to pass through imagination, to lose their individuality, and to issue as sublimity or pathos or loveliness. If they have not suffered this change, well, doubtless they retain their original value—and it may be a value greater than any æsthetic worth—but æsthetic

worth they have not. And in so far as their prominence in a poem interferes with the purely poetic impression, so that our judgment expresses itself in words which are not æsthetic, their effect is as perverting as considerations of beauty would be in a judicial sentence or in the giving of alms. It is the same with political and with simply intellectual interests. That political feelings sometimes produce fine poetry is certain, but they cannot do so without losing their directly practical character: it is no praise to say of a poem that it is on the right side. Purely intellectual ideas and processes, again, only enter into art by being subordinated to imagination and "touched with its emotion:" we do not commend a poem when we say that it is philosophical, or pay it a compliment when we call it clever. It is no æsthetic merit in the second part of *Faust* that moral and metaphysical truths can be dug out of those large portions of it which give no poetic pleasure. And it is because *Ganymed*, in spite of or in addition to all its other interest, does produce a complete æsthetic effect, that it offers in some respects an ideal example of the use of an old myth.

Our view may perhaps gain in clearness if we apply it to a series of poems now widely popular. In the whole history of English verse Greek mythology has never been so systematically treated as in the *Epic of Hades*. One of its critics has spoken of the author's "enterprise of connecting the Greek myth with the higher and wider meaning which Christian sentiment naturally finds for it;" and the description is just, if the word "Christian" is allowed a wide enough sense. Whether this enterprise is poetically justified depends entirely on the manner in which the "connection" is effected. But before we try to answer this question, let us say at once that the author of the *Epic of Hades* has done literature a service of a kind especially needed. He has at all events this great claim on our welcome, that

he does not despair of mythology. His book is a practical refutation of the idea that the myths of any people can be arbitrary inventions which happened to please a particular race, but which sprang from no abiding tendency, and have no more significance than a brightly-coloured dream. This idea stands on a level with the old notion that religions are the invention of priests, and laws the invention of kings. Yet, however absurd it may seem to us when we state it baldly, our practical attitude corresponds to it. Most of us look on religious myths very much as we do on the stories of Sindbad or Jack the Giant-killer. And the result is that we deprive ourselves not only of an immense æsthetic material, but also of some valuable elements of culture and possibly even of religion. In the *Epic of Hades* the Greek stories are at least supposed to embody ideas neither transitory nor absurd.

In another respect, too, the author seems to have taken the right course: he has treated the stories freely. So much confusion prevails on this subject that I venture to return to it for a moment. If the myths of any people are to have an æsthetic value for us, and possibly a religious value also, they must be treated as mere *materials* without historic scruple. What the origin of the story of Ganymede may have been, what different shapes it takes, these are questions of interest for science, historical, linguistic, philosophical. But for the imagination they matter no more, they matter even less, than does the question as to the real character of Egmont or Don Carlos. Don Carlos was not a high-souled enthusiast, but a ruffian; but for the purpose of the dramatist the problem is not what Don Carlos was, but what can be made of him. It is true that the freedom of art in this point has its limits, and that it would be better if historical truth could be preserved. But that limit is to be looked for, not in scientific knowledge, but in the information

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(possessed by the general literary public. Historic truth, as such, is no canon of æsthetic truth; but it would be bad art to represent Washington as a rogue, or Richard III. as a benevolent man, because a definite breach would be made between the knowledge or belief of the general public and the artistic representation offered to it; a breach which the imagination could not ignore or fill up, and which would therefore impede its enjoyment. In the same way it would perhaps be better for Schiller's play in the end if it were not so historically inaccurate; for although most of his readers do not now know what kind of a person Don Carlos was, it is possible that some day historical knowledge may be so widely extended that a disagreeable collision between fact and the drama may be generally felt. But when so much as this has been allowed, the claims of scientific truth on art seem to be satisfied. What is of moment to the imagination is the truth which appeals to it; and "facts," as such, are not of moment to it. We may safely deny that there ever was a Wandering Jew, or that the Greek gods existed or exist; of the real originals of Achilles, of Arthur, of Don Juan, of Faust, we know nothing, or next to nothing. And for the purposes of imagination we desire to know nothing of all this. It is not the facts asserted in these myths or legends that have value for us, but the living spirit, the human soul, that mirrors its nature in them. It may be that but for the existence of a real Doctor Faustus the legend would not have arisen. But we have the legend and the poem that sprang from it; and, for poetry, it matters absolutely nothing now whether he was ever born or not, and whether he was torn to pieces by the devil or died quietly in his bed.

The author of the *Epic of Hades* is therefore, as it seems to us, not going beyond the unwritten laws of verse when he refuses to treat the Greek myths as facts, and invests them with

a meaning which they did not originally possess. But has he succeeded in so fusing together the old form and the new spirit that the effect is poetically right? If not, then it must be maintained that however much our other feelings may be moved, the *poetic* worth of this emotion is at best mixed. No one can read this book without being struck by the enthusiasm which seizes on a moral or religious meaning in the myths, and often enforces it with real eloquence. And sometimes the effect is successful poetry, as, for instance, in the case of myths which obviously spring from a moral experience not seriously affected by time, such as those of Tantalus or Sisyphus. But too often the story and its "meaning" refuse to combine; the experience which should be the soul does not form for itself a body in which it lives and through which it speaks to us, but a certain material is given us and we have to be told what it signifies. And this "meaning" is something with which we are already more or less familiar in an abstract shape. On the one side stands the story; on the other we have reflections obviously belonging to the present time and impossible to a Greek, and these are placed with very little ado in the mouths of gods and heroes. The result is not satisfactory. However eloquent the reflections may be, it is not these lips that should utter them. The right place for the sections about Zeus and the Unknown would be a modern symposium in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is not Psyche who should explain to us that we have seen in the series of divinities only

"Those fair forms
Which are but parts of Him, and are indeed
Attributes of the Substance which supports
The Universe of Things." (P. 274.)

Orpheus and Eurydice ought not to tell us (if I understand them rightly) that they typify a mistaken marriage, owing to which a man of genius has renounced his higher place to walk in the comfortable plain of household

affection (pp. 145-154). It is most distressing that Actæon should "sometimes think" that "all his days were shadows, all his life an allegory" (p. 116), and should deliberately suggest various answers (and good ones) to his own riddle. What Medusa says of nunneries and seduction (p. 195) is sound doctrine, but surely she is not the person to enforce it. In these cases, and in others, we feel that violence has been done to myths which have a meaning more impressive, if vaguer, than that given to them. In them, too, the meaning is one thing with the tale, and therefore they are beautiful. But here we have moral and religious ideas which, however truly felt, have not been able to transform themselves into sensuous life. They themselves have not become imagination, and therefore they do not satisfy imagination.

It is this very fact, this prominence of an enthusiasm directly moral and reflective, which suits the *Epic of Hades* to the taste of so many readers. No great poetic demand is made on us, far less than is made by Goethe's or Mr. Tennyson's poems on these subjects. At the same time we are standing on solid ground. Our moral and religious beliefs have a strength and value which, fortunately, in most cases far exceed the strength and requirements of our imagination. We seem to have much more offered to us when they are put before us in a clear and independent form, than when the vital experience from which they spring is incorporated in a shape apprehensible only by poetic insight, and is refused a distinct theoretical expression. Most of us, to put an extreme case, get more from practical eloquence on free will and irresolution illustrated by the tragedy of *Hamlet* than by reading the tragedy itself. If the effect we desire is a practical effect, we do well to prefer the exhortation. And, even in the interests of poetry, if we cannot apprehend *Hamlet* without the eloquence, if we cannot appropriate the myths without an allegory, it is better that

we should have it. But it remains none the less true that eloquence is eloquence, and poetry poetry; and that, when we use poetry as a stimulant to moral feelings, we do not use it as poetry. A glance at the notices of the press appended to the *Epic of Hades* and the *Songs of Two Worlds* will show how much of the pleasure which these works give is only partly æsthetic. We read sentence after sentence praising the author (quite truly) for qualities which are not poetic at all.¹ An ecclesiastical paper may talk of "that particularly imaginative lustre which belongs to the truly poetic mind," but journals not ecclesiastical take up the position thus basely deserted. It is "the depth and truth of its purgatorial ideas" that really attracts them to the *Epic of Hades*. Does any one take the Bishop of Gloucester's declaration that he has "derived from it a deep pleasure and refreshment such as he never thought modern poetry could give" for a judgment on the poetic merits of the poem? Something at least nearer the point might be expected from the *Saturday Review*. But that champion of our spiritual welfare is absorbed in the "noble purpose and high ideal" of the author, and, carried into higher spheres by an ode in his volume of lyrics, bursts forth—"We cannot find too much praise for its noble assertion of man's resurrection."

The author of the poems is not responsible for this irrelevant approval, but it is invited by that defect in his works which I have criticised. Whether the criticism is well founded in this particular case or not, the grounds on which it is based have a general application, and I hope they have been

¹ I do not say, nor in the least mean to imply, that they are anti-poetic. On the contrary—we are so often told that the subject of a work of art is a matter of indifference, that it may be as well to add this—it is surely the fact that deep and true ideas have a natural affinity to poetry which shallow and false ideas have not. But they ought to show it by becoming poetry; if they do not, their depth and truth are not poetic qualities at all.

made distinct. The cause of failure is not that a Greek myth is treated without historical respect; nor that its forms are used for the expression of ideas different from, and in many respects superior to, those of the Greeks. If our poetic ideas are capable of so revivifying these forms that the impression they make on the imagination is æsthetically right, a real achievement has been effected, a real addition of the greatest value to the world of our imagination and possibly also to our moral and religious life. We may go farther. It is not even the gross historical incongruity of the substance of a poem with the figures in which it is worked out, that is fatal or even greatly harmful to the æsthetic result; for then these figures are really mere accessories, and we treat them as such. But the problem takes quite another shape when a poet, instead of using an ancient form as a mere accident, attempts to make it the real embodiment of his ideas. In this case he may express what modern experience he chooses, so long as he can make it *live* in its mythical embodiment; but that he cannot do, if he leaves it in the form of a conscious current idea and merely inserts it into the story. The first requisite is that the impression given should be æsthetically right; and no impression is so which is double, not single, and the double elements of which refuse to give up their separate existence.

If we examined the many successful poems which have been written on mythical and legendary subjects during the last hundred years, I think we should find this point of view confirmed. But, we may be told, there is a very great difference between a lyric like *Ganymed*, and the poems we have criticised. What Goethe has expressed is only a relation of our minds to nature, a relation which has not been materially altered in the course of 2,000 years. (I do not accept this statement.) There is no difficulty, it will be added, in pro-

ducing a right æsthetic effect through a heathen material, if you have only a heathen idea to express. The real problem is to take a deeper experience than this, an experience which, though not put in a directly moral or religious form, depends upon modern ideas of life, and to embody *that* adequately in the shape of an old legend. It will be easy to show by a few examples from modern verse that this can be done.

Loyalty to Goethe would forbid our leaving him at once, even if he were not the greatest master in this field. We may pass by the fragment of an *Achilleis*, though a discussion as to the cause of its failure would throw light on our subject. We had better pass by the *Roman Elegies*, poems far enough removed from the lyrical exuberance of *Ganymed*, poems which are in the fullest sense expressions of character. The gulf which separates these marvellous works of art from our common ways of thought and feeling is too wide to escape notice, and they will never be popular. We will say nothing of Goethe's most ambitious work in this style, the *Iphigenie*. Lewes, in his life of Goethe, and Mr. Arnold, in the preface to *Merope*, have long ago pointed out how essentially modern the spirit of the play is, and how its classical form is yet in complete harmony with this spirit. From the group of poems which has already furnished one example, let us take another, a lyric pitched in a very different key, the *Prometheus*. In this poem, one phase of the most radical experience possible, one among the many feelings which centre in man's relation to the spiritual powers of life, takes a lyrical shape. No work of Goethe's possesses greater biographical interest. We can understand its origin in the course of his life and growth. It is the grandest memorial of a time, when out of the turmoil of passion and the stress of circumstances the feeling became overmastering in him, that the guiding powers he had ap-

pealed to were little more than names, that the real powers were quite other :

“Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine ?”

and that, in spite of time and fate, nothing outside his own spirit had help for him or could harm him. How could such a passion have been expressed directly and in the person of the poet? It must have taken the shape of an invective against beliefs towards which Goethe felt no hostility, and of the central meaning of which he could never have spoken in the words of the *Prometheus*, however insignificant their historical wrappage may have seemed to him. This is the problem which gives the poem an æsthetic interest as great as its biographical. As his feeling in the presence of nature had naturally embodied itself in the story of *Ganymed*, so it was again. Out of the circle of Titanic myths that commotion of mind, which in Goethe's best days seems to have melted spontaneously into outlines at once perfectly clear and intensely passionate, attracted to itself the story of *Prometheus*, and found in it a natural medium of utterance. The Greek *Prometheus* could not possibly have said what Goethe's does; but no incongruity is felt, and we are not admiring a *tour de force*. With the first words—

“Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst,”

we know where we are, and through the lips of a hero of Greek mythology a mood thoroughly modern and yet perfectly in character speaks to us in the accents of nature.¹ We have only

¹ I would ask the reader to compare with the *Prometheus* a very genuine piece of poetry on a similar subject, the chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon*, beginning “Who hath given man speech ?” In spite of the power of this extraordinary invective, we are not satisfied. It is not merely that the passion has to storm itself out at excessive length, but the chorus

to turn over the pages of the *Gedichte* to find instance after instance of the same thing. Throughout his life, Goethe retained the capacity of using foreign material, whether in the way of subject or of form, in this spontaneous manner. The source might be Greek or Roman, Persian or Chinese, it makes no difference. And if the passion which produced the early personal lyrics had somewhat cooled by the time he wrote the *Westöstliche Divan*, there is, if anything, an advance in this species of art. No other modern poet has been able to appropriate so completely that peculiar mixture of frank sensuous pleasure in wine with a mystical imaginativeness which is so characteristic of some Eastern poetry, and which seems to us at first so strange. And there are a few poems, highest among them all the verses called *Einlass*, which will stand by the *Ganymed* or the *Prometheus* for their force and their perfection of form.

But we need not go so far afield for instances. In Goethe's greatest work we have an example of the free treatment of an old legend, and its transference with new life. The legend which formed the material of the first part of *Faust* contains at first sight hardly anything of the tragic significance of the poem. It was a story in many of its details trivial and vulgar, which grew up on a slender historical basis under the influence of different, successive, and even conflicting, popular ideas.¹ The divination of a mysterious life of nature which might possibly be fathomed by alchemy and astrology seemed to open a boundless empire of knowledge and power; but the enthusiasm and awe were met by the conviction of a

professes to be Greek and we cannot help remembering that it is not Greek; further what is expressed is not something "purely human," but an antitheological animus which is non-poetic in exactly the same way as the reflections in the *Epic of Hades* are, however great their inferiority in other respects may be.

¹ Comp. *Goethe's Faust*, Von Kuno Fischer.

diabolic agency at work in this unlawful search; and the two feelings blended in a strange union. The new ardour of discovery and passion to understand, joins with a tumult of unbridled desire, freed at once from ignorance and theology, and flinging itself on a world which promised infinite enjoyment as the reward of knowledge; and the condemnation of godless presumption falls upon either impulse alike. Ecstasy in the recovered sense of beauty centres about the Greek deities; but at another moment they seem to have risen from their graves only to be the ministers of Satan, to madden the minds of doctor and priest with visions, and to entice them to the forfeiture of their souls. All these, and other elements, such as the Protestant hatred of priests, and the common man's love of rude practical joking, seem to have united in the story which gradually collected round the person of Doctor Faust. And naturally much of what is fine or interesting in these ideas is lost in the popular tale, or obscured by a mass of tasteless stories of conjuring pranks and mountebank adventures. Yet it was this chaotic product of the general imagination, which, passing through a mind tried in personal suffering and tragic conflicts, was fused into the intensest, the most elemental, the most purely human poem written since Shakespeare. The most perfect, we cannot say; the stubborn material has left some dross behind; there is something too much of mere broomstick and caldron witchcraft; it is doubtful whether the delayed completion of the poem has not resulted in an inconsistent conception of the main character; it is certain that by one of those lapses of artistic instinct which seems to have now and again befallen Goethe, a whole scene has been introduced which has next to no value in itself, and much less than none in the tragedy; and finally, the first part of *Faust*, the only part which was ever much cared for, is a fragment. But when all this has

been admitted—and who thinks of all this in reading *Faust*?—it remains the fact that there is no poem since *Hamlet* which has produced so profound an impression on men's minds. And this could never have been the case if Goethe had not treated his legendary material as he has. What he has to express is not of to-day or of three hundred years ago; it is human, and goes into the heart of passions, which have made and marred lives out of number, so that the words of 'Faust or Mephistopheles come to men's lips as though they were their own. Thus it is nothing to Goethe how the story arose or what constraint he puts upon it, if he can but make it the body of his thought. And the words of the old puppet-play have "sung in his head" so long, through years that have seen so much suffered and done, that this he can and must achieve. The memory of Gretchen, his first boy's love; his remorse before and after the parting from Frederike; the half-earnest half-idle hopes which led him to the study of alchemy; the disgust at empty sciences, and the weariness of his baffled striving after knowledge; the hurried grasp after the infinite, and the impossibility, burnt into his very soul, of finding it in enjoyment—all this was a store of experience which seemed at last to melt into the old legend, and become incorporated in its figures. But only because these figures are utterly changed, and new ones have been imagined. Not only the legend itself, but the mythology of the Old Testament and of mediæval religion, has become the "living garment" of his imagination, moving as it moves. It does not cross his mind that the story has any rights against him, or that he is making too free with the Book of Job; it is his own life which is to make them live. He does not need to tell us what Faust and Mephistopheles mean; for it is his own soul, and ours, that speaks and acts in them.

In most of these poems the charac-

teristic of Goethe's mode of treatment is that he completely absorbs a mythological or legendary material into his imagination, and reproduces it directly in a form at once personal and human. It is this directness, this touch of a personal emotion so purified from individual circumstance that it appeals to all men, that gives *Faust* a lyrical character in spite of its dramatic force. In the same way the subjects of *Ganymed* and *Prome-theus* take the shape of the pure lyric; Goethe is not writing a poem about Ganymede, he has for the moment become Ganymede. And I have taken examples of this mode of treatment first of all, because in it that unity of meaning and form is naturally most complete, the loss of which leads to allegory and poor poetry. In itself, however, it is not superior to other ways of dealing with these subjects even in a lyrical manner. In the ballad, for example, which gives free play to the epic element in lyrical verse, the mythological personages are treated to a greater or less extent as the subjects of the poem. Historical propriety may be preserved to a degree unnecessary in songs; and yet the myth may be so handled that we are able to identify ourselves completely with its meaning, and need no interpretation to make it plain. The reader will remember *Der Gott und die Bayadere* and *Paria*, Goethe's great ballads on Indian legends. If there is any poem in modern literature which can stand by the first part of *Faust* it is the *Bride of Corinth*; and in this ballad the legend is told with the most naked simplicity, and yet with an energy so intense that the difference of ages is lost in a moment. Schiller's tendency to reflective thinking, and genius for declamatory verse, led him in the earlier part of his career to a style really less artistic: the feeling which inspires the most beautiful of his pure lyrics, such as *Die Ideale*, *Das Ideal und das Leben*, or *Die Götter Griechen-land's*, is too conscious to take a nar-

rative form; and it is interesting to compare the last and, in some respects, greatest of these poems with the *Bride of Corinth*, in which an idea fundamentally the same has led to a totally different result. But Schiller's instinct kept him to the simply lyrical form in which his imagination was able to express itself with all its glow, and he never took a mythological subject as a text for rhetoric. When, later in his life and partly through Goethe's influence, the poet and philosopher were reconciled in him, he produced ballads on Greek subjects in the simplest narrative style, and a few poems in a slightly different manner which rank among his best works. In his *Kassandra*, for example, he has expressed a permanent and intense human emotion without in any degree destroying the outline of the legend, or suggesting any incongruity. Cassandra's terrible cry to Apollo—

“Meine Blindheit gib mir wieder
Und den fröhlich dunkeln Sinn!
Nimmer sang ich freud'ge Lieder,
Seit ich *deine* Stimme bin.
Nimm, o nimm die traur'ge Klarheit,
Mir vom Aug den blut'gen Schein!
Schrecklich ist es, deiner Wahrheit
Sterbliches Gefäß zu sein —”

these words are strictly appropriate in the mouth of the speaker, and yet they are the utterance of a feeling which in its essential nature is not dependent on the special circumstances assumed in the poem, but, in a greater or less degree of intensity, may have been the experience of men in other times. And wherever this is the case, these words will seem, in spite of their historical propriety, the spontaneous outcome of a permanent human passion.

Let me turn for some further illustration to the poet who is most familiar to English readers of the present day. Those of Mr. Tennyson's works which deal with mythical or legendary subjects are, for the most part, written in the manner last described. The myth or legend is usually the *subject* of the poem.

When we read the complaint of Oenone or the choric song of the Lotos-eaters, we have the persons of the legend before our minds. Not that we fail to identify ourselves with them, or that their words have no meaning or value to us apart from the circumstances in which they are uttered; but the original story has not been so completely absorbed into a modern emotion as to become the vehicle for its direct expression. In this respect these poems rather resemble some of Mr. Browning's greatest works—such as *Andrea del Sarto*, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, or *Cleon*—than Goethe's *Ganymed* or *Prometheus*. And Mr. Tennyson has not confined himself to Greek subjects, any more than the view I am trying to enforce is intended to apply to classical mythology alone. Thus we have a *St. Simeon Stylites* as well as a *Lucretius*. The former, in the shape of a monologue in blank verse, paints with great vividness a state of mind definitely attributed to a certain person living at a certain time. Everything is in keeping; we have no reflections offered to us from our own point of view; and probably most of us are not aware of any temptation to rival *St. Simeon*. Yet though Mr. Tennyson's treatment is as far as possible removed from symbolism, what is presented to us is a mental state which in its foundation is independent of this special form, and which might under other conditions result in acts utterly different indeed in appearance, but identical in spirit, and perhaps standing in a closer relation to ourselves. Thus through all the dramatic details, and in harmony with them, something speaks to us in the universal language of men. It is the same with the later and nobler poem. And in both, this central spirit throws its light on every detail, and renders the poem a real unity, a real work of art; so that, for example, those grotesque visions of the mediæval infernal world which distracted *St. Simeon* as

he read, and the dreams which, to use Shelley's words, "poisoned sleep" and "polluted the day" for Lucretius, these, "Abaddon and Asmodeus" or "satyr and faun," are not types or symbols or allegories, nor yet unintelligible curiosities, but in each case the right and natural and only fitting expression of something which nevertheless exists to-day, as well as a thousand or two thousand years ago. These are not the particular visions which would trouble men nowadays; but what does that signify? We identify ourselves with them, just as we appropriate the sense and beauty of a myth. And if we cannot do so, then either they are not fit subjects for modern verse, or (which is more likely) we cannot read the verse aright; just as any Greek or Indian myth remains to us something merely external and historical, until in imagination we can make it a natural expression for our own souls. That in doing so we make it something different from what it was to its creators, is true; but there are, I think, only two cases in which we need regret this. We must regret it if we are examining a myth in the interest of some historical science; and we shall also regret it if we believe the myth to be a fact, and attach a religious value to the supposed fact. But otherwise it would not perhaps be difficult to support the view that the change which the mythical material undergoes in being revived, is not a distortion but, in the strict sense of the word, a development.

Even if this were not the case—and a discussion of the point would lead us too far from our immediate subject—it would remain true that what we need for the purpose of imagination, if for no other purpose, is the power of detaching our minds from the special form in which our own experience clothes itself, and of finding this experience in the shapes which other times have given it. This is what we do when we read ancient poetry, or when we read such

modern poems as *Ganymed* or *Lucretius*. It is this want of flexibility, this bondage to our mental atmosphere, our fixed ideas and words and customs, that prevents our appropriating foreign forms which "half reveal and half conceal" an inner spirit identical with our own, and that makes it necessary to add to these forms themselves an interpretation given in the terms of our own reflection. It is the same phlegmatic habit of mind which deadens our sense of the life and greatness of this very mental atmosphere of our own, the nature that surrounds us, our faiths and institutions; so that the greatest of human achievements, the state, becomes to us a mere matter of course, if nothing worse, and our religion sinks into an external routine and a worship of mere symbols. And yet it is this very same stupidity which makes us cry out against the changing of an inadequate symbol or the development of an institution, and thus at once empties the letter of that spirit which alone gives it value, and yet, when the letter is touched, protests that the spirit is one thing with it and can live in no other form. It is against this lethargy that all enthusiasms, of knowledge or action or production, philosophy or religion or art, alike contend. It is the root of all philistinism and vulgarity. That we are freed from it is the joy of real seeing and hearing and of every act of knowledge, the quickening of life and insight that crowns all struggle and passion. From it spring selfishness and vice: for it is stupidity that limits sympathy, and the old saying remains true, that if, when we pursue a false end, we could but realise what we are doing, we should cease to pursue it. Imagination, like all the higher qualities of mind, depends on this flexibility and power of detachment: and imagination is our greatest instrument in the extension of experience, if not of positive knowledge. It is true that in certain cases a facility in appropriating diverse ex-

pressions of a single spirit may denote or produce an indifference to all forms, which soon passes into the loss of the central experience itself; but the best of gifts may be misused by weakness or frivolity. And, even if we dispute the value of this mobility in life itself, it is a first necessity for poetry, and particularly for poetry of the kind which we have been discussing. Without it an old myth or a myth revived must either remain something remote and external, or be interpreted by an allegorical treatment which cannot give poetical satisfaction.

That we spontaneously make this transference in reading *St. Simeon Stylites* or *Lucretius* thus means really that they are good poetry. The same thing is true of a slighter but not less perfect work of Mr. Tennyson's—*St. Agnes' Eve*. Here the poet has taken the legend according to which

“upon St. Agnes' Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright.”

He has boldly turned it in a new way, and has given us the impassioned hymn of a nun to the heavenly bridegroom. Here we have the exact counterpart of the main idea of Goethe's *Bride of Corinth*. There the old faith which sanctified youth and nature is contrasted with the desolation of the new, which has torn the young Athenian's bride from him to devote her to Christ:—

“Sacrifice is here
Not of lamb or steer
But of human woe and human pain.”

But from the grave itself she rises to still the unquenched longing, to satisfy the offended gods, and to destroy her lover with her kisses:

“Fearful is the weird that forced me hither,
From the dark-heaped chamber where I lay:
Powerless are your drowsy anthems, neither
Can your priests prevail, howe'er they pray.

Salt nor lymph can cool
Where the pulse is full;
Love must still burn on, though wrapped
in clay.”¹

In Mr. Tennyson's poem the love that was cast out has returned in a spiritual form; mere renunciation² has become a consuming desire:

“Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
May my soul follow soon!”

I need not quote more; we all know the poem by heart, and know what a masterpiece of painting it is, coloured in every detail by the feeling of the whole! And who ever found it less beautiful, who—it is the same question—ever failed to identify himself with its spirit, because it could no more serve as the common expression of his religious feelings than could a prayer to Zeus?

There are two of Mr. Tennyson's poems which must have occurred to any reader who has followed me so far—*Tithonus* and *Ulysses*. I will take as the last of my illustrations the *Ulysses*, a poem which would have gladdened Goethe's heart. Most of us know the Ulysses of Homer; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Butcher and Mr. Lang will be able to print their translation in such a form that the *Odyssey* may become as accessible to Englishmen as Shakespeare or the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But no one can compare Mr. Tennyson's *Ulysses* with the Homeric hero without being struck by the completeness of the change. We may try to lessen it by saying that in both cases we have the type of endurance, of experience, of skill united with strength. But, in so far as this is

¹ From Aytoun's and Martin's translations of Goethe's Songs and Ballads.

² Or rather, this ecstasy of soul hardly admits even the memory of a past renunciation or of a storm that has given place to peace. For a rendering of such a contrast of feelings, called up by the very same situation as that described in Mr. Tennyson's poem, the reader will turn to Schubert's wonderful song, *Die junge Nonne*.

true, it only shows how differently this type is realised at different times. In the whole *Odyssey* there is hardly a trace to be found of the idea or passion which gives its unity to Mr. Tennyson's poem—the idea of a hunger after new experience and knowledge, unstilled by any labour or age. It is a commonplace that that word, which to us is associated with all that unites human nature with the divine, the word “infinite,” seems to have suggested to the Greek disorder and even evil. Faust's unrest, the passion of his words,

“Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt
ist
Will ich in meinen innern Selbst genießen,
Mit meinem Geist das Höchste und Tiefste
greifen,
Ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Busen
haufen,
Und so mein eigen Selbst zu ihrem Selbst
erweitern,
Und, wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zer-
scheitern!”

this, if he could have made any sense of it at all, would have seemed to the Greek (what indeed it is shown to be in Goethe's poem) the source of insolence and impiety; and probably he would not so readily have recognised that this “feeling of the infinite” is also the spring of great achievement. To his mind too, accustomed to a Ulysses who would gladly have spent a quiet old age in Ithaca, how strange the speech would have sounded:

“I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on
life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought.”

This, I say, would have sounded

strange to Greek ears; but there is not a grander passage in modern verse. And more than this: though the words come from a Greek hero, they give us a sense of perfect fitness. The whole legend lives again in them, and it lives in a new shape. And, while more than two thousand years lie between the two poems, and the change of those twenty centuries finds free utterance, the one still seems to us the right conclusion of the other, and a strange solemnity gathers around our memory of the Homeric world as we read of the great chances of the last voyage:

“It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.”

How has it come about? It is not a successful imitation of the Greek that moves us. It is not that Mr. Tennyson has told us the old story, and then shown us how our conscious beliefs, or hopes, or experience may find a meaning in it. What Ulysses was to Homer we know; and we do not want it bettered or interpreted. But what does Ulysses mean to us? How can the heart that beats in our own time find expression in the legend, as the spirit of the old Greeks was mirrored in it ages ago? In what form does that which for them expanded into the story of the much-enduring wise man of many wanderings, clothe itself for us, within the limits indeed of the old idea, but yet freely and naturally? If we can answer that question, we have not lost the myth, although we change its outward feature; the myth itself has developed. And this is the question which Mr. Tennyson has answered for us, not in an exposition or an allegory, but by re-creating; so that he gives us a poem on an “ancient subject,” as we roughly say, yet modern to the core, and human, a Ulysses with that new light in his eyes which we can understand without a word.¹

¹ It would be interesting to trace the story of Ulysses from Homer to Mr. Tennyson through its various changes, whether in the way of

✓ In choosing illustrations from Goethe and Mr. Tennyson my main object has been to contrast the successful use of myths or legends with that particular misuse of them which culminates in conscious allegory. Doubtless the names of great poets may be pointed to in justification of this form of verse; and it would be absurd to deny that it is capable of producing fine results. I will not plead in answer that Dante or Spenser are great in spite of their allegorising and not in consequence of it; nor that much which, owing to our labour in understanding it, we regard as allegory, is really more like the unconscious symbolism to be found in all poetry. Nor can I attempt to analyse the conditions under which an allegory may be successfully employed, or do more than ask the reader to remember the weakness of those passages in Milton, where the reflection that explains and argues gets the better of the imagination that sees and embodies. We are speaking only of the last century of poetry, and maintaining that for a time like our own, when reflection is strong and imagination somewhat at a loss, when we are forced to realise our beliefs and are apt to attach a fictitious value to the theoretical form we give them, conscious symbolism and allegory become a temptation to us, and produce poor results in works of art. Few who care for poetry more than for the art of interpretation will deny the deplorable effects of this tendency on Goethe's later verse; and I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Tennyson had the abstract ideal of a blameless character, or theoretical beliefs as to the fortunes of the soul before his mind when he wrote the *Morte d'Arthur* or *Guinevere*. It is quite another matter to say that in those poems the imagination gives shape to a vital body of spiritual experience, which may be afterwards gathered from the poems and ex-

distortion or development. The middle point is no doubt the great passage in Dante (*Inf.* xvi. 85 ff.), which may have suggested Mr. Tennyson's poem, and to which the above remarks, *mutatis mutandis*, would apply.

pressed as a theory or doctrine. But that may be done with *Hamlet* or *Faust*, with *Ganymed* or *Ulysses*, as well as with the *Idylls of the King*.

But perhaps it may be felt that a great deal is being made of a trifle; that, after all, the works composed on subjects like these are few in number, and only interest a small circle. The opposite is the case. These poems are a kind of conquest over time. Ours is an age of investigation. We ransack the religions, the legends, the fairy tales of all the world, to find food not merely for science but for imagination; the result may be that in the end we shall find food for life itself. Ideas which were religious and have ceased to be so, are preserved in a new form and for a less serious end. Where a Greek could express himself only through the traditions of his own people, we can find a body for our thought not only in English lives and English ideas, but in the shapes left us by Indian and Egyptian, Greek and Roman, old German and Icelandic civilisations. Is this a fact of no significance?

Again, poems of this kind are neither few nor esoteric. We have taken our examples from Goethe and Mr. Tennyson. If we take the English verse of the last hundred years, and cut away from it everything written on mythological and legendary subjects, we shall find they have played a great part. Let us merely refer to some names. Keats drew his inspiration mainly from Greek mythology. In his first work, feelings intensely modern and characteristic of youth throw the strangest light on the story of Endymion, and a passion essentially un-Greek seems to find in the Greek world a refuge from the apparent prose of modern life.¹ *Lamia* is a Greek

¹ I will merely allude to the considerable body of poetry to which a feeling of this kind has given rise. The "hellenische Sehnsucht" was common in Germany at the end of the last century. By far its most splendid outcome was, of course, Schiller's *Götter Griechenlands*. It reached its extreme in the life and writings of Hölderlin, the college friend of

legend; the *Eve of St. Agnes* is based on mediæval tradition; the odes *To a Grecian Urn* and *To Psyche* speak for themselves. In the fragment of *Hyperion* Keats chose a subject comparatively untouched and of imperishable interest;¹ and he showed that he had reached the power of treating a myth with his whole heart and yet without sentimentality.

How different again, and how significant is the spirit in which Byron, whose discontent went straighter to its mark and found little rest in the Greek world, uses a legendary material. He sees in Cain a far more adequate hero than he could create in his *Laras* or *Corsairs*. In the story used in *Heaven and Earth* he has the fairest field for that description of the mixture of sea and sky in which the storm within him passed away. Or again, instead of the beginning of the world he takes the current notion of its ending, and in the most perfect of all his poems, the *Vision of Judgment*, uses this notion, as decaying religious ideas are often used at first, as a vehicle for satire and burlesque. Or, lastly, he ventures on the great fellow-legend to *Faust*, *Don Juan*; and, however little he might have been able to mould it into a unity, he at least handles it with a freedom as unhesitating as Goethe's. It is this freedom and sincerity of imagination which never

Schelling and Hegel, and author of the *Schicksalslied* set by Brahms; and it still coloured the verses he produced at intervals during the melancholy madness into which he early sank. The effect of such feelings on the greater writers is naturally transient, and in England they do not seem to have much affected any considerable poet except Keats. The reader will recall the lines in *Lamia*, "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven," &c., the sonnet "Glory and loveliness have passed away," and Wordsworth's sonnet, "The world is too much with us." But I suppose the revolt against certain Christian ideas, and the new revolutionary Renaissance, not glad but defiant, which has produced some of Mr. Swinburne's finest lyrics, is distantly allied to these feelings, and they may be traced, in a modified and more scientific form, in Mr. Symonds's essays on Greek poetry.

¹ Comp. *John Keats; a Study*. By F. M. Owen.

fails him, let his material come from where it will; which, be the spirit of his work high or low, at least admits no halfness, no vexed ghost of reflection that cannot find a body; which, wherever Byron is at his best, is imaged in a style unsurpassed since Shakespeare for concentrated energy. Other instances will occur to every reader. Wordsworth's main poems sprang from a more direct contact with nature and human life; but every one will recall *Laodamia* and *Dion*, and the sonnet "The world is too much with us." If Mrs. Browning had never touched these subjects elsewhere, the one lyric, *A Musical Instrument*, would be enough. Who can forget Shelley's *Arethusa*, and how in it the humanised tale and its natural foundation are dissolved together into the brightest music English words ever made; the "sweet pipings" of the *Hymn of Pan*; the higher strain of the *Hymn of Apollo*, at whose sound we too seem to "stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven;" the *Adonais*, the *Prometheus Unbound*, the fragments of the prologue to *Hellas*?

But, instead of adding names to a list we could hardly finish, let us merely call attention to three points of interest. The first is the attempt, repeated in various degrees, to reproduce the Greek dramatic form as a vehicle for Greek subjects. Secondly, within the last twenty years, chiefly in Mr. Arnold's *Balder* and Mr. Morris's *Story of Sigurd*, we have been brought face to face with northern mythology — that mythology, the scenery and spirit of which appeals to us in some ways more directly than the Greek can, and of which we have been too long ignorant. And, lastly, we should do well to notice those works which deal with subjects having an historical relation, more or less close, to our own religious ideas; such poems (and they are among the best of our days), as Mr. Browning's *Saul*, *Cleon*, *Epistle of Karshish*, *Death in the Desert*, and *Christmas Eve and Easter-day*; such a work of partial fiction as *Philochristus*; such a picture

as the *Shadow of the Cross*; such a phenomenon as the Ober-Ammergau Passion-play, to which the peasants doubtless listen as our ancestors once listened to miracle-plays, but which many of the English visitors must have looked at with very different eyes. It is possible that the future historian of our religion and poetry may see in these works of imagination a significance, which we who enjoy them hardly discern.

And this leads me to a few words on the last part of my subject. Why do our poets turn to foreign legends and half-forgotten religious myths, while they seldom make any attempt to deal with the religious ideas of their own age?

I do not pretend to be able to answer this question fully, but I may suggest some points for reflection. Current religious ideas are unsatisfactory subjects because the artist's relation to them is not *free*; it is hampered either by his direct religious interest in them or by his theological disbelief in them. It is the first of these alternatives that is the hardest to explain. *Why*, if these ideas are believed in, should they not be fit subjects for art; when it was just such a state of things that produced the best painting and some of the best poetry the world ever saw? The reason must lie somewhere in the different meanings that the words "believe in" had at that time and have now. We may say that it is just the glory of Protestantism to have so spiritualised the central ideas of Christianity, that a directly sensuous representation of them is no longer possible. Thus, although the Gospel history is accepted as absolutely true, it is regarded not as a mere fact but as the symbol of a purely spiritual relation between God and man; and the purely spiritual character of this relation, in distinction from the historical facts, has become much clearer than it was to the Catholic painters. Hence these facts are not "believed in" in quite the same way. There is much truth, we may hope, in this, and can

only wish there were more. Again, when we think of Dante, it occurs to us that Protestants disbelieve in purgatory and scarcely believe in hell: and, when we think of Raphael, we remember that the commonest subjects of his religious pictures were the Madonna and Child or passages in the lives of the saints. These are no longer the natural expressions of an Englishman's faith, and so the amount of possible material is most seriously diminished. What remains to him? He cannot paint the process of atonement in men's souls, or their love to God. A fine lyric or two may be inspired by these thoughts (e. g. Wesley's "Jacob Wrestling" or "Jesu, lover of my soul," and these belong to the last century), but not an epic or a drama. There remains scarcely anything but the story of Christ's life on earth; and there are obstacles to the treatment of this subject, over and above the change of position to which I have already alluded. There seems to be a downright inartistic element, a kind of stupidity, in the Protestant or, perhaps, in the northern mind, a literalism which prevents it from distinguishing between the artistic and the religious use of a subject, and makes it take the former for an expression of fact. Hence comes what may easily be observed, the half-acknowledged dislike which many English people feel to pictorial representations of Christ, and even to any really dramatic treatment of his life in music. And hence also an objection is felt to enlargements of the Gospel story, and a still greater objection to invention; and yet poems on the subject, if they are to be worth anything, must involve at any rate the former. Yet, when all this has been admitted, a further question must present itself. None of these difficulties ought to affect Catholics; and yet Catholic countries are as powerless as Protestant to produce any great religious art. I admit the fact and know of no further explanation than this: good art or poetry require a high class of mind, and they require a sensuous form; and the sensuous forms which

Christian ideas possess, in Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy alike, stand in such vital conflict with that which the best minds, however apparently orthodox, really believe and care for, that it is impossible for an artistic-religious enthusiasm to express itself in them.

Let us turn then to our second supposition. Let us assume that the current religious ideas, or at any rate their semi-historical, semi-mythological embodiments, are not objects of belief to the artist. In this case again he is not likely to use them for the purposes of his art; and the reason here is that he *disbelieves* in them. Of course he does not believe in the Greek or Scandinavian myths either; but then he is not surrounded by those who do, and the question of their literal truth simply does not occur to him. But this is an attitude of mind almost impossible towards the material in question. Perhaps the artist thinks it mischievous, and has what may be called a negative interest in it; in any case he will very rarely be able to look at it as he does at other subjects; and even if he can (as Goethe possibly did), he knows that his audience would not understand or appreciate him. And yet in this relation there lies perhaps the hope of better things. If these ideas are no longer, for the class of men who produce art or literature, the literal expressions of an absolute truth—if they no longer represent that which (let it be called by what name it will) is religion to these men—their *fundamental* unfitness as subjects for art is in principle overcome. There is no longer any but a social and temporary reason why they should not be treated freely. Is it too much to hope, then, that the process already begun in the minds of many religious men may be continued; that the historical and legendary vehicle of religious ideas may pass more and more (the more silently the better) into the background of their minds; that its acceptance or rejection may more and more be seen and felt to be of no moment

to religion itself? Then this material might again, though in another way, inspire art and poetry. And more than this: then we should not have to bear the loss too common now. We should not, because truth compels us to deny asserted facts and the inferences drawn from them, merely turn away from that which contains, in however unscientific a form, the spiritual experience of centuries of men greater than ourselves. What we must refuse to accept as historical fact or philosophic truth we should then be able to use freely as an expression of something permanently true, good, and beautiful: and, having no more regard for its original form than for that of Greek legend, no more respect for the first chapter of Genesis than for Hesiod's *Theogony*, our poets and painters might develop this figurative expression at will into the fit medium of a developed life.

How distant such a time must be, and how impossible it is to forecast the future of religion, no one who has thought about these subjects will need to be reminded. But that it need be so distant as some imagine, is open to doubt. I have spoken of a process, undeniably going on in the minds of educated men, by which certain ideas, once deemed essential to religion, and still generally considered to be so, are rapidly sinking into the practical insignificance which precedes theoretical disavowal. And it is a curious fact, and one which indirectly supports the view I am suggesting, that these ideas are, on the whole, just the ones which modern poetry has ventured to treat with freedom. If we leave the oratorio out of sight (and I am not sure that we need do so), it seems true that religious people in this century, at least in Teutonic countries, shrink from introducing into works of art the figures of those persons with whom they directly identify their faith. Where these figures have been introduced, it has usually been at the expense of poetry. Where they are introduced in a really poetical way,

there we have a sign that the mind is assuming a freer relation towards them, and that, however unconsciously to the writer or reader, they are becoming the mere symbols of something which he does not feel or think to be absolutely identical with them. If we ask ourselves what parts of the Christian theology have been used with the greatest freedom and success in modern art and poetry, we shall find them, I think, in the persons of the devil and the angels, and the ideas of the creation, of the day of judgment, and of heaven and hell.

These remarks will provoke objections from opposite sides. To those who are naturally offended by them, and may even repel them as an attack on religion, it would be vain to offer explanations. I can only say that I am sure these changes do not necessarily imply any decrease in religion, and I believe that, as a matter of fact, they mean its progress: for religion is not the same thing as religious ideas. And I will take one of the ideas referred to, and will ask such readers to consider honestly this question: Do they really and truly accept the orthodox idea of the devil in all its fulness, as the literally true expression of a fact; and do they find that it is in harmony with those ideas of God and of the nature of the world which govern their best actions, and which, therefore, they may be sure they do believe? And if they acknowledge that this particular idea cannot really claim to form part of their faith, I ask the further question, whether they consider that spirit or nature of evil, in which in some sense they must believe, to be better symbolised, not only for æsthetic but for religious purposes, by the devil of Luther or by the Mephistopheles of Goethe.

The opposite objection I can still less deal with at length. "If," it may be said, "the life of religion passes from its decaying forms, it is only to find new ones; and the duty of our poets and painters is to heal the breach between art and religion

by embodying the growing faith in new shapes. Or, if this is not yet possible, they should at any rate use their freedom, and look for subjects in the world itself, instead of trying to vitalise old interpretations of the world. Art had two great enemies, the dominion of theology and the prejudices of aristocracy: she has freed herself from both, and should look at life with open eyes. Why, most of all, not content with

Jove, Apollo, and Mars, and such raskaille, should we interpose the shapes of eastern and northern mythology between ourselves and reality, and even attempt to preserve those portions of our own religious ideas the disappearance of which we ought to welcome?"

These doubts lead us back to the questions from which we started, and I must leave them undiscussed. A good deal in them seems to me to be well-founded, and they can appeal for confirmation to the greatest name in all literature. But art has many methods, and is the richer for it. If the finest works have been due, and are likely to be due, chiefly to this simpler relation of the artist to his subject, that is no argument against another relation too. It does not alter the fact I have tried to bring out, that ancient mythologies have yielded a most fruitful material for poetry. It does not weaken the plea for an extended use of this material. And, even if we admit that it is as yet scarcely possible for art to assume towards the mythological portions of our current religious ideas the attitude which I have tried to describe, it still seems to me that, at least in the measure in which ordinary men can use their imagination, it is possible even now for those who cannot accept the recognised beliefs, to preserve in this way among other and more indispensable ways a vital experience too easily thrown aside with its outer wrappage.

ANDREW C. BRADLEY.

LOST.

A STRANGE stillness and darkness, a gray, black twilight everywhere, broken only by a whiteness beneath; yet the darkness and stillness were nothing to me save as conditions that existed, but in which I had no concern. I passed out of the room, though no door opened for me, and down the stairs. There were faces I knew dimly, as in a dream; they went by sad and silent, not even seeing me. In a room beneath, where a flickering candle burnt, were two human beings, the one a babe sleeping in its cot; I stood by its side for a moment, not knowing what made me stay, but I saw the child's face, and felt a strange comfort from the sight. The other was a man sitting by a table, his arms stretched out across it, and his head resting down upon them. He did not move or stir, his face was hidden, but I knew that he was bowed down by sorrow, and there was something that drew me to his side that made me long to comfort him, to say pitying words, telling him how short were sorrow and sleep, how long were thought and waking. But the longing was undefined, and had no power to shape itself into action, and I stood silent and still. Then I put out my hand and touched his shoulder. He did not raise his head, but for the first time he moved, his frame was suddenly convulsed, and he sobbed bitterly. And so the night passed, he weeping and I watching, and stealthily and cruelly the morning light crept in at the staring uncurtained windows.

I was in the upper room again; I knew not how, nor how long after, for time and space had no more measure for me. I looked round the room; it was draped with white, and at one end there was a bed, and on it

the outline of a human form covered by a sheet. There seemed some dim memory hanging about the room; but that was all, for consciousness returns but slowly, and knowledge remains but of few things, and only of those beings that have made a mark upon our souls that even death cannot efface. The door opened, and the man who had been weeping below entered, and suddenly I remembered and knew my husband. His face was sad and pale, his eyes were dim, his head was bent, but he raised it for a moment as he entered, and looked nervously round the room. I held out my arms to him, but he passed me by taking no notice; I called him by his name, but he did not hear me. He went up to the bed, and, kneeling down, took the handkerchief from over the dead face; step by step I went forward to look at it.

It was my own!

"Ah! no, no, no!" I shrieked, "it is not I! I am here beside you, my husband! Oh! my love—my love—it is not I! I am here! Look at me, speak to me—I am here!" but the words died away, and he did not hear them, and I knew that sound had gone from me for ever. And still he knelt by the dead, giving it dear names, and showering down kisses upon it; and I stood by longing for all that was given for love of me, and yet not to me; stood looking with strange fear and shrinking at the white face and the still lips and the closed eyes—at that which had been my own self and was myself no more. But still he knelt there calling it me, and crying out to that which heard not, and saw not, and was but waiting for the black grave to hide it.

At last he covered the face with the

handkerchief again, and rose and left the room. I could not follow him, and waited in unutterable longing, to weep, but having no tears; to speak, but having no words; to die, but finding that time and death had passed by—that to death I had paid tribute and yet remained.

I looked round the room, and slowly there came dim memories of many things—of pain, and sorrow, and parting; of pain, that death had conquered, and that lay for ever vanquished in that still form; of sorrow, that death had left, and that only one soul could conquer—a soul still living within a human body. I knew the room now: it was the one I used to sleep in and had called my own; they had covered the furniture with white, and yet around and about lay things my hands had fashioned—hands that never more might stir a single leaf or move one atom from its place. Suddenly, in a corner of the room, I saw the uncovered looking-glass, and, wondering, remembered; and fearing and shrinking with a strange terror, I went forward, and standing before it, looked and saw—nothing. All else I saw—the room, the shrouded furniture, some fading flowers in a vase, the outline of the dead woman lying on the bed—everything; but of me that stood before it there was no sign, no trace—nothing—nothing. And still, scarce believing, and holding out my hands to it in my agony, I stood before it, but the vacant glass gave no sign, no trace; showed nothing—nothing. Then I understood—then I realised—that sight and sound knew me no longer, and that the eyes I loved were blind to me in their waking hours—blind for evermore while time should last; and time, that heaps dust on all things, would heap it up higher and higher between the memory of my face and him. But did he not feel my presence? did he not know that I was by him, and would be by him, until, at last, from out of the worn body, the soul

should slowly lift itself into that which is but one step higher in the universe?—till meeting should be again, and sorrow and parting no more? . . . For as the clay-fetters fall, dear, and the earthy chains one by one give way, our souls shall draw nearer and nearer, until slowly the mist shall clear and we shall see each other once more face to face, and out of the darkness of human pain shall come everlasting light. How the knowledge of this would help you! how it would comfort you to know that though sight and sound have gone, yet there is one thing that links the worlds together—one memory that binds the mortal to the immortal! For love, that is stronger than life, shall be stronger than death, and, passing on, shall look back upon death—the love that came to us from without, and shall pass out with us into that which ever has been and shall be, unto which no end is. . . .

Through all the long days that followed I was with him, through all his lonely hours and passionate grief. I stood by him while he slept, and whispered loving words into his ears, and he heard them and was comforted. And we travelled back together along the dream-road to all that had been in the far-off time, and the remembrance of old sweet days came before his sleeping eyes; but things were not as we had left them, but shaped themselves differently, and wore strange and terrible faces that made him start from his sleep and look round the dark room, half fearing, half wondering, and he saw, not me standing beside him, but only the black hopelessness of the night. Or I would say strange words to him as he slept—words that in life I had never said, so that he might know there was a meeting-time yet to come, for of that I dared not speak; but he would not hear them.

“Come to me in my waking hours,” he cried, and I could make no sign, no response. It is only in dreams that the

dead have power over the living, for theirs is the land of which the living see only fitful gleams in their sleep—a land where, to the living, all seems, and nothing is, and nothing earthly has an abiding place. “It is only a dream,” he would cry out in his despair; “it means nothing, it is only the fevered picture-making of my own brain.” Yet a world of our own creation we can in some way control; but in the world that we enter in our sleep, we have no power, no control.

At first I was always with him, for his thought and will and longing had power to bring me, to give me a voice in his dreams, to grant me a sight of his face, but I could not tell him; I could but wait and hope and wait again. . . .

Dear, was it only the clay that held you, was it only the touch of my hands that caressed you, the tone of my voice that ever had tender words for you, and the sound of my eager feet that hurried swiftly towards you ever, and stayed before you waiting? Was it not my soul you loved, and its human form but as the house in which that soul dwelt? For the body is but a mere accident, a chance garment flung aside and dropping to decay when no longer strong enough to hold the soul it covers, a refuge in which for a time we take shelter and use human symbols to do our work and say our say; a place of lodging for that which has been and is for ever, and which, while it stays in the body, is fed and strengthened and beautified, and then goes forth again, or is weakened and starved and disfigured, and at last is scattered to be gathered up no more. Was it not my soul you loved, dear, and that is not sleeping in the dead woman? Life was not only in the beating heart and aching head, but in the hurrying feet and tender hands and the little eager fingers, in every atom of flesh, and from every one of these it has gone forth and waits till you shall choose whether eternity shall be ours or not. . . .

I came to him and knew by his face that a long time had passed since our last meeting, and he was changed. Strange faces were around him, and strange voices pleased him, and the old tenderness was not in his eyes when he thought of me, and my flowers were no longer on his table, my portrait no more before him, and songs that had not been mine were on his lips. The brightness came back to his face and the happy ring to his voice, and he passed on into a world in which I had no part or memory. But I knew that it must be so, I would not have had him grieve always, and is not life sweet, even to those to whom death will be sweeter?

Fearing and dreading, I stood by his side once more, but only to know that the thought of me saddened him, to watch him struggle with the past, and try to shut out the remembrance of the dead face we had stood beside . . . and with him there was a woman, young and fair, fairer than I even in my fairest days, and in her eyes there was a look of love, and on her lips were tender words, and he looked down upon her face and listened to her just as, long ago, he had looked down at my face and listened to my words. I stood beside him and put my hand upon his arm, and he started as if he felt a deathly coldness. I tried to look into his eyes, but shudderingly he turned away. I whispered old words into his ear, and he heard them in his heart and remembered them, and I knew that thoughts of me were strong upon him; yet with a sigh he turned away and wound his arms round the woman who had taken my place. “He is lonely and sad,” I cried; “he cannot be always alone, without mortal hands to soothe him, and human tones to comfort him; it is this that draws him to her, for he is yet human. It is her humanity he craves to help him along the lonely road; the sound of a voice, the sight of a face, and all that I can be to him no more; but it is me he

loves, it is my face he shall see once more before him in his dying hour when the companionship of human life is ended.

It is not her soul that will know his when only love gives recognition, and only love may guide him over the great threshold. . . .

He rested his head down upon her hair, and she whispered longingly, "If I had only had your first love!" He looked at her sadly and gravely, and into his voice there came a sweetness I had never heard, as he answered her slowly, "You have my *best* love." . . . And still I stayed looking at him and listening to him, knowing that I should do so nevermore—that now indeed was the great parting between us. For that which he had called love had been but a delight in sound and sight and touch, born of the flesh and dying with it, and not worthy of the name, and nothing else could bring me to him. And I would have been content, since he had willed it so, had she that was with him had power to give him a perfect love; but I knew that it was not so. And still I stayed, even while he clung to her until he shut his eyes so that in fancy he might not see me, and hid his face so that he might not hear me, and with a wrench he shut all remembrance of me out of his heart and turned to her again. . . . And then I fled out into the night, knowing that if we met again there would be no memory of me with him, for memory dies with the body unless it is strong enough to outlive death, or love is there to carry it on. And even if he saw my face again in some dim future of which I knew not yet, it would be strange to him, as a flickering thought that can be identified with no past and which we dare not call memory, is strange. For as the body knows much the soul may not remember, so has the soul secrets that can never be known to the body. . . . And I cried out to the darkness in my anguish, and the wind lent me its

voice and shrieked in at the crevices and beat against the windows; but I knew he standing within heard not or took no heed, and thought of nothing save of the woman beside him. "Oh, could you but know!" I cried, "could you but know how with our own hands we make our heavens and hells and the heavens and hells of those we love!" For that which is in our hearts to the end is always, and so ourselves do we work out our own immortality. The choice is with us, and the material in our own hands, to live or die even as we will; but to live the soul must have strength—strength that is greater than death, greater than the power that comes after to gather us in until separate life is ours no more, and the strength that is greatest is born of love that is perfect. And of perfect love are all things born, of love that in its highest has gathered beauty and knowledge and wisdom to itself, until the mortal life has become immortal and passes on with all things in its hands.

I do not know how far I went, on and on, into what strange lands, on and on, borne by the wind and hurried by the storm, making no sign, leaving no footprint behind. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind that met me understood, and went by moaning and pitying, and carried on, perhaps to him, some sad message, for in its tone there seemed a cry of parting and despair that was my own. . . . And then I went back once more to see the babe that had slept in its cot the night I had first stood beside my husband in his sorrow. There is only one being with which one's soul longs for affinity, an affinity born of love and sympathy, and now my soul knew that this was denied it; my thoughts went back to the child that was mine and his. And I loved it chiefly for the life that was in it—life that was his once and might know me still. I stole in the darkness through the quiet house, and found the room

where the child lay sleeping in its bed. I saw its face and its soft hair and closed eyes, and heard the sweet sound of breathing that came through its parted lips, and I longed for human life again, and would have given my soul up thankfully to have had my flesh and blood back for one single instant, to have held that little one in my arms. And I stooped and kissed it, but it turned shrinkingly away even in its sleep, and then, affrighted, woke and cried "Mother,

mother!" And from an inner room the fair woman came; but I stood close to the child still, and touched it softly; and again, shrinking and affrighted, it held out its hands to her and cried "Mother, mother!" and she took it into her arms, and the child looked up at her face and smiled, and was satisfied. . . . And I passed out into the night, and on and on for evermore, farther and farther away—on and on, seeking the infinite and finding it never. . . .

SIR DONALD STEWART'S MARCH FROM KANDAHAR TO KABUL.

THE following account of Sir Donald Stewart's march from Kandahar to Kabul in 1880 was written at the time and sent home for publication by an eye-witness of the events described. The letter-bag in which it was inclosed never, however, reached its destination; the messenger to whom it was entrusted having either been murdered *en route* or having himself made away with the letters which he was carrying. No detailed account of Sir Donald Stewart's march has, as far as we are aware, ever appeared in print, and what was undoubtedly a noteworthy military feat has been temporarily eclipsed by the glare of more recent events. We believe however that the march below described, accomplished as it was under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, is one which deserves permanent record, and with this explanation we submit the following brief narrative to our readers, couched as nearly as possible in the language in which it was written as the event occurred.

The long-expected order to march on Ghazni reached General Stewart's force in the third week in March, 1880. At that time the troops had been in garrison at Kandahar for nearly eighteen months. The circumstances of their life there had been exceptionally trying; the quarters provided for the men were cramped and uncomfortable; there was an unavoidable lack of amusement; all the small petty luxuries of a soldier's life were wanting; they had passed through a cholera epidemic of extreme severity; and they were daily exposed to the ceaseless attacks of fanatics or Ghazis who, individually, or in small numbers, never desisted from attempts¹ upon the lives

of men and officers, and whose presence in the city and neighbourhood made it imperative on every one to be always on the *qui vive*, and to go about fully armed. Life in Kandahar was, in short, tedious and uninteresting; and though Sir Donald Stewart, in his general order to the troops on leaving Kandahar, emphatically testified to their admirable conduct while in garrison, and to the absence of crime among them, there can be no doubt that the long period of forced inaction had been burdensome and trying for English and native troops alike. The order for the march was therefore most heartily welcomed by all, and within a very few days after its receipt, the First Brigade, moved into camp, and the whole force, inclusive of Sir Donald Stewart himself and the head-quarter staff, had quitted Kandahar by the 30th March. The First Brigade, which was to move up the Arghastán Valley was under General Barter, the Cavalry Brigade under General Palliser, the 2nd Infantry Brigade under General Hughes.

Sir Donald Stewart's departure gave rise to unfeigned regret in the minds of the Wali Sirdar, Shere Ali Khan, and the great majority of the native community of Kandahar. The influence which he had attained was widespread and deep-seated. His rule had been marked by decision and moderation, and above all by an absence of all unnecessary interference with the native officials and the people; the attitude of the troops towards the natives of the country had been unexceptionable, and security for life and property had been everywhere established among

lethal weapons and characterised by a ferocity and determination beyond their years. Penal measures were found quite inefficient to stop them.

¹ These attempts were at times of daily occurrence, and were often perpetrated by youths of eleven to fourteen years old, armed with

the people. Those well affected to the English also witnessed with dismay the departure of the Bengal troops accustomed to deal with the frontier tribes of India, and their replacement by the Bombay Sepoys reared in the more peaceful regions of the Deccan, and unfamiliar alike with the language or the customs of the Afghans. Many even at that date presaged difficulty and disaster from the change; but it was the departure of Sir Donald Stewart himself that was most deplored by all who, from whatever cause, desired the prolongation of English supremacy in Kandahar and the surrounding country.

During the preceding winter the mortality among the camels had been so severe, and the market was so badly supplied, that efforts almost superhuman were needed to get the requisite number of animals together for the march of Sir Donald Stewart's Division. Some idea of this number may be formed from the fact that the baggage train when in single file extended over nine miles. However, all the departments concerned—Quarter-Master General's, Political, and Transport, worked with right good will; both officers and men in the force met the difficulty half way by dispensing with every superfluous ounce of baggage; and the consequence was that within eight days from the receipt of the order, the various columns moved into camp fully equipped. Nothing but complete cordiality between all those concerned could have effected this result; nor would it have been possible had the force marched even a few days earlier, when the severity of the weather would have rendered it necessary for the sake of health that every preservative against cold should be taken with the troops.

As it was, the increasing mildness of the weather enabled regiments to dispense with their posteoens, sheep-skin coats, and warm clothing, and all superfluous baggage was lodged in the commissariat to be returned to India as occasion offered. Notwithstanding the difficulties experienced in

the matter of forage, and the very weak state in which many of the camels commenced their march, but 3 per cent of the whole number died between Kandahar and Kabul; and from this fact it may be judged how great an improvement had been effected in the transport department. From Kandahar to Shahjui, forty miles beyond Kelat-i-Ghilzai, the march of the troops was unattended by any interesting event. The programme originally laid down had been strictly followed. General Barter's brigade had moved up the Arghastán valley, marching parallel with the remainder of General Stewart's force, and on the day fixed emerged from the hills on to its appointed camping ground on the left bank of the Tarnak river, at the same hour as General Palliser's Brigade and the Headquarters pitched their tents at two miles distance on the right bank; and from that date the two brigades kept within sight of one another until a final junction was effected at Karabagh. Up to this point (Shahjui) the army had marched through a country that nominally at least was subject to Sirdar Shere Ali Khan, of Kandahar, and his officials, backed by the presence of our troops, had had but little difficulty in collecting supplies for us in his name. But from the date of our quitting Shahjui, until we marched into Ghazni, we traversed a purely hostile country; a large and daily increasing body of the enemy was, as we knew, marching at a considerable distance on our right flank along the skirts of the hills; and the inhabitants of the districts through which we passed, partly from doubt as to our intentions, partly from a feeling of hostility to ourselves—but still more from a fear of the retaliation that they might expect from the hostile tribes should they attempt to assist us with supplies—had quitted their houses *en masse*, burying their grain and provisions, and leaving nothing behind them but empty grain pits and deserted homesteads. To troops unaccustomed to Indian warfare, no course would have been

more embarrassing. At first sight on entering one of these deserted village clusters, it might well seem as if nothing was attainable, and that the troops at least must want for food, even if the horses and cattle found grazing on the young crops of clover or lucerne, which by this time were well above the ground. But it is an old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and there were many Pathans and frontier men in our ranks to whom the policy now being pursued by the enemy was nothing new. It was wonderful to see the sagacity and readiness with which these warriors pounced upon the hiding places where the grain and provisions had been concealed; from the centre of newly-ploughed fields, from freshly-dug graves, from superincumbent dung-heaps, from the bottom of underground canals, from every conceivable and inconceivable place, were large stores of grain and flour dragged into light. On no occasion were the troops compelled to go entirely without food, though the natives especially were often on short rations, and for several days together were without flour, eating nothing but parched grain and sugar, and always cheerfully, and without a grumble or sigh of discontent. From the 12th to the 21st April the army had to forage entirely for themselves; but in no case was anything taken from the villages, save that which was absolutely necessary for the supply of the troops. On those rare occasions, when even a single individual was found to have remained in one of the deserted hamlets, payment was pressed upon him for all that was received. The inhabitants had ample notice of the requirements as well as of the friendly intentions of the English force, and knew that everything would be paid for at a liberal rate. Letters to that effect were always sent on two days ahead by the Political Officers, but they were never answered, and in most cases were brought back unopened. It was curious to notice that though the inhabitants had concealed their grain and provisions, they took no pains to

remove or hide their household utensils and property. The dwellings, many of them displaying in their interiors a neatness and cleanliness quite foreign to one's preconceived ideas of Afghan domestic life, had apparently been left in their normal state. Korans, carpets, looking-glasses, combs, cooking pots, were found scattered about the rooms and left untouched. The people must have been forewarned that English discipline admits of no promiscuous looting of undefended villages.

It was at Karabagh, 190 miles north of Kandahar, that General Stewart first received trustworthy intelligence of the numbers and constitution of the hostile gathering on our right, and of their avowed intention to fight at all hazards. At this time, however, the enemy were out of sight among the hills, being driven to a greater distance than before by the crowds of their deadly enemies the Hazaras, who, at the first sign of the approach of the English troops, swarmed down in thousands from the lofty mountains to the West. A great deal had been written and said about the advantages we should reap directly we got into the Hazara country; all difficulties about getting supplies and intelligence were at once to disappear; the Hazara tribes were in short to prove themselves most efficient and useful allies. Suffice it to say that so far from this being the case, from the moment that the first Hazara chiefs came into our camp at Karabagh, to the date on which at Ghazni the General finally dismissed in Durbar the very large gathering of chiefs that had by that time assembled, the presence of these men was to all concerned not only an immense and unmitigated nuisance, but a positive obstruction to our movements; while their conduct in looting and burning Afghan villages, and in slaying every Afghan man, woman, and child whom they met with on the road—as long as our presence secured them against retaliation—brought upon us the odium and responsibility of acts which we exerted ourselves to the utmost to prevent.

No words can convey an idea of the extent to which the feud between the Karabagh Afghans and their Hazara neighbours had been pushed. Neither age nor sex had been spared; children had been butchered, women foully dishonoured, and the graves of the dead everywhere desecrated. It seems hopeless to expect that the two tribes can ever again exist as heretofore in neighbourly juxtaposition one to another. The only satisfaction was that the most careful inquiry made on the spot elicited the fact that the Karabagh massacres could in no way, however remote, be ascribed to the presence of the British in Afghanistan. Nearer Ghazni the bitterly hostile feeling that existed between Afghan and Hazara, took its rise, no doubt, in the refusal of the latter to join in the war against the British, and the fighting engendered thereby was certainly embittered by the course of events in Karabagh. But the Karabagh massacres were mainly and primarily due to an attack made by the Hazara Malik of the Char-Dasteh tribe upon a defenceless village which had been purchased from him by a Kharoti Afghan several years before. The Afghans had lived for years at peace with their Hazara neighbours. Faiz Mahomed, the Hazara chief, thinking, however, that the disturbed state of affairs at Kabul afforded him a good opportunity of recovering gratis the property he had sold, planned an attack upon the Afghan village, and in the dead of night killed every man and child in it, distributing the women among his own followers. It cannot be wondered at that the thirst for vengeance on the part of the Afghans was deep, and not easily appeased; and the atrocities since committed by them upon the general body of Hazaras, without reference to their tribes, has of course intensified the deadly enmity between the two sections.

Of all the districts traversed by the army, since quitting Kandahar, none appeared so fertile as Karabagh, which is a very extensive

valley, bounded on the east and west by lofty mountains, with a never-failing supply of excellent water, and a most fertile soil. The traveller rides for miles through prosperous-looking villages and forts, all within a stone's throw of one another, and all surrounded by rich cultivation intersected by running streams. Forts and villages, however, were alike deserted, and a nearer inspection proved that the great majority of them had been fired and gutted, and nothing but the outward walls remained.

The army arrived in Karabagh on the 16th April, and halted there one day, as a rest was much needed by men and animals, and it was necessary to recruit the supplies. One Hindu merchant alone had remained in the district, and had collected a large quantity of grain and flour, for which he received liberal payment. The army could, however, have obtained ample supplies here for days by its own agency, had it not been for our so-called allies, the Hazaras. The pitching of our tents was, however, the signal for these men to come down in thousands from the mountains. They looted supplies that would have otherwise come to us, and day and night the horizon was aflame with the blaze of the villages which they had set on fire.¹ Their chiefs seemed to have no power over them, and their own answer to remonstrances was that as they had already suffered much, and were certain to suffer still worse, at the hands of the Afghans, they were bound to inflict all the injury possible upon their enemies while the opportunity offered. On the arrival of the English in Karabagh one of our foraging parties found 400 Hazaras squatting, fully armed, round a fort in which twenty-five Afghans had shut themselves up. These latter had

¹ On the return march of Sir F. Roberts's force to Kandahar in August of the same year the condition of affairs was entirely reversed. It was then the Afghans who were in the ascendant in Karabagh, and the Hazaras were everywhere deserting their villages and property, and fleeing for their lives.

intended to bolt on our approach with the rest of their compatriots, but had been surrounded by the Hazaras before they could get away, and when our party arrived they were found looking uncomfortably over the walls of their village at what must have seemed to them very like certain death. The Hazaras were quietly waiting until the gates should be opened to bring out provisions for us, when they intended to rush in and indulge themselves with a general massacre. It was with great difficulty that they were induced to retire and forego their bloodshed and booty, and indeed they did not budge until the Political Officer arrived and intimated to them very plainly that it would go hard with them if they attempted to attack the besieged Afghans. They then retired slowly and reluctantly, and their intended victims escaped during the night. By dawn the Hazaras had returned and burned the fort. On another occasion our advanced cavalry scouts surprised in a village two Afghan women who had come back to search for a child lost in the general exodus of the previous day. The Hazaras swore that these were women of their own tribe, intending doubtless to cut their throats; and it was piteous to see the terror of these poor creatures when they were taken before the Political Officer to have their fate decided. They were soon made happy, however, and being placed on a couple of donkeys were taken to our advanced picquets, and told to make the best of their way to the enemy's outlying picquets, clearly visible at about two miles distance; the excellent time which they and the donkeys mutually made across the intervening distance was refreshing to witness. This was the day before the action at Ahmed Khel.

It was at this place, Mushaki, on the 18th April, that the enemy first came into contact with our outlying picquets. For days previous we had been regularly informed by spies of their movements. Cavalry reconnaissances had observed large bodies

of horse and foot moving parallel with our line of advance but clinging to the hilly ground to the east, and the hillsides had every night been illuminated by their camp-fires. But on this day they came further down into the plain, evidently intending to make for Ghazni; and Sir Donald Stewart, who must have been certain of meeting them, did not apparently think it necessary on that day to drive them out of the village which they occupied at a considerable distance from the camp. At Mushaki our troops were still some thirty-two miles from Ghazni, and the intention had been to make three marches into the city—the first stage being fixed at Ahmed Khel. Shortly, however, before the advanced cavalry reached the intended camping-ground on the morning of the 19th, the enemy showed themselves in great force on some low hills on the left of the road two miles beyond; and Sir Donald Stewart at once determined to give them battle. The appearance of the foe as the English troops advanced to the attack was very picturesque. They were drawn up in the form of a huge parallelogram on the upper slopes of the hills; white and red standards fluttered at intervals along the line; drums were beating; mullahs were seen preaching and exhorting them in their midst; whilst inside the line, and in front of the black and serried mass of human beings, horsemen galloped to and fro, brandishing their swords, and making the air resound to the shouts with which they invoked the blessing of the Almighty.

The action of Ahmed Khel was commenced by Major de Grey Warter's troop of Horse Artillery at nine o'clock precisely; and from that time until 10 A.M., when the "cease firing" sounded all along the line, the roar of the guns and the rattle of the infantry fire never ceased for a moment. The attacking line of the English force was formed, and advanced in the following order. On the extreme right:—A-B R. H. A., and a Troop 19th

Bengal Lancers ; G-4 R. A. with wing of 19th Punjaub Native Infantry as escort ; on their left Lieutenant-General's personal escort of one Company 2-60th, one Company 25th P. N. I. ; then 59th Regiment, 2nd Sikhs, 3rd Goorkhas ; Cavalry Brigade half a mile to right rear, but as the action developed, the 2nd Punjaub Cavalry moved up to the right of the attacking line, and the 19th Bengal Lancers to the left.

At 8 A.M., when it was evident that a battle was impending, an express was sent to bring up half the available troops of General Barter's Brigade, which, by the fortune of war, had been only that day relegated to the duty of forming the rear guard, after having been in the front nearly the whole march from Kandahar. The 1st P. C. arrived from the rear in time to do excellent service on our right flank, and the 60th Rifles, who came up at a tremendous pace, were also able to form up on the right of the advanced line of infantry before the cease firing sounded, though they took little or no part in the action.

Our attacking line had hardly been formed when it was seen that so far from contemplating retreat the enemy were moving very slowly down the slope to our rencontre. Their advance was at first so gradual that their next movement took every one by surprise. Suddenly, with a tremendous shout, beating of tom-toms, brandishing of swords, and waving of standards, more than 3,000 Ghazis, horse and foot, detached themselves from the main body and came down the hill right into the thin line of British troops with a fury and determination that nothing could surpass. Met as they were by the full fire of our guns and infantry, they never turned or wavered for an instant, and before one could draw one's breath the more advanced among them were among the troops and fighting hand to hand ; while others, better mounted, who had outstripped the rest, had succeeded in getting round both flanks of our line and were bearing down on Sir Donald

Stewart and the head-quarter staff who occupied a low hillock in rear of the advanced line, and close to the reserves. Some of the Ghazis were actually killed within twenty yards of the general commanding, and they were at one time so close that Sir Donald Stewart himself and the head-quarter staff had to draw their swords in self-defence.

The momentary partial success which the Ghazis thus achieved can only be accounted for by the fact that their attack was made with such rapidity and such reckless and desperate courage that it fairly took our troops by surprise. They had hardly finished deploying, many of them omitted to fix bayonets, and there was for a few seconds a tendency among some of them to waver and form into small groups. This, however, passed away as instantaneously as it arose, and during the rest of the action the men's steadiness left nothing to be desired. The disregard for life which the Ghazis exhibited may be judged of by the fact that they charged up to within thirty yards of Major de Grey Warter's guns, then firing case and reversed shrapnell, and thus compelled him to retire his guns 100 or 150 yards, when he again came into action, the practice of his guns during the whole engagement being specially good.

Of the rest of the action little remains to be said. The enemy never ceased to advance in groups, firing their muskets, waving their swords and lances, and endeavouring to get up to our line. By this time, however, our men had settled down to their work, and their fire was such that nothing human could stand against it, not even the fierce fanaticism of our foes. Little by little the advancing groups became less numerous and less frequent, and at ten o'clock precisely the last of them were to be seen retiring over the hill and streaming by thousands in the far distance over the plain beyond. Had it not been that our enormous baggage-train had locked up a large

number of our cavalry, the enemy's losses in that direction must have been very severe, but as it was we could only spare comparatively few men to pursue our retreating foes.

As might have been expected, many extraordinary escapes are recorded among our officers and men. One subaltern of the 1st P. C. had his horse's tail clean cut off by a blow which was aimed at his own head by a mounted Ghazi; Captain Broome, of the 2nd P. C., had his charger's head cut nearly off; Captain Abbott, of the 19th B. L., had his revolver and case severed from his belt by a sword-cut which missed his body altogether; and the list of hair-breadth escapes might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The 19th Bengal Lancers suffered the most during the first Ghazi charge, for the enemy got amongst them while they were only on the trot, and the fighting consequently was very severe. In this regiment alone there were more than forty wounded, including Lieutenant Young, who was picked up with eleven wounds. When he was first brought in his case was considered hopeless; but a naturally good constitution, and the splendid air in these latitudes, enabled him to make a wonderful recovery. His horse, as the Ghazis were charging, was struck with a spent bullet, and bolted with him right into the middle of the enemy, by whom he was dreadfully cut about. Another officer severely wounded was Captain Corbett, R.A., who had both bones of his right arm broken by a pistol bullet. Our total list of casualties were 17 killed and 153 wounded.

After the action our men were much irritated at seeing several of their number shot or cut down by wounded Ghazis, whom they had gone to assist, and who attacked them as soon as they came within reach, fiercely refusing all quarter for themselves. The English who had fallen were buried on the field by the Rev. Mr. Warneford and the Rev. W. Allen, the English and Roman Catholic chaplains, before the troops moved on,

the graves being so arranged as to render their discovery by the enemy very unlikely. The native soldiery carried their dead into camp, and either burnt or buried them the same evening.

Brigadiers-General Hughes and Palliser were the brigadiers commanding during the action, under Sir Donald Stewart; Brigadier-General Barter being with the rear brigade in protection of the baggage.

The troops now marched across the field of battle on to their camp at Nani, eighteen miles distant from their starting point, and they did not arrive till 2.30 A.M. The weather during the whole day had been abominable. A fierce wind swept the plain, and raised vast clouds of dust. It was often impossible to see two yards in front, a circumstance which told in the enemy's favour, for in many instances it concealed their attacking bodies, and the fire from our troops was necessarily less accurate than it would otherwise have been. As it was we counted over 1,200 dead bodies on the field, and an equal number of wounded must certainly have been carried off. This estimate does not include those who fell before the fire from the guns of Major Tillard's heavy battery, which came into action from the summit of a hill some distance in the rear of the advanced line, and opened fire with most extraordinary precision at 3,000 yards, pitching their shells into large bodies of the enemy who had assembled on our left flank. These, however, were too far off to enable us to estimate accurately the number their killed and wounded.

Those who fought against us on this occasion were principally Tarakkis, Tokhis, Andaris, and Sulimán Khel Ghilzais. Their leaders were, Sher Jan—whose brother was killed by us at Shahjui last year, and who had sworn to revenge his death; Mahomed Aslam Khan, and Eusof Khan, the tutor of Sirdar Moosa Khan, who was forced by Mushki Alum to join the fight in which his brother and four favourite slaves were killed. No one joined the gathering from Ghazni, as the

inhabitants deemed it more prudent to await the result of the battle. It is certain however that they were prepared to rise against us, but the defeat the enemy sustained was so crushing as to render all thoughts of opposition utterly hopeless, and the next morning we received messages in camp to say that the fort and all within it were at the disposal of the English General.¹

The following three days were devoted by the enemy to burying their dead, the number of the slain having struck terror into the heart of the country. Afghan combatants generally prolong their engagements for days, with a singularly small percentage of casualties, so that this novel experience of the losses inflicted by us was as startling as it was disagreeable. It may be noticed here that among the enemy were twelve female Ghazis who had taken the oath of religious companionship, and were admitted to the privileges of their male companions on the understanding that they should follow the latter into action and bring them water in battle, &c., &c. One of these wretched creatures was found dead, shattered by a shell. After the battle all the prisoners were handed over to the Political Officer for disposal. The wounded had their wounds dressed in hospital, and, together with the unwounded, were eventually made over to the Sirdar Mahomed Alum Khan, at Ghazni, with directions that he should release them as soon as we had left. The same course was pursued with the prisoners taken on the 23rd at the subsequent action of Orzoo.

On the 20th the division marched to within five miles of Ghazni, encamping within sight of the city on the plain to the south. The same afternoon a body of our cavalry, under Major Lance and accompanied by Captain Gaselee, Assistant Quarter-

Master-General, rode into the town to reconnoitre, and reported it to be in an almost ruined state and incapable of making any defence. The inhabitants professed themselves friendly, and no armed men were visible. Next day the whole force marched in and encamped on the Kabul side of the city, on nearly the same ground as that occupied by General Keane previous to the assault on Ghazni in the previous Afghan war.

Ghazni is a place (for it cannot be rightly termed a city) which, whatever its former claims may have been, is now of little or no importance. Its walls are of mud, and are already practicable in many places; while the citadel has no fortifications of its own, and is commanded from several points outside the walls. The houses are a conglomeration of two-storied mud dwellings arranged without any regard to symmetry. There is no bazaar worthy of the name, and no building that ranks above its fellows—the whole place is filthy, squalid, and mean. Notwithstanding the state of the fortifications, however, Ghazni would be still a difficult place to attack were it held by a determined enemy. The town is surrounded on every side by a mass of gardens with high mud walls, and covering a considerable extent of country. Were these to be well defended, they could not be taken without a severe loss of life on the attacking side. The only objects of interest at Ghazni are the two minars, one hundred yards apart, which tradition declares mark the spot where Mahmoud Shah formerly held his Durbars; and the famed Kabul Gate where Sir Henry Durand, then a lieutenant in the Engineers, covered himself with glory. In olden times Ghazni extended from the Sher-dāna Pass on the north to the Karabagh district on the south, a distance of forty odd miles, in one unbroken mass of streets and buildings, and it is said that these minars were erected to aid ambassadors and pilgrims from foreign lands in finding the residence

¹ Sir F. Roberts's force, in its march to Kandahar, passed over the field of Ahmed Khel, which was found covered with graves, and with a rude monument erected to "martyrs who had been slain there for the sake of God and the prophet."

of the King's Majesty. The tomb of Mahmoud Shah, situated in the beautiful garden and village of Roza to the north, also merits notice. It is, however, in sad disrepair, and appears to have no endowment for its maintenance. It is still regarded with great veneration, and is the resort of numerous pilgrims, its undoubted antiquity investing it with a peculiar claim to sanctity in the eyes of Mohammedans. The Somnath gates are indeed no longer there; but they have been replaced by a very good imitation, executed, as we were told, by the voluntary efforts of all the skilled artificers in wood and iron who could be found, after the famous originals had been carried off to Hindustan. The wood used is stained to resemble sandal wood, and is probably either fir or some equally soft wood. The workmanship is very creditable, and the imitation is said to be fairly carried out.

The English force remained at Ghazni for four days, during which they had another engagement with the enemy, who however fought with far less courage and dash than they had shown in the previous battle.

On the 22nd April news was brought to Sir Donald Stewart that a considerable body of Ghazis had assembled in the villages of Orzoo and Shalez, eight miles to the south-east, and on the next day a body of cavalry were sent out to reconnoitre their position. They brought back a confirmation of the report, estimating the Ghazis at from six to eight thousand men. Sir Donald Stewart then ordered out two brigades under, the command of Brigadier-General Palliser, to dislodge them the next morning, and our troops starting at a very early hour succeeded in taking them completely by surprise. The two villages which formed the right and left of their position were vigorously shelled by our artillery, without, however, causing the enemy to disperse; and General Palliser considering the position too strong to be carried by the infantry at his command, made

a feigned retreat in the hope of enticing the enemy out into the open. This stratagem, however, failed, and he then sent back for more definite orders. Sir Donald Stewart at once went himself to the scene of action, and ordered an immediate assault of the position, which was completely successful. As might have been expected, the enemy would not go into the neighbouring villages, where on the advance of our troops they would have been caught like rats in a trap, but fled in confusion over the plain, having sustained a loss of 400 killed and wounded. Our loss was happily only two killed and twelve wounded.

The effect of this affair was more important than we could have hoped for. By the statements of the prisoners brought in—statements that were afterwards confirmed from other sources—we learnt that the body of 6,000 or 8,000 men we had just routed, was but the advanced guard of a gathering of from 20,000 to 30,000 men who had assembled in the Shilgir valley near the Fort of Mushki Alum, and, under the impression that we intended to remain at Ghazni, were preparing for a desperate attack on our position. Their defeat on the 19th had somewhat shaken their courage, and the subsequent surprise and rout of their advanced guard on the 23rd fairly broke up the gathering, its dispersion being accelerated by the news that we had no intention of holding Ghazni, and by the contradiction thus given to the assertion of their leaders, that we meant to keep the country. As we left Ghazni we heard that the assemblage had entirely melted away.

In all these events we had positive proof that the chief instigator was the old Mullah Mushki Alum, who is apparently irreconcilable. His two sons are the principal instruments of mischief, for he himself is over ninety years of age, and can only travel recumbent on a litter carried on men's shoulders. He is held in extraordinary veneration by the tribes, and though it is asserted that his sons do not particularly care about their

work, still they are compelled to execute their father's behests, as they dare not disobey him. Our last success had the further advantage of greatly diminishing our difficulty in obtaining supplies. During the first two days of our halt at Ghazni, a very small amount was brought in, the villages promising much but doing little, not daring to give us assistance until the Ghazis were dispersed. This done, we had no further difficulty on the head of supplies.

The feelings of the Ghazni inhabitants and of the Tajik villagers were at best very uncertain, and so little could they be trusted that, when our troops left camp for the action at Orzoo, the chief Political Officer was directed to take stringent measures to prevent any disturbances in Ghazni itself, and Major Clifford was accordingly sent down to the city at daybreak with four companies of the 19th P. N. I., and kept the gates closed and the town under observation till the return of our troops to camp at 4 p.m.

In this action at Orzoo the utility of the heliograph was strikingly shown. Lieutenant Dickie, R.E., was in charge of the signalling operations, and arranged for five stations—one with the advanced body of our troops—one under cover half way between them and the camp, a third with General Stewart and the head-quarters, and a fourth at the citadel of Ghazni, which communicated with the fifth station in camp. In this way, at each moment of the day, the General-in-Chief was kept informed of all that was going on in every direction, and at the close of the engagement he expressed his high approbation of the manner in which this department had been managed.

The following day Lieutenant Dickie succeeded in opening communication, from the summit of the Shir Dana Pass, with General Ross's division forty miles distant at Sheikabad, and through them sent messages to Kabul, receiving in return the first intelligence of the disastrous collapse of the Conservatives, who, when the army left Kandahar, seemed in a fair way

to secure a second long lease of power.

Before marching from Ghazni, Sir Donald Stewart had to consider and provide for the necessity (which undoubtedly existed) of establishing some sort of provisional government, which pending the final settlement of affairs at Kabul should tend to restore confidence and security to the town and villages, the people having suffered severely during the late period of anarchy. Had it been decided to maintain a British force at Ghazni this would have been easy enough, for any governor appointed by the English would have had the power, as long as he was supported by British troops, to rule and collect revenue, even if he disappeared altogether on the withdrawal of the British forces. Such a measure would, however, have entailed upon the English General the obligation of upholding any nominee of the English, and guaranteeing his position, and this, as may be presumed, he was unwilling to do. The difficulty was temporarily solved by Sirdar Mahomed Alum Khan, who came to solicit our aid, stating that with the concurrence only of Sir Donald Stewart he was ready to undertake the government of the province, provided that Moosa Khan (the so-called heir apparent) were permitted to return and reside under his charge.

Sir Donald Stewart received many petitions in support of this request, and, after due consideration, he notified his consent to the Sirdar's proposal, and addressed to him a special proclamation for public information. This arrangement gave general satisfaction at the time, for the Sirdar possessed the goodwill of the people around Ghazni, and had also great influence amongst the Hazaras; and it also quieted the people, for they saw that the victorious English general was willing to make over a city and district which were absolutely at his mercy, to be administered by one of their own Sirdars, and the oft-repeated statement that the English

wished for no undue influence in the affairs of Afghanistan thus received striking confirmation. It must further be remembered that no British troops were to be maintained at Ghazni, and therefore there was nothing whatever to prevent the Sirdar and his adherents from adopting for themselves the same measures which had now been put in force with the sanction of the English general. In the former case however the British Government would not have gained the credit of what was done.

Whilst at Ghazni many letters and messages were sent in by the insurgent chiefs, expressing their willingness to make their submission. To all such the invariable reply was sent, that should they do so they had nothing to fear for past misdeeds, the intention of the Government being to effect a speedy and satisfactory settlement for the future, without any reference to the occurrences of the past. At the same time no temptation was held out to them to come into the British camp, as it was considered that submission tendered under such influences was worse than valueless.

The British army finally quitted Ghazni on the 25th April, and marching slowly, on account of the wounded, through the Wardak valley, effected a junction with General Ross's division, with which heliographic communication had been opened from Ghazni, on the 29th of the same month.

The Shir Dána Pass to the north of Ghazni, sufficiently formidable in winter, now presented no difficulties to the passage of our artillery; our march through the Wardak valley was uneventful, and the people being friendly, we had no lack of supplies. On the 27th General Hills, C.B., V.C., who had accompanied General Ross's Brigade from Kabul, rode thirty miles into camp to meet Sir Donald Stewart and the Division with which he had for many months been previously connected as Adjutant-General. He brought the first postal intelligence we had received from the outside world since leaving Kandahar.

During the march from Kandahar the weather had been splendid. The mornings, especially at 3.30 A.M., at which time the troops usually turned out for the march, were generally intensely cold, with a searching keen and bitter wind; but from sunrise to sunset the climate left nothing to be desired. The purity of the air and the delicious weather had a most beneficial effect on the men wounded at Ahmed Khel and Orzoo. Under any circumstances the presence of many wounded men with an army on the march must be attended by grave inconveniences both to themselves and to the troops. These were, however, mitigated as much as was possible by the splendid weather, and the arrangements which Sir Donald Stewart was enabled to make for their comfort. After leaving Ghazni the army only made short stages until it reached the Logar valley, where a long halt enabled most of the men to make a speedy recovery.

On the morning of the 30th April the division paraded, in order that Sir Donald, who was proceeding to Kabul, might bid farewell to officers and men, which he did in a few well-chosen words. He was guilty of no flattery in assuring the troops that no officer could ever hope or desire to command a finer body of men. He had proved them in all seasons and under all circumstances, and had never found them wanting. And he expressed absolute confidence in their power to perform any duty which might be set before them. The severance of the tie which had existed for so many months between Sir Donald Stewart and the force was not accomplished without keen regret on both sides, and the troops would gladly have learnt that there was again a prospect of serving under his orders.

Next day Sir Donald Stewart marched towards Kabul with General Ross's Division, taking with him his own personal escort, consisting of two companies 60th Rifles, two companies 25th P. N. I., and one troop of the 19th B. L., who had been in attendance on

him during the campaign. His chief of the staff, Colonel Chapman, also accompanied him to Kabul, thereby entailing upon the Kandahar force a loss they could ill afford. From the commencement of the campaign Colonel Chapman had worked for the good of the troops with untiring zeal and ability; and the excellent arrangements, carried out with unfailing exactitude, in the course of this long march, during which not a single camp follower was lost or a single animal carried off by the enemy, may be in a great measure attributed to his energy and able supervision, associated with his widely extended experience.

The Ghazni field force then marched straight into the Logar valley, where it remained until the first week in August, 1880, when it returned to India, with the exception of General Barter's brigade, which was incorporated with Sir F. Roberts's force, and marched once again south to the relief of Kandahar. On this occasion it was commanded by Brigadier-General, now Sir Charles, Macgregor, K.C.B. General Barter had been sent to Nedid invalided.

It will be seen from the foregoing account that the Division under Sir Donald Stewart reached Ghazni, a distance of 234 miles, in twenty-one days after leaving Kandahar. This time, which gives an average of over eleven miles a day, includes two days' halt at Kelat-i-Ghilzai and Karabagh. It must be remembered, however, that the baggage of the Division was carried almost exclusively by camels, and that, included in the force, was an éléphant heavy gun battery and an ordnance field park, which, from the nature of things, prevented anything like rapid

marching. Add to this the fact that for many days together the army were (unless they trenched upon the reserve supplies) almost entirely dependent for their forage and provisions upon what they could forage for themselves after arrival in camp—in many cases late in the afternoon—and that for the first few marches a very large number of men and animals, who had been incapacitated by their long and forced inaction at Kandahar for regular marching, were knocked up and became *hors de combat*,—and it will be acknowledged by all acquainted with military matters that the army did well in maintaining an actual rate (counting halts) of over eleven miles a day for twenty-one consecutive days, during which period their reconnoitring duties were of an extended and unusually trying character, and in which time also they fought and won a general action.

It may be asserted that had it not been for the Elephant Battery the rate of progress would have been even greater than it was, but it was indeed only owing to the ceaseless care and affectionate supervision that Major Tillard exercised on behalf of his elephants that the army had never to halt on their account. When at Ghazni the bullocks of the Battery temporarily succumbed to disease, brought on by their having over-eaten themselves in the green lucerne fields around Ghazni, the sympathy felt for Major Tillard could not have been exceeded; it was, if possible, heightened by the knowledge that, so far as Ghazni was concerned, all that officer's care and trouble had been expended to no purpose. There was nothing at Ghazni worthy of the attention of his forty pounders.

THE ENGLISH COMMUNITY IN IOWA.

THERE is an old story of a Western American who met a Southerner and fell to boasting of the riches and wonders of "the Great West." The dispute waxed hot till the western man essayed to close it with a characteristic bit of Johnsonian logic. "Sir," he said, "I'd rather be the meanest citizen of my state than the greatest white man yours ever produced." "Well," returned the other, "I reckon you've got your *druther*." The story illustrates a peculiar trait in the American character—a certain sublime self-confidence, and imperturbably circumstantial reasoning—qualities which are valuable enough when backed by a country so rich in all the elements of material prosperity, but which are apt to make their possessors blind to the proportions of things and forgetful of the fact that the work of a generation cannot be done in a day.

Some such logical shortsightedness as this seems to pervade the many prospectuses of agricultural schemes which the year 1880 has brought forth. Each vaunts his particular locality, and, with one honourable exception lately exemplified in the pages of this Magazine, offers a golden road to the distressed British farmer, or to the small capitalist or cadet, who can find no place in the old country. It is a sort of beggar-my-neighbour game of fortune-making, and the wonder to outsiders is how there can be so many Paradises, and how it is that we have been left so long in benighted ignorance of them. But the problem which has called into existence this idea of land owning in America is not less a real one. The ability of America to feed the world is working a momentous social as well as economical change. The object of the present article is to give, in contrast with the estimates of others, an accurate account of the results obtained through four years' labour,

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by a certain English colony in Iowa, so far as the history bears on the present difficulty of the English country gentleman—how to recover his rents, and provide for his younger sons.

Although the colony had no formal founding and is only now building a church of its own, it numbers over 500 souls, including women and children, and not less than 120,000 acres have already been taken into cultivation, representing a capital of about 250,000*l*. It may be said to date from the visit to America in 1876 of a well known Cambridge University oarsman. He had made up his mind that if it was necessary to take risks with the view of making money no two were in the long run better to take than those which have never failed mankind since the world began:—the risk of the fruits of the earth, and of the westward spread of population. His visit taught him the lesson which two years later began to be forced upon people in England, that the American growth of grain and kindred products was still in its infancy. He realized in 1877, in the depth of the commercial depression, when about half the American nation was going through the bankruptcy court, and when people were saying that the future of trade was loss and not profit, that, notwithstanding, the farmers of America as a class were making money. The question turned on the cost of transportation. A few years before they had burnt Indian corn for fuel on the Mississippi River steamboats, and wheat had been left to rot in Californian fields. It cost too much to carry it where it was needed. But happily the means of transportation had been developed to an extraordinary extent. Railways and canals had been made far beyond the traffic requirements of the country, and when in the depression of 1874-8 there was less to

carry, the fiercest competition ensued between the companies. Grain was at one time carried from Chicago to New York, 1,000 miles, for 10 cents per 100 lbs., or less than a fourth of the price that had been charged a few years before, and simultaneously freights across the Atlantic were reduced from 10s. to 5s. per ton. Of course most of the railway companies went into bankruptcy, but the discovery was made that it is not so much "the long haul" as the terminal charges which constitute the cost of transport; and the eventual consolidation of rival and insolvent systems, together with the increased tonnage which followed the reduction of rates, confirmed the policy of cheap freights.¹

The pioneer of the English Colony in Iowa saw the opportunity, and his only difficulty was which state to choose. His inclination was for either Canada or Virginia, and if he had thought of risking his fortune in wheat growing alone, as distinguished from Indian corn, and from sheep and cattle farming, he would have gone to Manitoba, or the Red River of the North. Or if his object had been merely "to get a living" in a delightful climate, and within reach of society, he would have chosen Virginia. As it was, after investigating both, he relinquished Ontario and Virginia because of the fancy price of their good

lands, while the unoccupied land was heavily timbered, and required expensive preliminary labour before it could be made fit for farming, and went further west to look at Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, and Iowa. Without going into the merits and demerits of each the following are briefly the reasons, in his own words, which induced him to purchase in 1877 the first 3,000 acres in North Western Iowa:—

"(1) It is close to the Missouri river and only some 450 miles from Chicago, the greatest market of its kind in the world, and the population of the district is already sufficient to furnish a considerable local demand for agricultural produce. Within reach of our headquarters there are no less than four rival routes to Chicago, which insure to the farmer the benefit of competitive rates of transport; it is, in fact, difficult to get more than ten or eleven miles from a railway. These favourable conditions never existed for Indiana or Illinois, from which States the cost of carrying grain to the east was formerly prohibitive.

"(2) Clearing, which alone would cost from 3l. to 4l. per acre, is not needed, for it is a "prairie" or grass country. The soil, for 20 to 50 feet deep, of the Missouri slope is of the character known as the "bluff" deposit, combining perfect natural drainage with a surface accumulation of from two to six feet of decayed vegetable growth for manure.

"(3) Beside oats, barley, flax, and vegetables, Iowa and Southern Minnesota grow both the staple crops, Indian corn and wheat. The lands in America upon which it is possible to grow Indian corn are well defined and of limited extent, and it has been estimated that only about 5 per cent. of them can still be bought for less than 30s. an acre. Over and above the local consumption for fattening stock, the export has increased in ten years from 7,000,000 to 85,500,000 bushels, and Europe is only beginning to learn its use. In North-Western Iowa and Southern Minnesota the average yield is not less than in the great corn State of Illinois, viz., 40 bushels per acre in uplands, and 60 bushels in bottom lands. It follows that the district is adapted for cattle and sheep-farming on the most economical conditions. The climate is sufficiently temperate, pasturage is still free, and Indian corn is the cheapest food known for fattening. Moreover, the combination of Indian corn with wheat on the same farm provides continuous occupation for the farmer, and avoids the enforced idleness which exists on farms devoted to one crop alone.

"(4) The eastern half of Iowa is already thickly populated, and land there is worth from 8l. to 15l. an acre. The next wave of

¹ This great economical change is well illustrated by the following table compiled from the reports of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway which runs eastward out of Chicago to Buffalo, 560 miles, or more than half way to New York. The average rate (which includes that on local freight) shows a continuous reduction, which has been more than compensated by increased tonnage:—

	Tonnage Mileage.	Rate per Ton per Mile.
1870.	574,000,000.	1.504 Cent
1871.	633,500,000.	1.391 "
1872.	925,000,000.	1.374 "
1873.	1,054,000,000.	1.335 "
1874.	999,000,000.	1.180 "
1875.	943,000,000.	1.010 "
1876.	1,134,000,000.	.817 "
1877.	1,080,000,000.	.864 "
1878.	1,340,000,000.	.734 "
1879.	1,733,000,000.	.642 "
1880.	2,000,000,000.	.690 "

immigration, which has already begun, may fairly be expected to overlap the western half and equalise values over the state."¹

Mr. Close's lead has been followed by many university and public school-men, some of whom have already made homes for their wives and families.

Probably no Ekist ever found the temper of his companions wholly proof against the discomforts which necessarily attend settling in a new country. It is not every one, for instance, who can endure with equanimity the complete absence of good servants unless imported from England, or not to have his boots blacked except for an extra payment of ten cents, or to get nothing but tea and coffee to drink, and that none of the best, and only salt pork badly cooked to eat, when off the beaten track. Moreover, the natives of the country, when travelling, whether to inspect land or to buy stock, and stopping for the night, as the custom is, at the nearest farm-house, for a charge of 25 cents, as if it were an inn, sleep two in a bed, and do not wash; and an Englishman would give great offence who refused to conform to the first part at least of the custom, if the lack of accommodation made it necessary. Nor again does Iowa enjoy the equable cold of the "isothermal" region. It does not matter how many degrees below zero the thermometer is, if only it is perfectly still, and the sun is shining. But Iowa is liable, occasionally in the winter, to wind and low temperature combined, and then if one be delicate, there is nothing for it but to stay in houses which are well built and warm. Lastly, there is the difficulty which every raw young Englishman finds in dealing with the natives of a country where everything has its price. To buy land from an Iowa agent, or stock from a Minnesota farmer, and not get the worst of the bargain, requires a peculiarly level head, and a fool and

his money are parted at least as easily as in the old country.

Against these drawbacks the pioneers of the colony provided by building houses on their own farms, and were willing for a premium, as into an office or chambers, to receive certain of the new-comers, so as to show them all they had themselves done, and help them in their dealings with the local farmers or land agents, until they were able to make a start for themselves. The system has on the whole worked much better than could have been expected considering that many of the new-comers came out with somewhat extravagant notions, and were as ignorant of how to hold their own in matters of business as they were of practical farming. Fortunately, the open-air life is a healthful one. The absence of good turf is the only thing which so far has prevented much progress being made with cricket and football. But a man may be less pleasantly employed than in riding over the prairie through lanes of flowers—sunflowers if he likes them!—or in herding and driving cattle in the summer months, while there is fair quail or prairie chicken-shooting in the autumn, and duck or wild goose as the winter begins and ends. Nor with so large a number of fellow-countrymen within reach is it possible to lack a congenial friend in time of need.

But the success of the colony rests not on the pleasures of the life, but on the substantial profit which has attended its farming operations. In one or two instances the recent hard winter has caused losses of sheep to those who were too late in putting up their yards for shelter; but this does not affect the conclusion that every one is or ought to be a richer man for having gone to Le Mars. The oldest farms are those on the 3,000 acres bought by Mr. W. B. Close in 1877. He was too late that year to plough it properly for the coming season, and the first full crop was for the year 1879. The method, which has been

¹ Page 5 of a pamphlet by W. B. Close, printed privately for the information of those who contemplate going out to Iowa.

gradually perfected, is to break the land up into farms of 160 acres each with suitable buildings on each farm.

"Our system," says Mr. Close, "is, not to hold virgin land on the chance of a rise in value, but, by building houses and ploughing the sod, to improve the property we buy and make it productive of income, wherein we conceive lies the distinction between legitimate business and speculation in land. Each 160 acres is let as a rule to one tenant, who provides labour and machinery, paying us rent for wheat lands in kind, on the half-share system, as exemplified below, and for Indian corn lands at about 8s. per acre. The tenant's own labour, with one assistant, usually a son, is enough, except at harvest-time, to cultivate 160 acres, if divided between wheat and Indian corn. Thus our labourers are directly interested in the yield, and we think we combine the economy of large holdings with the efficiency and productiveness of small. In 1880, and for 1881, we could have let our farms twice over. Every 40 farms or thereabouts are placed under the superintendence of a steward, who is controlled directly by ourselves. The following are statements of expenditure and receipts for two farms of 160 acres each, bought in 1878 and 1879 respectively. They are chosen as average specimens, and the figures fairly represent results for the year 1879, and for 1880 as far as received :

"(1) In 1878, cost, with improvements, of N.W. quarter of section 14 ; Township 85 ; Range 41 ; Crawford county :—217*l.* 7*s.*

"There were only 90 acres 'broken,' which were sown with wheat as being peculiarly adapted to land newly taken into cultivation. The yield for 1879 was 1,373 bushels, or an average of 15½ bushels to the acre. Our rent was one half share, or 686½ bushels, which we sold in granary, at 4*s.* 2*d.* per bushel, for 143*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* From this had to be deducted the cost of seed, 16*l.* 10*s.*, taxes and insurance 3*l.* 18*s.*, which are landlord's working expenses, and depreciation of buildings, say 5 per cent., 3*l.* 12*s.*, leaving net return of 119*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, or 55 per cent. Had 150 acres out of the whole farm been broken, as at present, the net return would have been proportionately more.

"(2) In 1879, cost, with improvements, of N.W. quarter of section 12 ; Township 91 ; Range 43 ; Plymouth county :—247*l.*

"140 acres were broken, and the yield (1880) of 100 acres was 1,975 bushels of wheat, or 19½ bushels to the acre ; our share was 987½ bushels at 3*s.* 1½*d.* per bushel—154*l.* 6*s.* The remaining 40 acres were sown with Indian corn and thrown in at 7*s.* per acre, or 14*l.*, making a total gross return of 168*l.* 6*s.*, or, less seed, 18*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and taxes, insurance, and depreciation of buildings, 8*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.*, a net return of 57 per cent.

"The rent of Indian corn lands is payable in cash, owing to the difficulty of collecting it

in kind. The average is 8*s.* per acre. Had the whole of the above farm of 160 acres been sown with Indian corn, and let at that rate all round as is customary, the cash return would have been 64*l.*, or 26 per cent. net.

"Flax is grown as yet only for the linseed, and our own experiments have until this year been on a small scale. The present returns are still incomplete, but there will be an average of about 10 bushels per acre, and the price in the local market is 80 to 100 cents per bushel.

"The only farms that we keep in our own hands are for cattle and sheep. The returns are as large as those from wheat, and surer, but they are slower, and more capital is needed. We have three stock farms, the results of which we shall be prepared to show to whomsoever it concerns.

"For the last two years Woodbury, Plymouth, and Sioux counties, have been the centre of our operations, but the influx of Englishmen and well-to-do settlers has exhausted the cheap land, and permanently raised values in that neighbourhood.

"Land that we bought in

1877 in Crawford County for	Virgin Land.
1878 in Woodbury and Plymouth	\$2.75 to \$3.25
1879 in do. do.	\$2.25 to \$3.50
1880 in Plymouth and Sioux	\$3 to \$4
is now worth	\$4 to \$6

Virgin Land.	Improved Land.
\$10 to \$15	\$2.75 to \$3.25
\$7 to \$10	\$15 to \$20
\$6 to \$10	\$12 to \$15
\$6 to \$10	\$12 to \$15."

It will be seen that the above system is not so much one of farming as of land owning, and the scale upon which it is practised provides sufficient occupation for a large organization. Other members of the community work their own farms, instead of letting them to a tenant, hiring the labour they require at an average for the whole year of about 3*l.* 10*s.* a month and board. Contract work by the piece is largely employed. Labour is plentiful, and it is not worth while for any one who cannot command some capital to attempt to make a start in Iowa.

The practical question after all is what is there still left to be done ? To get cheap land you must now go farther north towards the Minnesota boundary. Buildings and labour also cost more. In short the capital cost of a farm ready for a tenant on the preceding system may vary from 340*l.* to 400*l.* The following table

will enable those whom it concerns to calculate future returns from wheat, if the yield and prices of previous years are any guide. The seed required is $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre; taxes and insurance are about 3*l.* 10*s.* per farm :—

Year	Average yield per acre.	Average price in granary per bushel.
1877	17 bushels	3 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i>
1878	11 "	2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>
1879	15 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	3 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i>
1880	19 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	3 <i>s.</i> 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>

The table is instructive, because in 1878 the wheat crop was locally a failure, and yet the price was about the lowest known. An average yield is 15 bushels. The present cash rent of Indian corn farms averages \$2 per acre. As the district becomes populous, it will probably rise till it approximates to the \$4 per acre paid farther east.

So far the colony has had nothing but success. The test will come whenever there is a bad harvest from locusts, or drought, or storms, or any other cause. Or it may come sooner, whenever a good harvest in Europe happens to coincide with one in America. At the present rate at which land is being taken up in the North-west there may be a struggle to sell all the wheat that will be grown. In that day the railways will have to carry cheaper still; the farmers will insist on it in their State Legislatures; and if the analogy of the past twenty years is any guide, they will be able to afford it. The rates of carriage west of Chicago are still more than double those east. The, as yet, unascertained economy of the steel rail and a possible saving of the great waste that still exists in motive power of locomotives, not to speak of what science may still do in marine engines, together with the rapid building, or over-building, of railways in America and Atlantic shipping, must make us prepared for lower prices for wheat than have been known before.

The process of falling prices for grain, and perhaps increasing cost of production, may be unpleasant, especi-

ally if conjoined with any scarcity of good tenants; but the world can take a great deal of wheat at a price, and the Iowa colonist can afford to see a very low price. Mr. Close sums up as follows the strength of the landowner's position on the half-profit system as exemplified above, and allowing the cost of land at 25*s.* per acre :—

"He might see the yield down to 7 bushels per acre, and the price at granary down to 1*s.* 9*d.* per bushel, and still clear 5 per cent. upon his outlay. An average yield is 15 bushels, and the lowest price known so far in the local market is 2*s.* 5*d.* At this point, if not before, the system must break down, for the tenant would be making a mere labourer's wage. But the hypothesis is sufficiently extreme. Further, in the event of a total failure of crops, he stands to lose nothing in contrast to large farmers who own their own machinery and hire their own labour, &c. but the interest on his money, and his expenses for seed, taxes, insurance, &c."

But the changes which will be involved in a further increased production of grain and corresponding cheapening of the cost of living are so worldwide and intricate, that it is wiser not to attempt to forecast them, just as it is impossible to fix any absolute minimum price, whether it be 46*s.* or 36*s.* or less, at which wheat will be laid down at Liverpool hereafter. The factors are too variable and complex. Whenever perils are at hand for the colony in Iowa, it is to be hoped that the same capability and courage will be available which has served them hitherto. Iowa relies on the diversity of its products, and already the colonists are devoting their attention to cattle and sheep rather than to wheat.

Meantime, those who have the heads and hearts to put into such an enterprise may be reminded of Horace Greeley's words when asked his advice—words which have just been prefixed by an American contributor to his article in an American magazine¹ upon the English Colony in Iowa,—“Young man, go West.”

ROBERT BENSON.

¹ Harper's *Monthly Magazine*, April, 1881.

A SHORT PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE AND FOR AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

AMONG the crowd of inconsistencies and contradictions which make up so large a part of human life, both social and individual, none, when you come to think over them, are more striking than those which belong to the tilling of the earth. Every one who can put two and two together, and is in the habit of looking forward into the future, will admit that at the heart of nearly all large questions, political, social, and even moral, there lies, hidden often, but always real, the central question—How can the greatest produce be secured at the least expense from an acre of ground? The very point of the admonition that man does not live by bread alone, is the acceptance as an indisputable truth of the statement that the crude force of man is measured in quantity by his food, however much it may be shaped in quality by directing circumstance. As an old writer has it: "The success of government and the security of morals is dependent on the appropriate distribution of adequate food." And our food must always come from the ground. The soberest forecasts and the wildest dream of science alike agree that to the farthest future the transmutation through the green machinery of plants will ever remain the cheapest way of embodying sunlight, the source of all our energy, in human flesh.

This being admitted, there comes the obvious but no less cogent consideration that the quantity of food which an acre will bear is, within the limits imposed by natural conditions, simply a matter of science and of art. And here I must crave the reader's permission to insist on a distinction between the science of agriculture and the art of farming; the former being the slow and patient inquiry into the general

laws which govern the growth of crops and the health of beasts, while the latter is the swift, nimble-handed, but judicious application of the same general principles to particular cases, so that crops may flourish and beasts may thrive. A like distinction is seen in other walks of life. The art of engineering is based on the science of mechanics, and the doctor's daily work consists in the skilful application to each patient's case of the acquired truths of the science of pathology.

Of the art of farming, of the intelligent carrying out of such principles, traditional or empirical, as are at present in vogue, or of the skilful application to the culture of land of the various mechanical aids which engineering science has afforded, I propose to say nothing here. As far as the mere art is concerned we may well be proud of the position of the British farmer. He has boldly and yet wisely availed himself of all modern improvements, and the energy with which progress is being pushed in this direction is worthy of all admiration. All the stronger appears the contrast between the art and the science. Some indeed refuse to admit the very existence of any science of agriculture. Many a British farmer, if you talk to him of the science of farming, will smile an incredulous smile, and triumphantly remind you that science cannot change the seasons or make bad weather into good. In his view, farming is purely an art, largely based on old precepts: an art in which success, when it comes, is too often a mere happy hit.

Men too of more enlightened minds often speak and act as if they ignored the existence of a science of agriculture, or at least disbelieved in the possibility of its being expanded

beyond its present meagre limits. Not only in their daily practice, but in their speculations as to the future of the agriculturist, they seem almost to think that the rotation of crops is the alpha and omega of the science of husbandry. They appear unwilling or unable to conceive of the vast changes in the rules of tillage which may, or shall I say must come, when the darknees which at present shrouds the mystery of the struggle between seed and soil is driven away by patient inquiry, and man gets at last to understand the parts which phosphorus and potash play in building up protoplasm and starch. They talk and write as if there were no hope of gaining any such light, as if the farmer never could possess a knowledge worthy of the name of science, as if his prospects in the future were absolutely bounded by his chances of cheapening labour and transit, and of obtaining an answer to his prayers for fine weather.

And yet no one who has studied the growth of human knowledge can doubt that a science of agriculture does potentially exist, and must in due time develop into power, small and weak as its beginnings may at present seem to be. The analogy of the sister science of medicine speaks on this point with no uncertain voice. To every one competent to judge it is clear that the purely scientific investigations into the nature of disease, which have been and are being pursued with increasing energy and increasing success, are changing the medical art from an uncertain blind meddling into a sure and enlightened method, and will in the future give the doctor a power over life and health which, did we possess it at the present day, would seem little short of miraculous. So also every thinking man can foresee that the science which is turning the world upside down, must eventually transform the old traditional tillage of the soil into something wholly new, and make the farmer in times to come a scientific man.

Nor indeed are there wanting signs that such a transformation is already slowly yet surely being carried on. But, and this is the inconsistency of the thing, seeing the vast importance of successful agriculture, and recognising that the science as it grows will bear fruit manifold in an increasing power of the art, and year by year convert chance prosperity into sure triumph over nature, what means are being taken in England to forward the progress of this agricultural science?

If we look at the other arts, we shall find the members of the respective guilds enthusiastically bent on two things: on the advancement of scientific inquiry, and on the scientific education of the practitioner; and experience teaches that these two aims are best secured when neither is divorced from the other. If we turn to the doctors we shall find that while on the one hand every member is striving, according to his talents and circumstances, to advance the knowledge of disease; on the other hand, the whole profession is agitated by discussions as to how the training of the doctor may be made more thoroughly scientific without impairing his practical novitiate. And in the other professions we shall find the same exertions and the same progress.

But how is it with agriculture, in this country at least? Where is English scientific agricultural research? When the great and bold experimental work which Lawes and Gilbert have so many years been carrying on at Rothamsted has been mentioned, what remains? I do not forget the meritorious efforts of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Highland Society, the Bath and West of England Society, and other agricultural associations. I am well aware that there are men belonging to these associations who are keenly alive to the supreme importance of purely theoretic investigations. I admit that these societies have from time to time instituted or supported valuable scientific inquiries. But an

impartial witness who examines their records is driven to the conclusion that the general tone of the members is essentially a "practical" one, while the researches which they affect are for the most part fragmentary, directed to the solution of some special problem, and not conceived in the far-seeing spirit of the Rothamsted work. The very motto of one of them, "Practice with Science," illustrates this, for it meets the feelings of the British farmer by putting "practice" first.

The doctors, the engineers, and the members of other professions whose practice is based on science have long ago found out that the surest and, in the long run, shortest and cheapest, way to solve a practical problem is not to attack the problem itself, but to push on the inquiry into the general principles which the problem involves; that what some men call "theory" is in the end the most practical of studies. In England agriculturists as a body do not at present seem to have reached this view; they still for the most part turn a deaf ear to the demand for abstract experimental inquiries. On the Continent, and especially in Germany, it is otherwise. There numerous experimental stations, largely subsidised by governments, are exclusively occupied in working out researches which to the British farmer may seem abstruse and far removed from his daily work, but the results of which will, even if slowly yet surely, effect radical changes in his routine methods. Abroad the inquirer into agricultural problems is recognised as a scientific worker, and his results are incorporated into the progressive body of science. How far different is the case in England may be shown by an examination of the records of the Royal Society. That learned body is essentially catholic in its aims and functions; it welcomes contributions from men in every branch of life, insisting only that the labours to which it sets its seal shall be truly scientific efforts, veritable additions to the general interpretation of nature. Ac-

cordingly its archives contain papers, not only from unembarrassed scientific inquirers, but also from men occupied in busy practice; its memoirs are written, not by professors only, but by engineers, doctors, officers in the army and navy, manufacturing chemists, and men engaged in trade. One business alone is conspicuous by the absence of contributions, the business of tilling the ground. Saving the valuable memoirs of Lawes and Gilbert, I do not remember to have seen for many years past any paper in the Society's Proceedings or Transactions enunciating scientific truths which had been worked out in an agricultural inquiry. Such a fact is a conclusive proof of the lack in England of that scientific agricultural research which alone can supply an adequate basis for the art of farming.

It is not, however, of agricultural research that I wish so much to speak in the present paper; I desire rather to deal with that other element of agricultural progress, the due scientific education of the farmer. As I have already said, the engineering, medical, and other professions are yearly becoming more and more exacting in their demands for scientific education. Time was when the greater part of the training of a medical student was carried out through an arrangement by which, under the name of "apprentice," he was for some years the servant of a doctor in practice; time was when the education of an engineer began and ended in the workshop. Nowadays, while no wise man under-rates the value of a time of probation in the workshop or the surgery, all are agreed that the engineer must be versed in applied mathematics, and the doctor in pathological science, in order to take a successful part in the struggle for professional existence. But this view that a scientific training is indispensable for the satisfactory prosecution of an art the basis of which rests on scientific conceptions can not as yet be said to have found its way into the agricultural profession.

I am not speaking now of those who having made money by the industrious exertions of their best years lose it in the evening of life through their finding pleasure in agricultural pursuits, for which they have had no previous preparation. I am referring to those who take to farming in their youth as their serious means of future livelihood. Very few of these—even when we have counted all those who have studied at the Agricultural Colleges at Cirencester or elsewhere—have had any real scientific training. In contrast to previous generations, the young farmer of the present day is often what is called an educated man, but in most cases his education has not been scientific. You will not unfrequently find him well acquainted with, even learned in, politics, literature, or art; but, in the majority of cases, his knowledge of chemistry and physics, of botany and physiology, is meagre and scanty, or indeed is at times a total blank.

And yet of all human occupations, the one which most of all stands in daily need of the safeguard of a sound scientific judgment and of wide scientific knowledge, is that of tilling the ground and feeding cattle. The problems of agriculture are scientific problems of the highest difficulty and complexity. The question, how under given conditions to feed a beast in the cheapest and best way, is one which involves the most profound physiological considerations, is one which can only be satisfactorily answered by prolonged and exact experimental inquiries. The adequate preparation of the ground for the growth of a given crop is a subject, which, seriously examined, expands into a whole series of problems, taxing to the utmost the fullest and most advanced chemical and botanical knowledge. The problems of medicine are complicated enough, but even they appear simple when compared with those of agriculture. I may confidently appeal to every botanist, chemist, or physiologist who has

seriously thought over the matter, to acquit me of exaggeration when I affirm that the problems of agriculture are distinguished even above those of other sciences by the demands which they make for wide knowledge and clearness of scientific judgment on the part of those who investigate them.

At Rothamsted, every summer for many years past, a party of representative men of science have met, at Mr. Lawes's invitation, to examine the progress of the experiments which he and Dr. Gilbert are there carrying out. It has been my good fortune occasionally to take part in those pleasant gatherings and to listen to the discussions to which the results of one experimental plot after the other give rise among the botanists, chemists, and physiologists present. At those visits questions are often started which probe deeply into the innermost secrets of nature; and Dr. Gilbert's exposition of what is taking place in that swathe of grass or that patch of clover sets going arguments on molecular forces, on the abstruse mysteries of cell life, or on the unseen turmoil continually working in the crust of earth which we call soil, and which is as truly alive as any bird or plant. I think I am not stating a whit too much when I say that after one of those charming June days each visitor returns home carrying with him some new ideas for his own special line of work, be it botany or chemistry, physics or physiology, and more than ever impressed with the tangled complexity of the problems suggested in the growth of a blade of grass, or the effect of manure on soil.

We must of course distinguish between the investigator and the practitioner. The everyday farmer is not called upon to devote his time or his fields to speculative inquiries, nor does he need the knowledge necessary to carry on elaborate experiments. And we may in passing remark that the science of agriculture cannot be built up out of petty and broken

experiences such as his; it, even more than other sciences, needs for its progress systematic, elaborate, and prolonged inquiry. Nevertheless the practitioner, like the inquirer, has need of science. Whether he admits it or no, his daily work is a series of small experiments, in the conduct of which he is sure to be influenced by the current theories of the time. He needs scientific knowledge, he needs still more scientific training, in order that he may acquire a power of scientific judgment which will preserve him from the snares of pseudo-science and quackery continually spread for him, and which will enable him to seize upon and profit by that help which real science will bring him more and more every year. The case of the ordinary farmer is the analogue of that of the ordinary doctor. The progress of the science of medicine is not the sum of the isolated efforts of busy doctors, engaged with one patient after another all day (and all night) long. The plain duty of such men is to remove a malady, not to speculate into its nature, to apply with judgment acknowledged rules, not to use their patients as experimental material. Their experiences are doubtless often most valuable, and when recorded may become distinct contributions to science; yet these contributions are, at the best, but broken fragments. The chief building of the edifice of scientific medicine has to be done, and is done, by men whose time and position enable them to devote themselves to prolonged and consecutive inquiry. Yet in his daily life the busy doctor finds daily demands on his scientific knowledge, and his success in practice is greater and more lasting in proportion as his practical skill is enlightened by scientific training.

So also with the farmer. If on the strength of a smattering of chemistry and a love of trying new things he makes feeble experiments badly planned and imperfectly carried out in a disconnected way on a petty

scale, he will simply ruin himself, doing others no good, but rather harm. For the most fertile source of error and confusion is furnished by rough imperfectly conducted experiments which serve only to tarnish and bring into disrepute the name of science. On the other hand it is impossible for him first to appreciate and next to put appropriately and easily into practice the real results of science unless he be previously trained, not only in the knowledge of scientific facts, but in habits of scientific thinking. The results which are being slowly elaborated at Rothamsted and elsewhere may prove useful, or useless, or dangerous, according to the scientific capacity of the mind which wishes to put them into practice. At the present moment a certain safeguard exists in the ignorant contempt with which the practical British farmer regards all such experiments as absolutely foreign to his daily work; but the day is not far distant when he will try and consult them and like researches with reference to what he shall do, and then he will meet with waste and disaster, or success and plenty, accordingly as he has intellectual power and technical knowledge to appreciate exactly how and when their teachings should be applied.

Here then are two great inconsistencies. It is clear that the tilling of the ground is one of the most important of human duties; and it is equally clear that the problems of agriculture are scientific problems, the solutions of which have on the one hand to be gained by arduous and prolonged investigation, and on the other hand ought to be applied by men whose scientific training qualifies them for the task. Agriculture is in crying need as well of the scientific investigator as of the scientifically enlightened practitioner. Yet hardly any efforts, certainly no systematic efforts, are being made to forward the work of the one and very few to secure the efficiency of the other.

There is moreover another and more special inconsistency, the consideration of which will perhaps suggest a means of correcting the other two.

The word farmer in England is generally understood to mean "tenant farmer," a man cultivating land not his own. The landlord from whom he rents the land has in most cases the right to dictate, to a certain extent, the methods of agricultural procedure, and is thereby so far constituted a judge in the art of farming. The landlord is also in many cases, at the present day in an increasing number of cases, himself a farmer, farming his own land.

Whatever doubt there may be about the farmer being an educated man, there can be none about the landlord. In the vast majority of cases he has had the opportunity of profiting by the best education which the country can give; he has enjoyed the advantages first of a public school and afterwards of one of our great universities. But observe the inconsistency in the nature of his education. A lad who knows, or whose friends know or expect, that he will hereafter assume the care of large estates, cultivating many acres himself and becoming, as I have said, an agricultural lawgiver over still more, spends years at school and at the university studying, with varying diligence and success, classical literature and the rudiments of mathematical science. In prospect of a parliamentary career or in view of the duties of a country magistrate he not unfrequently is encouraged after leaving the university to devote some time to specific legal studies. For these contingent and subsidiary functions due care is taken in his mental equipment; for that which in the great majority of cases, will prove the serious business of his life, the usual education of the English country gentleman makes absolutely no preparation whatever. When he enters into the management of his estates he will find that a large part of his time is spent in forming decisions and

giving directions in questions connected with the feeding of cattle and the growth of crops: a very large part unless he is willing to abdicate his mastership in favour of his bailiff or agent. In these questions he will get little help from mathematics, classics, literature, or philosophy; when he wishes to form a logical opinion for himself on any debated point he will find that what he needs is a sound knowledge of chemistry and of vegetable or animal physiology. I believe I am only giving voice to the thoughts of many country gentlemen now in the prime of life, upon whose hands the cultivation of many acres has been thrown, when I say that again and again without depreciating the value of the education which they did receive when young, they bitterly regret that they did not add to it at least some training in the sciences which I have just mentioned, for they find that these sciences are the supreme judges in agricultural questions.

Possibly some of them would be willing to go with me still a step further. Seeing that their comrades at college who adopted the professions of the Church, medicine, or law, obtained from their *alma mater* a special training, either initial or complete, for their respective professions, they may ask the question, why should not the university, the seat *par excellence* of education of the English country gentleman, provide adequate means for training him, as well as the clergyman, the lawyer, or the doctor, for his special business in life, why should it not add to general culture specific agricultural education?

The question may well be asked at the present time when both our great Universities of Cambridge and Oxford are making efforts to show that their ancient organization is elastic enough to hold the new learning as well as the old, and are setting an example of how in many directions professional training may be gained without the sacrifice of a liberal education. And,

indeed, if we clearly grasp the limits up to which agricultural education may safely be carried on in a university, and beyond which it cannot be pushed without almost certain ridiculous failure, it will be seen that a very few changes would provide an agricultural curriculum, the benefits of which it would be difficult to over-estimate. I have spoken repeatedly of the science of agriculture, but it must be remembered that the word science can only thus be used in a particular sense. The science of agriculture does not stand on the same line as the science of physics, or chemistry, or botany; it is a concrete, composite science, and indeed we can only speak of it as a science in the same way as we speak of the science of medicine or of engineering. A great part of the science of agriculture, all that relates to the growth of crops is in fact simply a mixture of portions of chemistry with portions of vegetable physiology; and another part of the science, that which deals with the feeding of cattle is nothing more than a branch of animal physiology. The universities either have, or will very shortly have, all the machinery required for the fullest instruction in chemistry and in physiology, both vegetable and animal; all that is needed is some special development of those parts of these several sciences which refer to agriculture. This is not the place to enter into details, otherwise I might easily sketch out a curriculum which would secure to the country gentleman all the general advantages which he at present derives from the university, and at the same time afford him a special training for his future duties. And that curriculum might be established with the least possible disturbance to the present system of studies. Two or three additional readers or assistant professors, a special laboratory, and a plot of ground, which might be dignified with the title of an experimental farm, would be all the new equipment required.

I venture to urge this new development of university activity on the plea of educational needs because I know that a distinctly educational plea finds readiest response both within the universities themselves and with the public at large; but I am free to confess that to my own mind, the strongest argument for the adoption of such a plan is the reflection that it would be a powerful aid to agricultural research. Old as it is, agriculture is still in its earliest infancy; meanwhile social and political speculations continue to be vitiated by the assumption that man's cultural power over land will ever remain as feeble as it is at present. Feeble it must remain so long as no systematic efforts are made to unravel the tangled relations of soil and plant, of beast and food, by substituting prolonged theoretic inquiries into fundamental questions, in the place of disconnected empiric trials. I have already spoken of the great work which Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert are carrying on at Rothamsted; but if those gentlemen were at any time to stop their experiments, agricultural research in England would practically come to an end. For who is there to take their place? On the Continent, as I have already urged, the importance of theoretic inquiry is fully recognised; and in many an experimental station (*Versuchsstation*) problems are with more or less success being worked out, the solution of which will ultimately determine the daily practice of the British farmer.

But a still better way than the German one is open to us Englishmen. In an isolated *Versuchsstation* inquiry is apt to go astray for the want of some corrective presence. Whereas in a university each branch of learning is at once spurred to activity and restrained from fruitless wanderings by the influence of other studies. Moreover experience proves that teaching and research are mutually benefited by being carried on at the same time and place. The

inquirer finds that the duty of instructing others, when not made too burdensome, helps to clear his ideas and to suggest new lines of thought; while the pupils of a teacher who is at the same time an investigator, feel that they are listening to one who speaks with authority and not as one of the scribes. If, as I have suggested, provision were made in our great universities for teaching the principles of agriculture to the future landed proprietors and country gentlemen of England, a great impetus would at the same time be given to agricultural research. It would be impossible for those in charge of an agricultural school to stand still with folded arms while they saw around them other branches of learning pushed forward with energy in all directions; and in a subject so full of unsolved, indeed of almost unattacked, problems, the very first course of lectures to students would inevitably be followed by a series of investigations, which it would be at once the duty and the pride of the university to support by all the means in its power. The reproach, of which I spoke a little while back, of the paucity of theoretic agricultural inquiries in England would speedily be wiped away.

To some of my readers such a proposal may seem startling; and yet I am urging no new thing, at least as far as one university is concerned. At Oxford the Chair of Botany is also the chair of Rural Economy. That distinguished man, Sibthorp, who, like many men of his time, had clearer and wider views of the needs and duties of a university than those which are fashionable at the present day, expressly left an estate to the Chair of Botany to serve as an experimental plot for the carrying out of agricultural research. I am simply asking that at Oxford the wishes of this pious founder should be respected and developed, and that his example should be followed at the less affluent university of Cambridge.

Were schools of agriculture developed, in the manner which I have suggested, at the old universities of Cambridge and Oxford, which from their very position in the midst of agricultural districts are, as it were, marked out for such a task, their benefits need not be confined to the class of which I have just been speaking, to young country gentlemen or future owners of many acres. Every one must have watched with interest the efforts which of late years have been made to open up the great benefits of university teaching and university residence to those who are not wealthy, to restore the lost traditions of the "poor scholars" of Oxford and Cambridge. It is becoming every day more and more in the power of the father of "moderate means" to give his son at once general university culture and special professional training. "Going to college" and "extravagant expenditure" are everyday becoming less and less identical terms. A university education is now being sought, not only by the rich, and by those for whom, though looking forward to no more than a moderate income as clergymen and schoolmasters, such an education has special and artificial advantages, but also by those who will hereafter have to struggle for existence as men of business, doctors, engineers and the like. If the portals of the university are wide enough to receive these, and they gain good by coming, surely the farmer may be gathered in as well. In many minds, perhaps, the phrase "a farmer with a university education" may raise a smile; but that smile is only justifiable so long as university training is unsuited to a farmer's life. Under the provisions which I have sketched out, the phrase would simply mean that the man had added to the general culture of an intelligent citizen a special theoretic training which all his life long afterwards would be to him at once a guide and a guard in the business of his daily life.

I might further urge that if agri-

culture is to exist in England at all, if English acres are to be cultivated at a profit, the English farmer must suffer some such change as that which I have indicated; his very existence in the future is contingent on his being educated and trained as a member of a scientific profession. Observant men versed in agricultural matters tell us that we are on the verge of an agricultural crisis. In every county there is abundant evidence that it has become impossible for the farmer to gain a livelihood by farming his lands on the old lines; farm after farm is being thrown up, the former occupant seeking some other mode of living. Nor can this increasing difficulty be adequately met by changes in the land laws or by reductions of transit tariffs. If English husbandry is to be saved, it must be saved by science. The farmer of tradition, whether of the old or modern style, must disappear, and his place be taken by a new order of men, who will command success by the skilful, business-like application of the results of scientific investigation, and by the sheer power of knowledge force the earth to yield forth her fruits in profitable plenty.

There is yet another consideration worthy of serious attention. We English folk are largely responsible for the well being of the vast continent of India. That land is in a great measure an agricultural land, and the success of our rule there is much more dependent on the wisdom with which we regulate and foster the culture of the soil than on the precautions we take against Russian advances. Our responsibility in this matter is grave indeed. On the one hand there lies before us the possibility that ignorant and self-satisfied meddling with, or neglect of, agricultural matters may hurry on the country to irretrievable ruin. On the other hand, there seems almost no limit to the rich harvests which zeal, according to knowledge, might raise from that, in certain aspects, favoured

land. Our future there is contingent doubtless on our political wisdom, but that political wisdom will be largely shown by the broad, intelligent, scientific handling of agricultural questions. The reader of that important work, *The India Famine Report*, will, I venture to think, rise from the perusal impressed in many ways, but especially by the two following considerations.

In the first place, the traditional rules of British farming cannot, without great danger, be enforced in a land where all the conditions are so widely different. Questions of Indian husbandry must be settled, not by reference to Lothian precepts, but by an appeal to first principles, that is, to science. The laws and facts of geology, of botany, and of physiology, must be consulted at first hand if we are to struggle successfully with the wholly new agricultural problems which present themselves there.

In the second place, it is of no less moment that the rulers, especially the subordinate rulers whom we send out from our shores, should be competent, by virtue of their previous training, to form judgments on agricultural questions. Let them, of course, be men of brains; and employ such special machinery of examination as may be deemed most conducive to cerebral growth, be it Greek, or mathematics, or logic; but at least ensure that those who hereafter will be called upon to act as supreme judges, or as responsible advisers in agricultural matters, should not leave their native land absolutely ignorant, not only of the ordinary rules of tillage, but even of the elements of the sciences on which the art of husbandry is founded. At the present time it might be difficult perhaps to find the men possessing these qualifications. But that difficulty would be met if the scheme which I have urged were adopted. The nation would then have at least the opportunity of selecting for Indian posts men

who, whatever the touchstone of actual life might prove to be their real worth, would, at all events, be started on their career with the advantages of having received a university training, and of having acquired so much agricultural knowledge and judgment as a teacher can impart to his pupils. More than this no educational machinery can provide.

Lastly, man does not live by bread alone: the need to make life pleasant and bright is no less imperious than the need to make life possible. And the culture of land, while it is the ultimate measure of the continuance of human life, is at the same time the source of some of the purest pleasures which soften the asperities of the struggle for existence. Agriculture is capable, under the name of horticulture, of being developed into "a fine art," whose power to soothe and charm, to lighten up the dullness of the daily tasks of a hard mechanic life, is acknowledged by all. A land without flowers, a land where the soil was everywhere tilled without regard to landscape beauty, would be a land from which all who could would flee. To us in England horticulture in its widest sense has a special interest, for it requires no great foresight to perceive that in coming years one great element of our national prosperity will depend on the extent to which we develop the opportunity we have of making England a pleasant place for wealthy folk to live in. Other nations may compete with us and beat us in industries and manufactures, distant lands may continue to outbid us in the grosser nutritive necessities of life; but we have it in our power, in spite of our fickle and treacherous climate, to make our little isle a land at once of learning and of pleasant homes: a land sought after by those, both of our own nation and of others, who desire and can afford the delights of a quiet and yet intellectual life. But the principles which govern the culture of flowers and plants, grown only to please, are identical with those

which govern the culture of things grown only to eat; and I reckon it a notable, though subsidiary, feature of the scheme which I have proposed that it would incidentally lead at the same time to a development of scientific horticulture, a want no less urgent than that of scientific agriculture.

Did time and space permit, I might urge many more considerations in support of the views which I have ventured to lay before the reader. I might adduce reasons, not entirely I trust without weight, for believing that the science of agriculture in the sense in which I have used it, might with profit be employed as a means of general liberal education, and on that ground alone form part of a university curriculum. I might show that the plan which I have suggested is no crude novelty, but has been entertained by eminent authorities. The member for the University of London, Sir John Lubbock, in the admirable speech which he made upon his election last year, insisted in the strongest manner on the prime importance of systematic agricultural education. And on this point I might add, that though it may be difficult or impossible for the University of London to inaugurate or carry out successfully such a scheme, the thing is easy for the older Universities of Cambridge or of Oxford.

I might have developed at fuller length and in greater detail the questions on which I have touched; but I must be content to leave what I have written as it is, a mere series of hints and suggestions. It will have well served its purpose if it succeeds in calling the attention of the public to a matter of pressing importance. I will therefore conclude by briefly recapitulating the main arguments which I have ventured to urge.

Notwithstanding the vast importance of increasing, and thereby cheapening, the produce gathered from

cultivated land, and in the spite of considerable advance in the application of mechanical aids to farming, the real progress of agriculture is lamentably slow.

This lack of adequate development is due to two main causes: to the rarity of scientific investigation into the principles upon which the tilling of the ground (and the care of cattle) ought to be carried out—*i.e.* into the laws governing the growth of crops and of beasts—and to the want of adequate scientific training on the part of the farmer. So far from being an occupation which any one may follow, without adequate preparation, being governed simply by rude empiric rules, farming is in reality a difficult art, demanding wide scientific knowledge and sound scientific judgment on the part even of him who merely practices it, and taxing to the utmost the skill and power of original inquiry of those who desire to advance its scientific basis. There is an urgent need in this, as in other countries, of scientific investigation, as distinguished from mere empiric trials, of sustained inquiry as distinguished from scattered and fitful experiments, into the relations of soil and crops, of beasts and food, in order that the tillage of the land may, like the practice of the other professions in which man has to struggle against nature, expand with increasing insight into the laws of nature instead of being hampered by blind obedience to traditions and narrowed by timid experience. There is no less urgent need that the practical farmer should be so far trained in science as to be able to make an intelligent use of the advantages which science offers him, as well as to be able to avoid the snares which false science continually spreads for him.

Both these objects might at one and the same time be gained by the development of agricultural schools at the

older universities, thus following the example which has already been set in the parallel professions of engineering and medicine.

The investigation of agricultural problems, being a purely scientific task, is one which (in common with other scientific inquiries) the nation may justly look to the universities to carry out; for it is in order that they may perform such duties that their emoluments are preserved to them. Their wealth was given to them for the advancement of learning, and their very name contains a pledge that they are ready to devote themselves to every kind of study. Moreover, on the ground of economy, and for other reasons, it is desirable that, where possible, each special line of scientific inquiry should be carried on in the company of other studies whose presence will act at once as a stimulus and as a corrective. More especially is this the case with agricultural inquiry, the problems of which being partly chemical, partly botanical, partly physiological, will certainly be more readily solved in institutions where chemists, botanists, and physiologists are already working, than in isolated stations.

But a school of agricultural investigation would be aided rather than hampered by the coexistence of a school for agricultural education.

The establishment of such a school at once of inquiry and of tuition would necessitate comparatively slight changes in the organisation of either Cambridge or Oxford. Such a school might be started with small beginnings, needing at the outset but slight expenditure, leaving it for time to decide whether it was of real use or no, whether the views I have urged are sound deductions from what I see around me, or whether I have wholly misjudged the needs and misread the teachings of modern times.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXXV.

ONE afternoon, towards dusk, in the autumn of 1876, a young man of pleasing appearance rang at the door of a small apartment on the third floor of an old Roman house. On its being opened he inquired for Madame Merle, whereupon the servant, a neat, plain woman, with a French face and a lady's maid's manner, ushered him into a diminutive drawing-room and requested the favour of his name.

"Mr. Edward Rosier," said the young man, who sat down to wait till his hostess should appear.

The reader will perhaps not have forgotten that Mr. Rosier was an ornament of the American circle in Paris, but it may also be remembered that he sometimes vanished from its horizon. He had spent a portion of several winters at Pau, and as he was a gentleman of tolerably inveterate habits he might have continued for years to pay his annual visit to this charming resort. In the summer of 1876, however, an incident befell him which changed the current, not only of his thoughts, but of his proceedings. He passed a month in the Upper Engadine, and encountered at St. Moritz a charming young girl. For this young lady he conceived a peculiar admiration; she was exactly the household angel he had long been looking for. He was never precipitate;

he was nothing if not discreet; so he forbore for the present to declare his passion; but it seemed to him when they parted—the young lady to go down into Italy, and her admirer to proceed to Geneva, where he was under bonds to join some friends—that he should be very unhappy if he were not to see her again. The simplest way to do so was to go in the autumn to Rome, where Miss Osmond was domiciled with her family. Rosier started on his pilgrimage to the Italian capital and reached it on the first of November. It was a pleasant thing to do; but for the young man there was a strain of the heroic in the enterprise. He was nervous about the fever, and November, after all, was rather early in the season. Fortune, however, favours the brave; and Mr. Rosier, who took three grains of quinine every day, had at the end of a month no cause to deplore his temerity. He had made to a certain extent good use of his time; that is, he had perceived that Miss Pansy Osmond had not a flaw in her composition. She was admirably finished—she was in excellent style. He thought of her in amorous meditation a good deal as he might have thought of a Dresden-china shepherdess. Miss Osmond, indeed, in the bloom of her juvenility, had a touch of the rococo, which Rosier, whose taste was predominantly for that manner, could

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

not fail to appreciate. That he esteemed the productions of comparatively frivolous periods would have been apparent from the attention he bestowed upon Madame Merle's drawing-room, which, although furnished with specimens of every style, was especially rich in articles of the last two centuries. He had immediately put a glass into one eye and looked round; and then—"By Jove! she has some jolly good things!" he had murmured to himself. The room was small, and densely filled with furniture; it gave an impression of faded silk and little statuettes which might totter if one moved. Rosier got up and wandered about with his careful tread, bending over the tables charged with knickknacks and the cushions embossed with princely arms. When Madame Merle came in she found him standing before the fire-place, with his nose very close to the great lace flounce attached to the damask cover of the mantel. He had lifted it delicately, as if he were smelling it.

"It's old Venetian," she said; "it's rather good."

"It's too good for this; you ought to wear it."

"They tell me you have some better in Paris, in the same situation."

"Ah, but I can't wear mine," said Rosier, smiling.

"I don't see why you shouldn't! I have better lace than that to wear."

Rosier's eyes wandered, lingeringly, round the room again.

"You have some very good things."

"Yes, but I hate them."

"Do you want to get rid of them?" the young man asked quickly.

"No, it's good to have something to hate; one works it off."

"I love my things," said Rosier, as he sat there smiling. "But it's not about them—nor about yours, that I came to talk to you." He paused a moment, and then, with greater softness—"I care more for Miss Osmond than for all the *bibelots* in Europe!"

Madame Merle started a little.

"Did you come to tell me that?"

"I came to ask your advice."

She looked at him with a little frown, stroking her chin.

"A man in love, you know, doesn't ask advice."

"Why not, if he is in a difficult position? That's often the case with a man in love. I have been in love before, and I know. But never so much as this time—really, never so much. I should like particularly to know what you think of my prospects. I'm afraid Mr. Osmond doesn't think me a phoenix."

"Do you wish me to intercede?" Madame Merle asked, with her fine arms folded, and her mouth drawn up to the left.

"If you could say a good word for me, I should be greatly obliged. There will be no use in my troubling Miss Osmond unless I have good reason to believe her father will consent."

"You are very considerate; that's in your favour. But you assume, in rather an off-hand way, that I think you a prize."

"You have been very kind to me," said the young man. "That's why I came."

"I am always kind to people who have good *bibelots*; there is no telling what one may get by it."

And the left-hand corner of Madame Merle's mouth gave expression to the joke.

Edward Rosier stared and blushed; his correct features were suffused with disappointment.

"Ah, I thought you liked me for myself!"

"I like you very much; but, if you please, we won't analyse. Excuse me if I seem patronising; but I think you a perfect little gentleman. I must tell you, however, that I have not the marrying of Pansy Osmond."

"I didn't suppose that. But you have seemed to me intimate with her family, and I thought you might have influence."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Whom do you call her family?"

"Why, her father; and—how do

you say it in English?—her *belle-mère*."

"Mr. Osmond is her father, certainly; but his wife can scarcely be termed a member of her family. Mrs. Osmond has nothing to do with marrying her."

"I am sorry for that," said Rosier, with an amiable sigh. "I think Mrs. Osmond would favour me."

"Very likely—if her husband does not."

Edward Rosier raised his eyebrows.

"Does she take the opposite line from him?"

"In everything. They think very differently."

"Well," said Rosier, "I am sorry for that; but it's none of my business. She is very fond of Pansy."

"Yes, she is very fond of Pansy."

"And Pansy has a great affection for her. She has told me that she loves her as if she were her own mother."

"You must, after all, have had some very intimate talk with the poor child," said Madame Merle. "Have you declared your sentiments?"

"Never!" cried Rosier, lifting his neatly-gloved hand. "Never, until I have assured myself of those of the parents."

"You always wait for that? You have excellent principles; your conduct is most estimable."

"I think you are laughing at me," poor Rosier murmured, dropping back in his chair, and feeling his small moustache. "I didn't expect that of you, Madame Merle."

She shook her head calmly, like a person who saw things clearly.

"You don't do me justice. I think your conduct is in excellent taste and the best you could adopt. Yes, that's what I think."

"I wouldn't agitate her—only to agitate her; I love her too much for that," said Ned Rosier.

"I am glad, after all, that you have told me," Madame Merle went on.

"Leave it to me a little; I think I can help you."

"I said you were the person to come to!" cried the young man, with an ingenuous radiance in his face.

"You were very clever," Madame Merle returned, more drily. "When I say I can help you, I mean once assuming that your cause is good. Let us think a little whether it is."

"I'm a dear little fellow," said Rosier, earnestly. "I won't say I have no faults, but I will say I have no vices."

"All that is negative. What is the positive side? What have you got besides your Spanish lace and your Dresden tea-cups?"

"I have got a comfortable little fortune—about forty thousand francs a year. With the talent that I have for arranging, we can live beautifully on such an income."

"Beautifully, no. Sufficiently, yes. Even that depends on where you live."

"Well, in Paris. I would undertake it in Paris."

Madame Merle's mouth rose to the left.

"It wouldn't be splendid; you would have to make use of the tea-cups, and they would get broken."

"We don't want to be splendid. If Miss Osmond should have everything pretty, it would be enough. When one is as pretty as she, one can afford to be simple. She ought never to wear anything but muslin," said Rosier, reflectively.

"She would be much obliged to you for that theory."

"It's the correct one, I assure you; and I am sure she would enter into it. She understands all that; that's why I love her."

"She is a very good little girl, and extremely graceful. But her father, to the best of my belief, can give her nothing."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"I don't in the least desire that he should. But I may remark, all the same, that he lives like a rich man."

"The money is his wife's; she brought him a fortune."

"Mrs. Osmond, then, is very fond of her step-daughter; she may do something."

"For a love-sick swain you have your eyes about you!" Madame Merle exclaimed, with a laugh.

"I esteem a *dot* very much. I can do without it, but I esteem it."

"Mrs. Osmond," Madame Merle went on, "will probably prefer to keep her money for her own children."

"Her own children? Surely she has none."

"She may have yet. She had a poor little boy, who died two years ago, six months after his birth. Others, therefore, may come."

"I hope they will, if it will make her happy. She is a splendid woman."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Ah, about her there is much to be said. Splendid as you like! We have not exactly made out that you are a *parti*. The absence of vices is hardly a source of income."

"Excuse me, I think it may be," said Rosier, with his persuasive smile.

"You'll be a touching couple, living on your innocence!"

"I think you underrate me."

"You are not so innocent as that? Seriously," said Madame Merle, "of course forty thousand francs a year and a nice character are a combination to be considered. I don't say it's to be jumped at; but there might be a worse offer. Mr. Osmond will probably incline to believe he can do better."

"He can do so, perhaps; but what can his daughter do? She can't do better than marry the man she loves. For she does, you know," Rosier added, eagerly.

"She does—I know it."

"Ah," cried the young man, "I said you were the person to come to."

"But I don't know how you know it, if you haven't asked her," Madame Merle went on.

"In such a case there is no need of asking and telling; as you say, we are an innocent couple. How did you know it?"

"I who am not innocent? By being

very crafty. Leave it to me; I will find out for you."

Rosier got up, and stood smoothing his hat.

"You say that rather coldly. Don't simply find out how it is, but try to make it as it should be."

"I will do my best. I will try to make the most of your advantages."

"Thank you so very much. Meanwhile, I will say a word to Mrs. Osmond."

"*Gardez-vous, en bien!*" And Madame Merle rose, rapidly. "Don't set her going, or you'll spoil everything."

Rosier gazed into his hat; he wondered whether his hostess had been after all the right person to come to.

"I don't think I understand you. I am an old friend of Mrs. Osmond, and I think she would like me to succeed."

"Be an old friend as much as you like; the more old friends she has the better, for she doesn't get on very well with some of her new. But don't for the present try to make her take up the cudgels for you. Her husband may have other views, and, as a person who wishes her well, I advise you not to multiply points of difference between them."

Poor Rosier's face assumed an expression of alarm; a suit for the hand of Pansy Osmond was even a more complicated business than his taste for proper transitions had allowed. But the extreme good sense which he concealed under a surface suggesting sprigged porcelain, came to his assistance.

"I don't see that I am bound to consider Mr. Osmond so much!" he exclaimed.

"No, but you should consider her. You say you are an old friend. Would you make her suffer?"

"Not for the world."

"Then be very careful, and let the matter alone until I have taken a few soundings."

"Let the matter alone, dear Madame Merle? Remember that I am in love."

"Oh, you won't burn up. Why did you come to me, if you are not to heed what I say?"

"You are very kind; I will be very good," the young man promised. "But I am afraid Mr. Osmond is rather difficult," he added, in his mild voice, as he went to the door.

Madame Merle gave a light laugh.

"It has been said before. But his wife is not easy either."

"Ah, she's a splendid woman!"

Ned Rosier repeated, passing out.

He resolved that his conduct should be worthy of a young man who was already a model of discretion; but he saw nothing in any pledge he had given Madame Merle that made it improper he should keep himself in spirits by an occasional visit to Miss Osmond's home. He reflected constantly on what Madame Merle had said to him, and turned over in his mind the impression of her somewhat peculiar manner. He had gone to her *de confiance*, as they said in Paris; but it was possible that he had been precipitate. He found difficulty in thinking of himself as rash—he had incurred this reproach so rarely; but it certainly was true that he had known Madame Merle only for the last month, and that his thinking her a delightful woman was not, when one came to look into it, a reason for assuming that she would be eager to push Pansy Osmond into his arms—gracefully arranged as these members might be to receive her. Beyond this, Madame Merle had been very gracious to him, and she was a person of consideration among the girl's people, where she had a rather striking appearance (Rosier had more than once wondered how she managed it), of being intimate without being familiar. But possibly he had exaggerated these advantages. There was no particular reason why she should take trouble for him; a charming woman was charming to every one, and Rosier felt rather like a fool when he thought of his appealing to Madame Merle on the ground that she had distinguished

him. Very likely—though she had appeared to say it in joke—she was really only thinking of his *bibelots*. Had it come into her head that he might offer her two or three of the gems of his collection? If she would only help him to marry Miss Osmond, he would present her with his whole museum. He could hardly say so to her outright; it would seem too gross a bribe. But he should like her to believe it.

It was with these thoughts that he went again to Mrs. Osmond's, Mrs. Osmond having an "evening"—she had taken the Thursday of each week—when his presence could be accounted for on general principles of civility. The object of Mr. Rosier's well-regulated affection dwelt in a high house in the very heart of Rome; a dark and massive structure, overlooking a sunny *piazetta* in the neighbourhood of the Farnese Palace. In a palace, too, little Pansy lived—a palace in Roman parlance, but a dungeon to poor Rosier's apprehensive mind. It seemed to him of evil omen that the young lady he wished to marry, and whose fastidious father he doubted of his ability to conciliate, should be immured in a kind of domestic fortress, which bore a stern old Roman name, which smelt of historic deeds, of crime, and craft, and violence, which was mentioned in *Murray*, and visited by tourists who looked disappointed and depressed, and which had frescoes by Caravaggio in the *piano nobile* and a row of mutilated statues and dusty urns in the wide, nobly-arched loggia overlooking the damp court where a fountain gushed out of a niche. In a less pre-occupied frame of mind he could have done justice to the Palazzo Roccanera; he could have entered into the sentiment of Mrs. Osmond, who had once told him that on settling themselves in Rome she and her husband chose this habitation for the love of local colour. It had local colour enough, and though he knew less about architecture than about Limoges enamel, he could see that the

proportions of the windows, and even the details of the cornice, had quite the grand air. But Rosier was haunted by the conviction that at picturesque periods young girls had been shut up there to keep them from their true loves, and, under the threat of being thrown into convents, had been forced into unholy marriages. There was one point, however, to which he always did justice when once he found himself in Mrs. Osmond's warm, rich-looking reception-rooms, which were on the second floor. He acknowledged that these people were very strong in *bibels*. It was a taste of Osmond's own—not at all of hers; this she had told him the first time he came to the house, when, after asking himself for a quarter of an hour whether they had better things than he, he was obliged to admit that they had, very much, and vanquished his envy, as a gentleman should, to the point of expressing to his hostess his pure admiration of her treasures. He learned from Mrs. Osmond that her husband had made a large collection before their marriage, and that, though he had obtained a number of fine pieces within the last three years, he had got his best things at a time when he had not the advantage of her advice. Rosier interpreted this information according to principles of his own. For "advice" read "money," he said to himself; and the fact that Gilbert Osmond had landed his great prizes during his impecunious season, confirmed his most cherished doctrine—the doctrine that a collector may freely be poor if he be only patient. In general, when Rosier presented himself on a Thursday evening, his first glance was bestowed upon the walls of the room; there were three or four objects that his eyes really yearned for. But after his talk with Madame Merle he felt the extreme seriousness of his position; and now, when he came in, he looked about for the daughter of the house with such eagerness as might be permitted to a gentleman who always crossed a threshold with an optimistic smile.

XXXVI.

PANSY was not in the first of the rooms, a large apartment with a concave ceiling and walls covered with old red damask; it was here that Mrs. Osmond usually sat—though she was not in her usually customary place to-night—and that a circle of more especial intimates gathered about the fire. The room was warm, with a sort of subdued brightness; it contained the larger things, and—almost always—an odour of flowers. Pansy on this occasion was presumably in the chamber beyond, the resort of younger visitors, where tea was served. Osmond stood before the chimney, leaning back, with his hands behind him; he had one foot up and was warming the sole. Half a dozen people, scattered near him, were talking together; but he was not in the conversation; his eyes were fixed, abstractedly. Rosier, coming in unannounced, failed to attract his attention; but the young man, who was very punctilious, though he was even exceptionally conscious that it was the wife, not the husband, he had come to see, went up to shake hands with him. Osmond put out his left hand, without changing his attitude.

"How d'ye do? My wife's somewhere about."

"Never fear; I shall find her," said Rosier, cheerfully.

Osmond stood looking at him; he had never before felt the keenness of this gentleman's eyes. "Madame Merle has told him, and he doesn't like it," Rosier said to himself. He had hoped Madame Merle would be there; but she was not within sight; perhaps she was in one of the other rooms, or would come later. He had never especially delighted in Gilbert Osmond; he had a fancy that he gave himself airs. But Rosier was not quickly resentful, and where politeness was concerned he had an inveterate wish to be in the right. He looked round him, smiling, and then, in a moment, he said—

"I saw a jolly good piece of Capo di Monte to-day."

Osmond answered nothing at first; but presently, while he warmed his boot-sole, "I don't care a fig for Capo di Monte!" he returned.

"I hope you are not losing your interest?"

"In old pots and plates! Yes, I am losing my interest."

Rosier for a moment forgot the delicacy of his position.

"You are not thinking of parting with a—a piece or two?"

"No, I am not thinking of parting with anything at all, Mr. Rosier," said Osmond, with his eyes still on the eyes of his visitor.

"Ah, you want to keep, but not to add," Rosier remarked, brightly.

"Exactly. I have nothing that I wish to match."

Poor Rosier was aware that he had blushed, and he was distressed at his want of assurance. "Ah, well, I have!" was all that he could murmur; and he knew that his murmur was partly lost as he turned away. He took his course to the adjoining room, and met Mrs. Osmond coming out of the deep doorway. She was dressed in black velvet; she looked brilliant and noble. We know what Mr. Rosier thought of her, and the terms in which, to Madame Merle, he had expressed his admiration. Like his appreciation of her dear little step-daughter, it was based partly on his fine sense of the plastic; but also on a relish for a more impalpable sort of merit—that merit of a bright spirit, which Rosier's devotion to brittle wares had not made him cease to regard as a quality. Mrs. Osmond, at present, appeared to gratify all such tastes. The years had touched her only to enrich her; the flower of her youth had not faded, it only hung more quietly on its stem. She had lost something of that quick eagerness to which her husband had privately taken exception—she had more the air of being able to wait. Now, at all events, framed in the gilded doorway, she

struck our young man as the picture of a gracious lady.

"You see I am very regular," he said. "But who should be if I am not?"

"Yes, I have known you longer than any one here. But we must not indulge in tender reminiscences. I want to introduce you to a young lady."

"Ah, please, what young lady?" Rosier was immensely obliging; but this was not what he had come for.

"She sits there by the fire in pink, and has no one to speak to."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"Can't Mr. Osmond speak to her? He is within six feet of her."

Mrs. Osmond also hesitated.

"She is not very lively, and he doesn't like dull people."

"But she is good enough for me! Ah now, that is hard."

"I only mean that you have ideas for two. And then you are so obliging."

"So is your husband."

"No, he is not—to me." And Mrs. Osmond smiled vaguely.

"That's a sign he should be doubly so to other women."

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Osmond, still smiling.

"You see I want some tea," Rosier went on, looking wistfully beyond.

"That's perfect. Go and give some to my young lady."

"Very good; but after that I will abandon her to her fate. The simple truth is that I am dying to have a little talk with Miss Osmond."

"Ah," said Isabel, turning away, "I can't help you there!"

Five minutes later, while he handed a teacup to the young lady in pink, whom he had conducted into the other room, he wondered whether, in making to Mrs. Osmond the profession I have just quoted, he had broken the spirit of his promise to Madame Merle. Such a question was capable of occupying this young man's mind for a considerable time. At last, however, he became—comparatively speaking—

reckless, and cared little what promises he might break. The fate to which he had threatened to abandon the young lady in pink proved to be none so terrible; for Pansy Osmond, who had given him the tea for his companion—Pansy was as fond as ever of making tea—presently came and talked to her. Into this mild colloquy Edward Rosier entered little; he sat by moodily, watching his small sweetheart. If we look at her now through his eyes, we shall at first not see much to remind us of the obedient little girl who, at Florence, three years before, was sent to walk short distances in the Cascine while her father and Miss Archer talked together of matters sacred to elder people. But after a moment we shall perceive that if at nineteen Pansy has become a young lady, she does not really fill out the part; that if she has grown very pretty, she lacks in a deplorable degree the quality known and esteemed in the appearance of females as style; and that if she is dressed with great freshness, she wears her smart attire with an undisguised appearance of saving it—very much as if it were lent her for the occasion. Edward Rosier, it would seem, would have been just the man to note these defects; and in point of fact there was not a quality of this young lady, of any sort, that he had not noted. Only he called her qualities by names of his own—some of which indeed were happy enough. "No, she is unique—she is absolutely unique," he used to say to himself; and you may be sure that not for an instant would he have admitted to you that she was wanting in style. Style? Why, she had the style of a little princess; if you couldn't see it you had no eye. It was not modern, it was not conscious, it would produce no impression in Broadway; the small, serious damsel, in her stiff little dress, only looked like an Infanta of Velasquez. This was enough for Edward Rosier, who thought her delightfully old-fashioned. Her anxious eyes, her

charming lips, her slip of a figure, were as touching as a childish prayer. He had now an acute desire to know just to what point she liked him—a desire which made him fidget as he sat in his chair. It made him feel hot, so that he had to pat his forehead with his handkerchief; he had never been so uncomfortable. She was such a perfect *jeune fille*; and one couldn't make of a *jeune fille* the inquiry necessary for throwing light on such a point. A *jeune fille* was what Rosier had always dreamed of—a *jeune fille* who should yet not be French, for he had felt that this nationality would complicate the question. He was sure that Pansy had never looked at a newspaper, and that, in the way of novels, if she had read Sir Walter Scott it was the very most. An American *jeune fille*; what would be better than that? She would be frank and gay, and yet would not have walked alone, nor have received letters from men, nor have been taken to the theatre to see the comedy of manners. Rosier could not deny that, as the matter stood, it would be a breach of hospitality to appeal directly to this unsophisticated creature; but he was now in imminent danger of asking himself whether hospitality were the most sacred thing in the world. Was not the sentiment that he entertained for Miss Osmond of infinitely greater importance? Of greater importance to him—yes; but not probably to the master of the house. There was one comfort; even if this gentleman had been placed on his guard by Madame Merle, he would not have extended the warning to Pansy; it would not have been part of his policy to let her know that a prepossessing young man was in love with her. But he *was* in love with her, the prepossessing young man; and all these restrictions of circumstance had ended by irritating him. What had Gilbert Osmond meant by giving him two fingers of his left hand? If Osmond was rude, surely he himself might be bold. He felt

extremely bold after the dull girl in pink had responded to the call of her mother, who came in to say, with a significant simper at Rosier, that she must carry her off to other triumphs. The mother and daughter departed together, and now it depended only upon him that he should be virtually alone with Pansy. He had never been alone with her before; he had never been alone with a *jeune fille*. It was a great moment; poor Rosier began to pat his forehead again. There was another room, beyond the one in which they stood—a small room which had been thrown open and lighted, but, the company not being numerous, had remained empty all the evening. It was empty yet; it was upholstered in pale yellow; there were several lamps; through the open door it looked very pretty. Rosier stood a moment, gazing through this aperture; he was afraid that Pansy would run away, and felt almost capable of stretching out a hand to detain her. But she lingered where the young lady in pink had left them, making no motion to join a knot of visitors on the other side of the room. For a moment it occurred to him that she was frightened—too frightened perhaps to move; but a glance assured him that she was not, and then he reflected that she was too innocent, indeed, for that. After a moment's supreme hesitation he asked her whether he might go and look at the yellow room, which seemed so attractive yet so virginal. He had been there already with Osmond, to inspect the furniture, which was of the First French Empire, and especially to admire the clock (which he did not really admire), an immense classic structure of that period. He therefore felt that he had now begun to manoeuvre.

"Certainly, you may go," said Pansy; "and if you like, I will show you." She was not in the least frightened.

"That's just what I hoped you would say; you are so very kind," Rosier murmured.

They went in together; Rosier really thought the room very ugly, and it seemed cold. The same idea appeared to have struck Pansy.

"It's not for winter evenings; it's more for summer," she said. "It's papa's taste; he has so much."

He had a good deal, Rosier thought; but some of it was bad. He looked about him; he hardly knew what to say in such a situation. "Doesn't Mrs. Osmond care how her rooms are done? Has she no taste?" he asked.

"Oh yes, a great deal; but it's more for literature," said Pansy—"and for conversation. But papa cares also for those things: I think he knows everything."

Rosier was silent a moment. "There is one thing I am sure he knows!" he broke out presently. "He knows that when I come here it is, with all respect to him, with all respect to Mrs. Osmond, who is so charming—it is really," said the young man, "to see you!"

"To see me?" asked Pansy, raising her vaguely-troubled eyes.

"To see you; that's what I come for!" Rosier repeated, feeling the intoxication of a rupture with authority. Pansy stood looking at him, simply, intently, openly; a blush was not needed to make her face more modest.

"I thought it was for that," she said.

"And it was not disagreeable to you?"

"I couldn't tell; I didn't know. You never told me," said Pansy.

"I was afraid of offending you."

"You don't offend me," the young girl murmured, smiling as if an angel had kissed her.

"You like me then, Pansy?" Rosier asked, very gently, feeling very happy.

"Yes—I like you."

They had walked to the chimney-piece, where the big cold Empire clock was perched; they were well within the room, and beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and

his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it a moment. Then he raised it to his lips. She submitted, still with her pure, trusting smile, in which there was something ineffably passive. She liked him—she had liked him all the while; now anything might happen! She was ready—she had been ready always, waiting for him to speak. If he had not spoken she would have waited for ever; but when the word came she dropped like the peach from the shaken tree. Rosier felt that if he should draw her towards him and hold her to his heart, she would submit without a murmur, she would rest there without a question. It was true that this would be a rash experiment in a yellow Empire *salotino*. She had known it was for her he came; and yet like what a perfect little lady she had carried it off!

"You are very dear to me," he murmured, trying to believe that there was after all such a thing as hospitality.

She looked a moment at her hand, where he had kissed it. "Did you say that papa knows?"

"You told me just now he knows everything."

"I think you must make sure," said Pansy.

"Ah, my dear, when once I am sure of you!" Rosier murmured in her ear, while she turned back to the other rooms with a little air of consistency which seemed to imply that their appeal should be immediate.

The other rooms meanwhile had become conscious of the arrival of Madame Merle, who, wherever she went, produced an impression when she entered. How she did it the most attentive spectator could not have told you; for she neither spoke loud, nor laughed profusely, nor moved rapidly, nor dressed with splendour, nor appealed in any appreciable manner to the audience. Large, fair, smiling, serene, there was something in her very tranquillity that diffused itself, and when people

looked round it was because of a sudden quiet. On this occasion she had done the quietest thing she could do; after embracing Mrs. Osmond, which was more striking, she had sat down on a small sofa to commune with the master of the house. There was a brief exchange of commonplaces between these two—they always paid, in public, a certain formal tribute to the commonplace—and then Madame Merle, whose eyes had been wandering, asked if little Mr. Rosier had come this evening.

"He came nearly an hour ago—but he has disappeared," Osmond said.

"And where is Pansy?"

"In the other room. There are several people there."

"He is probably among them," said Madame Merle.

"Do you wish to see him?" Osmond asked, in a provokingly pointless tone.

Madame Merle looked at him a moment; she knew his tones, to the eighth of a note. "Yes, I should like to say to him that I have told you what he wants, and that it interests you but feebly."

"Don't tell him that, he will try to interest me more—which is exactly what I don't want. Tell him I hate his proposal."

"But you don't hate it."

"It doesn't signify: I don't love it. I let him see that, myself, this evening; I was rude to him on purpose. That sort of thing is a great bore. There is no hurry."

"I will tell him that you will take time and think it over."

"No, don't do that. He will hang on."

"If I discouraged him he will do the same."

"Yes, but in the one case he will try and talk and explain; which would be exceedingly tiresome. In the other he will probably hold his tongue and go in for some deeper game. That will leave me quiet. I hate talking with a donkey."

"Is that what you call poor Mr. Rosier?"

"Oh, he's enervating, with his eternal majolica."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes, with a faint smile. "He's a gentleman, he has a charming temper; and, after all, an income of forty thousand francs——"

"It's misery—genteel misery," Osmond broke in. "It's not what I have dreamed of for Pansy."

"Very good, then. He has promised me not to speak to her."

"Do you believe him?" Osmond asked, absent-mindedly.

"Perfectly. Pansy has thought a great deal about him; but I don't suppose you think that matters."

"I don't think it matters at all; but neither do I believe she has thought about him."

"That opinion is more convenient," said Madame Merle, quietly.

"Has she told you that she is in love with him?"

"For what do you take her? And for what do you take me?" Madame Merle added in a moment.

Osmond had raised his foot and was resting his slim ankle on the other knee; he clasped his ankle in his hand, familiarly, and gazed a while before him. "This kind of thing doesn't find me unprepared. It's what I educated her for. It was all for this—that when such a case should come up she should do what I prefer."

"I am not afraid that she will not do it."

"Well then, where is the hitch?"

"I don't see any. But all the same, I recommend you not to get rid of Mr. Rosier. Keep him on hand, he may be useful."

"I can't keep him. Do it yourself."

"Very good; I will put him into a corner and allow him so much a day." Madame Merle had, for the most part, while they talked, been glancing about her; it was her habit, in this situation, just as it was her habit to interpose a good many blank-looking pauses. A long pause followed the last words I have quoted; and before it was broken

again, she saw Pansy come out of the adjoining room, followed by Edward Rosier. Pansy advanced a few steps and then stopped and stood looking at Madame Merle and at her father.

"He has spoken to her," Madame Merle said, simply, to Osmond.

Her companion never turned his head. "So much for your belief in his promises. He ought to be horse-whipped."

"He intends to confess, poor little man!"

Osmond got up; he had now taken a sharp look at his daughter. "It doesn't matter," he murmured, turning away.

Pansy after a moment came up to Madame Merle with her little manner of unfamiliar politeness. This lady's reception of her was not more intimate; she simply, as she rose from the sofa, gave her a friendly smile.

"You are very late," said the young girl, gently.

"My dear child, I am never later than I intend to be."

Madame Merle had not got up to be gracious to Pansy; she moved towards Edward Rosier. He came to meet her, and, very quickly, as if to get it off his mind—"I have spoken to her!" he whispered.

"I know it, Mr. Rosier."

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes, she told me. Behave properly for the rest of the evening, and come and see me to-morrow at a quarter past five."

She was severe, and in the manner in which she turned her back to him there was a degree of contempt which caused him to mutter a decent imprecation.

He had no intention of speaking to Osmond; it was neither the time nor the place. But he instinctively wandered towards Isabel, who sat talking with an old lady. He sat down on the other side of her; the old lady was an Italian, and Rosier took for granted that she understood no English.

"You said just now you wouldn't

help me," he began, to Mrs. Osmond. "Perhaps you will feel differently when you know—when you know——"

He hesitated a little.

"When I know what!" Isabel asked, gently.

"That she is all right."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, that we have come to an understanding."

"She is all wrong," said Isabel. "It won't do."

Poor Rosier gazed at her half-pleadingly, half-angrily; a sudden flush testified to his sense of injury.

"I have never been treated so," he said. "What is there against me, after all? That is not the way I am usually considered. I could have married twenty times!"

"It's a pity you didn't. I don't mean twenty times, but once, comfortably," Isabel added, smiling kindly. "You are not rich enough for Pansy."

"She doesn't care a straw for one's money."

"No, but her father does."

"Ah yes, he has proved that!" cried the young man.

Isabel got up, turning away from him, leaving her old lady, without saying anything; and he occupied himself for the next ten minutes in pretending to look at Gilbert Osmond's collection of miniatures, which were neatly arranged on a series of small velvet screens. But he looked without seeing; his cheek burned; he was too full of his sense of injury. It was certain that he had never been treated that way before; he was not used to being thought not good enough. He knew how good he was, and if such a fallacy had not been so pernicious, he could have laughed at it. He looked about again for Pansy, but she had disappeared, and his main desire was now to get out of the house. Before doing so he spoke to Isabel again; it was not agreeable to him to reflect that he had just said a rude thing to her—the only point that would now justify a low view of him.

"I spoke of Mr. Osmond as I

shouldn't have done, a while ago," he said. "But you must remember my situation."

"I don't remember what you said," she answered, coldly.

"Ah, you are offended, and now you will never help me."

She was silent an instant, and then, with a change of tone—

"It's not that I won't; I simply can't!" Her manner was almost passionate.

"If you could—just a little," said Rosier, "I would never again speak of your husband save as an angel."

"The inducement is great," said Isabel gravely—inscrutably, as he afterwards, to himself, called it; and she gave him, straight in the eyes, a look which was also inscrutable. It made him remember, somehow, that he had known her as a child; and yet it was keener than he liked, and he took himself off.

XXXVII.

He went to see Madame Merle on the morrow, and to his surprise she let him off rather easily. But she made him promise that he would stop there until something should have been decided. Mr. Osmond had had higher expectations; it was very true that as he had no intention of giving his daughter a portion, such expectations were open to criticism, or even, if one would, to ridicule. But she would advise Mr. Rosier not to take that tone; if he would possess his soul in patience he might arrive at his felicity. Mr. Osmond was not favourable to his suit, but it would not be a miracle if he should gradually come round. Pansy would never defy her father, he might depend upon that, so nothing was to be gained by precipitation. Mr. Osmond needed to accustom his mind to an offer of a sort that he had not hitherto entertained, and this result must come of itself—it was useless to try to force it. Rosier remarked that his own

situation would be in the meanwhile the most uncomfortable in the world, and Madame Merle assured him that she felt for him. But, as she justly declared, one couldn't have everything one wanted; she had learned that lesson for herself. There would be no use in his writing to Gilbert Osmond, who had charged her to tell him as much. He wished the matter dropped for a few weeks, and would himself write when he should have anything to communicate which it would please Mr. Rosier to hear.

"He doesn't like your having spoken to Pansy. Ah, he doesn't like it at all," said Madame Merle.

"I am perfectly willing to give him a chance to tell me so!"

"If you do that he will tell you more than you care to hear. Go to the house, for the next month, as little as possible, and leave the rest to me."

"As little as possible? Who is to measure that?"

"Let me measure it. Go on Thursday evenings with the rest of the world; but don't go at all odd times, and don't fret about Pansy. I will see that she understands everything. She's a calm little nature; she will take it quietly."

Edward Rosier fretted about Pansy a good deal, but he did as he was advised, and waited for another Thursday evening before returning to the Palazzo Roccanera. There had been a party at dinner, so that although he went early the company was already tolerably numerous. Osmond, as usual, was in the first room, near the fire, staring straight at the door, so that, not to be distinctly uncivil, Rosier had to go and speak to him.

"I am glad that you can take a hint," Pansy's father said, slightly closing his keen, conscious eye.

"I take no hints. But I took a message, as I supposed it to be."

"You took it? Where did you take it?"

It seemed to poor Rosier that he was being insulted, and he waited a

moment, asking himself how much a true lover ought to submit to.

"Madame Merle gave me, as I understood it, a message from you—to the effect that you declined to give me the opportunity I desire—the opportunity to explain my wishes to you."

Rosier flattered himself that he spoke rather sternly.

"I don't see what Madame Merle has to do with it. Why did you apply to Madame Merle?"

"I asked her for an opinion—for nothing more. I did so because she had seemed to me to know you very well."

"She doesn't know me so well as she thinks," said Osmond.

"I am sorry for that, because she has given me some little ground for hope."

Osmond stared into the fire for a moment.

"I set a great price on my daughter."

"You can't set a higher one than I do. Don't I prove it by wishing to marry her?"

"I wish to marry her very well," Osmond went on, with a dry impertinence which, in another mood, poor Rosier would have admired.

"Of course I pretend that she would marry well in marrying me. She couldn't marry a man who loves her more; or whom, I may venture to add, she loves more."

"I am not bound to accept your theories as to whom my daughter loves," Osmond said, looking up with a quick, cold smile.

"I am not theorising. Your daughter has spoken."

"Not to me," Osmond continued, bending forward a little and dropping his eyes to his boot-toes.

"I have her promise, sir!" cried Rosier, with the sharpness of exasperation.

As their voices had been pitched very low before, such a note attracted some attention from the company. Osmond waited till this little movement had subsided, then he said very quickly—

"I think she has no recollection of having given it."

They had been standing with their faces to the fire, and after he had uttered these last words Osmond turned round again to the room. Before Rosier had time to rejoin he perceived that a gentleman—a stranger—had just come in, unannounced, according to the Roman custom, and was about to present himself to the master of the house. The latter smiled blandly, but somewhat blankly; the visitor was a handsome man, with a large, fair beard—evidently an Englishman.

"You apparently don't recognise me," he said, with a smile that expressed more than Osmond's.

"Ah yes, now I do; I expected so little to see you."

Rosier departed, and went in direct pursuit of Pansy. He sought her, as usual, in the neighbouring room, but he again encountered Mrs. Osmond in his path. He gave this gracious lady no greeting—he was too righteously indignant; but said to her crudely—

"Your husband is awfully cold-blooded."

She gave the same mystical smile that he had noticed before.

"You can't expect every one to be as hot as yourself."

"I don't pretend to be cold, but I am cool. What has he been doing to his daughter?"

"I have no idea."

"Don't you take any interest?" Rosier demanded, feeling that she too was irritating.

For a moment she answered nothing. Then—

"No!" she said abruptly, and with a quickened light in her eye which directly contradicted the word.

"Excuse me if I don't believe that. Where is Miss Osmond?"

"In the corner making tea. Please leave her there."

Rosier instantly discovered the young girl, who had been hidden by intervening groups. He watched her, but her own attention was entirely given to her occupation.

"What on earth has he done to her?" he asked again imploringly. "He declares to me that she has given me up."

"She has not given you up," Isabel said, in a low tone, without looking at him.

"Ah, thank you for that! Now I will leave her alone as long as you think proper!"

He had hardly spoken when he saw her change colour, and became aware that Osmond was coming towards her, accompanied by the gentleman who had just entered. He thought the latter, in spite of the advantage of good looks and evident social experience, was a little embarrassed.

"Isabel," said Osmond, "I bring you an old friend."

Mrs. Osmond's face, though it wore a smile, was, like her old friend's, not perfectly confident. "I am very happy to see Lord Warburton," she said. Rosier turned away, and now that his talk with her had been interrupted, felt absolved from the little pledge he had just taken. He had a quick impression that Mrs. Osmond would not notice what he did.

To do him justice, Isabel for some time quite ceased to observe him. She had been startled; she hardly knew whether she were glad or not. Lord Warburton, however, now that he was face to face with her, was plainly very well pleased; his frank grey eye expressed a deep, if still somewhat shy, satisfaction. He was larger, stouter than of yore, and he looked older; he stood there very solidly and sensibly.

"I suppose you didn't expect to see me," he said; "I have only just arrived. Literally, I only got here this evening. You see I have lost no time in coming to pay you my respects; I knew you were at home on Thursdays."

"You see the fame of your Thursdays has spread to England," Osmond remarked, smiling, to his wife.

"It is very kind of Lord Warburton to come so soon; we are greatly flattered," Isabel said.

"Ah well, it's better than stopping in one of those horrible inns," Osmond went on.

"The hotel seems very good; I think it is the same one where I saw you four years ago. You know it was here in Rome that we last met; it is a long time ago! Do you remember where I bade you good-bye? It was in the Capitol, in the first room."

"I remember that myself," said Osmond; "I was there at the time."

"Yes, I remember that you were there. I was very sorry to leave Rome—so sorry that, somehow or other, it became a melancholy sort of memory, and I have never cared to come back till to day. But I knew you were living here, and I assure you I have often thought of you. It must be a charming place to live in," said Lord Warburton, brightly, looking about him.

"We should have been glad to see you at any time," Osmond remarked, with propriety.

"Thank you very much. I haven't been out of England since then. Till a month ago, I really supposed my travels were over."

"I have heard of you from time to time," said Isabel, who had now completely recovered her self-possession.

"I hope you have heard no harm. My life has been a blank."

"Like the good reigns in history," Osmond suggested. He appeared to think his duties as a host had now terminated, he had performed them very conscientiously. Nothing could have been more adequate, more nicely measured, than his courtesy to his wife's old friend. It was punctilious, it was explicit, it was everything but natural—a deficiency which Lord Warburton who, himself, had on the whole a good deal of nature, may be supposed to have perceived. "I will leave you and Mrs. Osmond together," he added. "You have reminiscences into which I don't enter."

"I am afraid you lose a good deal!" said Lord Warburton, in a

tone which perhaps betrayed overmuch his appreciation of Osmond's generosity. He stood a moment, looking at Isabel with an eye that gradually became more serious. "I am really very glad to see you."

"It is very pleasant. You are very kind."

"Do you know that you are changed—a little?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"Yes—a good deal."

"I don't mean for the worse, of course; and yet how can I say for the better?"

"I think I shall have no scruple in saying that to you," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah well, for me—it's a long time. It would be a pity that there shouldn't be something to show for it."

They sat down, and Isabel asked him about his sisters, with other inquiries of a somewhat perfunctory kind. He answered her questions as if they interested him, and in a few moments she saw—or believed she saw—that he would prove a more comfortable companion than of yore. Time had laid its hand upon his heart and, without chilling this organ, had discreetly soothed it. Isabel felt her usual esteem for Time rise at a bound. Lord Warburton's manner was certainly that of a contented man who would rather like one to know it.

"There is something I must tell you without more delay," he said. "I have brought Ralph Touchett with me."

"Brought him with you?" Isabel's surprise was great.

"He is at the hotel; he was too tired to come out, and has gone to bed."

"I will go and see him," said Isabel, quickly.

"That is exactly what I hoped you would do. I had an idea that you hadn't seen much of him since your marriage—that in fact your relations were a—little more formal. That's why I hesitated—like an awkward Englishman."

"I am as fond of Ralph as ever,"

Isabel answered. "But why has he come to Rome?"

The declaration was very gentle; the question a little sharp.

"Because he is very far gone, Mrs. Osmond."

"Rome, then, is no place for him. I heard from him that he had determined to give up his custom of wintering abroad, and remain in England, in-doors, in what he called an artificial climate."

"Poor fellow, he doesn't succeed with the artificial! I went to see him three weeks ago, at Gardencourt, and found him extremely ill. He has been getting worse every year, and now he has no strength left. He smokes no more cigarettes! He had got up an artificial climate indeed; the house was as hot as Calcutta. Nevertheless, he had suddenly taken it into his head to start for Sicily. I didn't believe in it—neither did the doctors, nor any of his friends. His mother, as I suppose you know, is in America, so there was no one to prevent him. He stuck to his idea that it would be the saving of him to spend the winter at Catania. He said he could take servants and furniture, and make himself comfortable; but in point of fact he hasn't brought anything. I wanted him at least to go by sea, to save fatigue; but he said he hated the sea, and wished to stop at Rome. After that, though I thought it all rubbish, I made up my mind to come with him. I am acting as—what do you call it in America?—as a kind of moderator. Poor Touchett's very moderate now. We left England a fortnight ago, and he has been very bad on the way. He can't keep warm, and the further south we come the more he feels the cold. He has got a rather good man, but I'm afraid he's beyond human help. If you don't mind my saying so, I think it was a most extraordinary time for Mrs. Touchett to choose for going to America."

Isabel had listened eagerly; her face was full of pain and wonder.

"My aunt does that at fixed periods, and she lets nothing turn her aside. When the date comes round she starts; I think she would have started if Ralph had been dying."

"I sometimes think he is dying," Lord Warburton said.

Isabel started up.

"I will go to him now!"

• He checked her; he was a little disconcerted at the quick effect of his words.

"I don't mean that I thought so to-night. On the contrary, to-day, in the train, he seemed particularly well; the idea of our reaching Rome—he is very fond of Rome, you know—gave him strength. An hour ago, when I bade him good-night, he told me that he was very tired, but very happy. Go to him in the morning; that's all I mean. I didn't tell him I was coming here; I didn't think of it till after we separated. Then I remembered that he had told me that you had an evening, and that it was this very Thursday. It occurred to me to come in and tell you that he was here, and let you know that you had perhaps better not wait for him to call. I think he said he had not written to you." There was no need of Isabel's declaring that she would act upon Lord Warburton's information; she looked, as she sat there, like a winged creature held back. "Let alone that I wanted to see you for myself," her visitor added, gallantly.

"I don't understand Ralph's plan; it seems to me very wild," she said. "I was glad to think of him between those thick walls at Gardencourt."

"He was completely alone there; the thick walls were his only company."

"You went to see him; you have been extremely kind."

"Oh dear, I had nothing to do," said Lord Warburton.

"We hear, on the contrary, that you are doing great things. Every one speaks of you as a great statesman, and I am perpetually seeing your name in the *Times*, which, by the

way, doesn't appear to hold it in reverence. You are apparently as bold a radical as ever."

"I don't feel nearly so bold; you know the world has come round to me. Touchett and I have kept up a sort of Parliamentary debate, all the way from London. I tell him he is the last of the Tories, and he calls me the head of the Communists. So you see there is life in him yet."

Isabel had many questions to ask about Ralph, but she abstained from asking them all. She would see for herself on the morrow. She perceived that after a little Lord Warburton would tire of that subject—that he had a consciousness of other possible topics. She was more and more able to say to herself that he had recovered, and, what is more to the point, she was able to say it without bitterness. He had been for her, of old, such an image of urgency, of insistence, of something to be resisted and reasoned with, that his re-appearance at first menaced her with a new trouble. But she was now re-assured; she could see that he only wished to live with her on good terms, that she was to understand that he had forgiven her and was incapable of the bad taste of making pointed allusions. This was not a form of revenge, of course; she had no suspicion that he wished to punish her by an exhibition of disillusionment; she did him the justice to believe that it had simply occurred to him that she would now take a good-natured interest in knowing that he was resigned. It was the resignation of a healthy, manly nature, in which sentimental wounds could never fester. British politics had cured him; she had known they would. She gave an envious thought to the happier lot of men, who are always free to plunge into the healing waters of action. Lord Warburton of course spoke of the past, but he spoke of it without implication; he even went so far as to allude to their former meeting in Rome as a very jolly time. And he told her that he

had been immensely interested in hearing of her marriage—that it was a great pleasure to him to make Mr. Osmond's acquaintance—since he could hardly be said to have made it on the other occasion. He had not written to her when she married, but he did not apologise to her for that. The only thing he implied was that they were old friends, intimate friends. It was very much as an intimate friend that he said to her, suddenly, after a short pause which he had occupied in smiling, as he looked about him, like a man to whom everything suggested a cheerful interpretation—

"Well now, I suppose you are very happy, and all that sort of thing?"

Isabel answered with a quick laugh; the tone of his remark struck her almost as the accent of comedy.

"Do you suppose if I were not I would tell you?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't see why not."

"I do, then. Fortunately, however, I am very happy."

"You have got a very good house."

"Yes, it's very pleasant. But that's not my merit—it's my husband's."

"You mean that he has arranged it?"

"Yes, it was nothing when we came."

"He must be very clever."

"He has a genius for upholstery," said Isabel.

"There is a great rage for that sort of thing now. But you must have a taste of your own."

"I enjoy things when they are done; but I have no ideas. I can never propose anything."

"Do you mean that you accept what others propose?"

"Very willingly, for the most part."

"That's a good thing to know. I shall propose you something."

"It will be very kind. I must say, however, that I have in a few small ways a certain initiative. I should like, for instance, to introduce you to some of these people."

"Oh, please don't; I like sitting here. Unless it be to that young lady in the blue dress. She has a charming face."

"The one talking to the rosy young man! That's my husband's daughter."

"Lucky man, your husband. What a dear little maid!"

"You must make her acquaintance."

"In a moment, with pleasure. I like looking at her from here." He ceased to look at her, however, very soon; his eyes constantly reverted to Mrs. Osmond. "Do you know I was wrong just now in saying that you had changed?" he presently went on. "You seem to me, after all, very much the same."

"And yet I find it's a great change to be married," said Isabel, with gaiety.

"It affects most people more than it has affected you. You see I haven't gone in for that."

"It rather surprises me."

"You ought to understand it, Mrs. Osmond. But I want to marry," he added, more simply.

"It ought to be very easy," Isabel said, rising, and then blushing a little at the thought that she was hardly the person to say this. It was perhaps because Lord Warburton noticed her blush that he generously forbore to call her attention to the incongruity.

Edward Rosier meanwhile had seated himself on an ottoman beside Pansy's tea-table. He pretended at first to talk to her about trifles, and she asked him who was the new gentleman conversing with her step-mother.

"He's an English lord," said Rosier. "I don't know more."

"I wonder if he will have some tea. The English are so fond of tea."

"Never mind that; I have something particular to say to you."

"Don't speak so loud, or every one will hear us," said Pansy.

"They won't heed us if you continue to look that way: as if your only thought in life was the wish that the kettle would boil."

"It has just been filled; the servants never know!" the young girl exclaimed, with a little sigh.

"Do you know what your father said to me just now? That you didn't mean what you said a week ago."

"I don't mean everything I say. How can a young girl do that? But I mean what I say to you."

"He told me that you had forgotten me."

"Ah no, I don't forget," said Pansy, showing her pretty teeth in a fixed smile.

"Then everything is just the same?"

"Ah no, it's not just the same. Papa has been very severe."

"What has he done to you?"

"He asked me what *you* had done to me, and I told him everything. Then he forbade me to marry you."

"You needn't mind that."

"Oh yes, I must indeed. I can't disobey papa."

"Not for one who loves you as I do, and whom you pretend to love?"

Pansy raised the lid of the tea-pot, gazing into this vessel for a moment; then she dropped six words into its aromatic depths. "I love you just as much."

"What good will that do me?"

"Ah," said Pansy, raising her sweet, vague eyes, "I don't know that."

"You disappoint me," groaned poor Rosier.

Pansy was silent a moment; she handed a tea-cup to a servant.

"Please don't talk any more."

"Is this to be all my satisfaction?"

"Papa said I was not to talk with you."

"Do you sacrifice me like that? Ah, it's too much!"

"I wish you would wait a little," said the young girl, in a voice just distinct enough to betray a quaver.

"Of course I will wait if you will give me hope. But you take my life away."

"I will not give you up—oh, no!" Pansy went on.

"He will try and make you marry some one else."

"I will never do that."

"What then are we to wait for?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I will speak to Mrs. Osmond, and she will help us." It was in this manner that she for the most part designated her stepmother.

"She won't help us much. She is afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of your father, I suppose."

Pansy shook her little head.

"She is not afraid of any one! We must have patience."

"Ah, that's an awful word," Rosier groaned; he was deeply disconcerted. Oblivious of the customs of good society, he dropped his head into his hands, and, supporting it with a melancholy grace, sat staring at the carpet. Presently he became aware of a good deal of movement about him, and when he looked up saw Pansy making a curtsy—it was still her little curtsy of the convent—to the English lord whom Mrs. Osmond had presented.

XXXVIII.

It probably will not be surprising to the reflective reader that Ralph Touchett should have seen less of his cousin since her marriage than he had done before that event—an event of which he took such a view as could hardly prove a confirmation of intimacy. He had uttered his thought, as we know, and after this he had held his peace, Isabel not having invited him to resume a discussion which marked an era in their relations. That discussion had made a difference—the difference that he feared, rather than the one he hoped. It had not chilled the girl's zeal in carrying out her engagement, but it had come

dangerously near to spoiling a friendship. No reference was ever again made between them to Ralph's opinion of Gilbert Osmond, and by surrounding this topic with a sacred silence, they managed to preserve a semblance of reciprocal frankness. But there was a difference, as Ralph often said to himself—there was a difference. She had not forgiven him, she never would forgive him; that was all he had gained. She thought she had forgiven him; she believed she didn't care; and as she was both very generous and very proud, these convictions represented a certain reality. But whether or no the event should justify him, he would virtually have done her a wrong, and the wrong was of the sort that women remember best. As Osmond's wife, she could never again be his friend. If in this character she should enjoy the felicity she expected, she would have nothing but contempt for the man who had attempted, in advance, to undermine a blessing so dear; and if on the other hand his warning should be justified, the vow she had taken that he should never know it, would lay upon her spirit a burden that would make her hate him. Such had been, during the year that followed his cousin's marriage, Ralph's rather dismal provisions of the future; and if his meditations appear morbid, we must remember that he was not in the bloom of health. He consoled himself as he might by behaving (as he deemed) beautifully, and was present at the ceremony by which Isabel was united to Mr. Osmond, and which was performed in Florence in the month of June. He learned from his mother that Isabel at first had thoughts of celebrating her nuptials in her native land, but that as simplicity was what she chiefly desired to secure, she had finally decided, in spite of Osmond's professed willingness to make a journey of any length, that this characteristic would best be preserved by their being married by the nearest clergyman in the shortest time. The thing was

done, therefore, at the little American chapel, on a very hot day, in the presence only of Mrs. Touchett and her son, of Pansy Osmond and the Countess Gemini. That severity in the proceedings of which I just spoke, was in part the result of the absence of two persons who might have been looked for on the occasion, and who would have lent it a certain richness. Madame Merle had been invited, but Madame Merle, who was unable to leave Rome, sent a gracious letter of excuses. Henrietta Stackpole had not been invited, as her departure from America, announced to Isabel by Mr. Goodwood, was in fact frustrated by the duties of her profession; but she had sent a letter, less gracious than Madame Merle's, intimating that had she been able to cross the Atlantic, she would have been present not only as a witness, but as a critic. Her return to Europe took place somewhat later, and she effected a meeting with Isabel in the autumn, in Paris, when she indulged—perhaps a trifle too freely—her critical genius. Poor Osmond, who was chiefly the subject of it, protested so sharply that Henrietta was obliged to declare to Isabel that she had taken a step which erected a barrier between them. "It isn't in the least that you have married—it is that you have married *him*," she deemed it her duty to remark; agreeing, it will be seen, much more with Ralph Touchett than she suspected, though she had few of his hesitations and compunctions. Henrietta's second visit to Europe, however, was not made in vain; for just at the moment when Osmond had declared to Isabel that he really must object to that newspaper-woman, and Isabel had answered that it seemed to her he took Henrietta too hard, the good Mr. Bantling appeared upon the scene and proposed that they should take a run down to Spain. Henrietta's letters from Spain proved to be the most picturesque she had yet published, and there was one in especial, dated from the Alhambra, and entitled

"Moors and Moonlight," which generally passed for her masterpiece. Isabel was secretly disappointed at her husband's not having been able to judge the poor girl more humorously. She even wondered whether his sense of humour were by chance defective. Of course she herself looked at the matter as a person whose present happiness had nothing to grudge to Henrietta's violated conscience. Osmond thought their alliance a kind of monstrosity; he couldn't imagine what they had in common. For him, Mr. Bantling's fellow-tourist was simply the most vulgar of women, and he also pronounced her the most abandoned. Against this latter clause of the verdict Isabel protested with an ardour which made him wonder afresh at the oddity of some of his wife's tastes. Isabel could explain it only by saying that she liked to know people who were as different as possible from herself. "Why then don't you make the acquaintance of your washerwoman?" Osmond had inquired; to which Isabel answered that she was afraid her washerwoman wouldn't care for her. Now Henrietta cared so much.

Ralph saw nothing of her for the greater part of the two years that followed her marriage; the winter that formed the beginning of her residence in Rome he spent again at San Remo, where he was joined in the spring by his mother, who afterwards went with him to England, to see what they were doing at the bank—an operation she could not induce him to perform. Ralph had taken a lease of his house at San Remo, a small villa, which he occupied still another winter; but late in the month of April of this second year he came down to Rome. It was the first time since her marriage that he had stood face to face with Isabel; his desire to see her again was of the keenest. She had written to him from time to time, but her letters told him nothing that he wanted to know. He had asked his mother what she was making of her life, and his mother

had simply answered that she supposed she was making the best of it. Mrs. Touchett had not the imagination that communes with the unseen, and she now pretended to no intimacy with her niece, whom she rarely encountered. This young woman appeared to be living in a sufficiently honourable way, but Mrs. Touchett still remained of the opinion that her marriage was a shabby affair. It gave her no pleasure to think of Isabel's establishment, which she was sure was a very lame business. From time to time, in Florence, she rubbed against the Countess Gemini, doing her best, always, to minimise the contact; and the Countess reminded her of Osmond, who made her think of Isabel. The Countess was less talked about in these days; but Mrs. Touchett augured no good of that; it only proved how she had been talked about before. There was a more direct suggestion of Isabel in the person of Madame Merle; but Madame Merle's relations with Mrs. Touchett had suffered a marked alteration. Isabel's aunt had told her, without circumlocution, that she had played too ingenious a part; and Madame Merle, who never quarrelled with any one, who appeared to think no one worth it, and who had performed the miracle of living, more or less, for several years with Mrs. Touchett, without a symptom of irritation—Madame Merle now took a very high tone, and declared that this was an accusation from which she could not stoop to defend herself. She added, however (without stooping), that her behaviour had been only too simple, that she had believed only what she saw, that she saw that Isabel was not eager to marry, and that Osmond was not eager to please (his repeated visits were nothing; he was boring himself to death on his hill-top, and he came merely for amusement). Isabel had kept her sentiments to herself, and her journey to Greece and Egypt had effectually thrown dust in her companion's eyes. Madame Merle accepted the event—she was unprepared

to think of it as a scandal; but that she had played any part in it, double or single, was an imputation against which she proudly protested. It was doubtless in consequence of Mrs. Touchett's attitude and of the injury it offered to habits consecrated by many charming seasons, that Madame Merle, after this, chose to pass many months in England, where her credit was quite unimpaired. Mrs. Touchett had done her a wrong; there are some things that can't be forgiven. But Madame Merle suffered in silence; there was always something exquisite in her dignity.

Ralph, as I say, had wished to see for himself; but while he was engaged in this pursuit he felt afresh what a fool he had been to put the girl on her guard. He had played the wrong card, and now he had lost the game. He should see nothing, he should learn nothing; for him she would always wear a mask. His true line would have been to profess delight in her marriage, so that later, when, as Ralph phrased it, the bottom should fall out of it, she might have the pleasure of saying to him that he had been a goose. He would gladly have consented to pass for a goose in order to know Isabel's real situation. But now she neither taunted him with his fallacies nor pretended that her own confidence was justified; if she wore a mask, it completely covered her face. There was something fixed and mechanical in the serenity painted upon it; this was not an expression, Ralph said—it was an invention. She had lost her child; that was a sorrow, but it was a sorrow she scarcely spoke of; there was more to say about it than she could say to Ralph. It belonged to the past, moreover; it had occurred six months before, and she had already laid aside the tokens of mourning. She seemed to be leading the life of the world; Ralph heard her spoken of as having a "charming position." He observed that she produced the impression of being peculiarly enviable, that it was supposed, among

many people, to be a privilege even to know her. Her house was not open to every one, and she had an evening in the week, to which people were not invited as a matter of course. She lived with a certain magnificence, but you needed to be a member of her circle to perceive it; for there was nothing to gape at, nothing to criticise, nothing even to admire, in the daily proceedings of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond. Ralph, in all this, recognised the hand of the master; for he knew that Isabel had no faculty for producing calculated impressions. She struck him as having a great love of movement, of gaiety, of late hours, of long drives, of fatigue; an eagerness to be entertained, to be interested, even to be bored, to make acquaintances, to see people that were talked about, to explore the neighbourhood of Rome, to enter into relation with certain of the mustiest relics of its old society. In all this there was much less discrimination than in that desire for comprehensiveness of development on which he used to exercise his wit. There was a kind of violence in some of her impulses, of crudity in some of her proceedings, which took him by surprise; it seemed to him that she even spoke faster, moved faster, than before her marriage. Certainly she had fallen into exaggerations—she who used to care so much for the pure truth; and whereas of old she had a great delight in good-humoured argument, in intellectual play (she never looked so charming as when in the genial heat of discussion she received a crushing blow full in the face and brushed it away as a feather), she appeared now to think there was nothing worth people's either differing about or agreeing upon. Of old she had been curious, and now she was indifferent, and yet in spite of her indifference her activity was greater than ever. Slender still, but lovelier than before, she had gained no great maturity of aspect; but there was a kind of amplitude and brilliancy in her personal

arrangements which gave a touch of insolence to her beauty. Poor human-hearted Isabel, what perversity had bitten her? Her light step drew a mass of drapery behind it; her intelligent head sustained a majesty of ornament. The free, keen girl had suffered a marked mutation; what he saw was the fine lady who was supposed to represent something. What did Isabel represent? Ralph asked himself; and he could answer only by saying that she represented Gilbert Osmond. "Good heavens, what a function!" he exclaimed. He was lost in wonder at the mystery of things. He recognised Osmond, as I say; he recognised him at every turn. He saw how he kept all things within limits; how he adjusted, regulated, animated their manner of life. Osmond was in his element; at last he had material to work with. He always had an eye to effect; and his effects were elaborately studied. They were produced by no vulgar means, but the motive was as vulgar as the art was great. To surround his interior with a sort of invidious sanctity, to tantalise society with a sense of exclusion, to make people believe his house was different from every other, to impart to the face that he presented to the world a cold originality—this was the ingenious effort of the personage to whom Isabel had attributed a superior morality. "He works with superior material," Ralph said to himself; "but it's rich abundance compared with his former resources." Ralph was a clever man; but Ralph had never—to his own sense—been so clever as when he observed, *in petto*, that under the guise of caring only for intrinsic values, Osmond lived exclusively for the world. Far from being its master, as he pretended to be, he was its very humble servant, and the degree of its attention was his only measure of success. He lived with his eye on it, from morning till night, and the world was so stupid it never suspected the trick. Everything he did was *pose—pose* so deeply calcu-

lated that if one were not on the lookout one mistook it for impulse. Ralph had never met a man who lived so much in the world of calculation. His tastes, his studies, his accomplishments, his collections, were all for a purpose. His life on his hill-top at Florence had been a *pose* of years. His solitude, his ennui, his love for his daughter, his good manners, his bad manners, were so many features of a mental image constantly present to him as a model of impertinence and mystification. His ambition was not to please the world, but to please himself by exciting the world's curiosity, and then declining to satisfy it. It made him feel great to play the world a trick. The thing he had done in his life most directly to please himself was his marrying Isabel Archer; though in this case indeed the gullible world was in a manner embodied in poor Isabel, who had been mystified to the top of her bent. Ralph of course found a fitness in being consistent; he had embraced a creed, and as he had suffered for it he could not in honour forsake it. I give this little sketch of its articles for what they are worth. It was certain that he was very skilful in fitting the facts to his theory—even the fact that during the month he spent in Rome at this period Gilbert Osmond appeared to regard him not in the least as an enemy. For Mr. Osmond Ralph had not now that importance. It was not that he had the importance of a friend; it was rather that he had none at all. He was Isabel's cousin, and he was rather unpleasantly ill—it was on this basis that Osmond treated with him. He made the proper inquiries, asked about his health, about Mrs. Touchett, about his opinion of winter climates, whether he was comfortable at his hotel. He addressed him, on the few occasions of their meeting, not a word that was not necessary; but his manner had always the urbanity proper to conscious success in the presence of conscious failure. For all this, Ralph had, to-

wards the end, an inward conviction that Osmond had made it uncomfortable for his wife that she should continue to receive her cousin. He was not jealous—he had not that excuse; no one could be jealous of Ralph. But he made Isabel pay for her old-time kindness, of which so much was still left; and as Ralph had no idea of her paying too much, when his suspicion had become sharp he took himself off. In doing so he deprived Isabel of a very interesting occupation: she had been constantly wondering what fine principle kept him alive. She decided that it was his love of conversation; his conversation was better than ever. He had given up walking; he was no longer a humorous stroller. He sat all day in a chair—almost any chair would do, and was so dependent on what you would do for him that, had not his talk been highly contemplative, you might have thought he was blind. The reader already knows more about him than Isabel was ever to know, and the reader may therefore be given the key to the mystery. What kept Ralph alive was simply the fact that he had not yet seen enough of his cousin; he was not yet satisfied. There was more to come; he couldn't make up his mind to lose that. He wished to see what she would make of her husband—or what he would make of her. This was only the first act of the drama, and he was determined to sit out the performance. His determination held good; it kept him going some eighteen months more, till the time of his return to Rome with Lord Warburton. It gave him indeed such an air of intending to live indefinitely that Mrs. Touchett, though more accessible to confusions of thought in the matter of this strange, unremunerative—and unremunerated—son of hers than she had ever been before, had, as we have learned, not scrupled to embark for a distant land. If Ralph had been kept alive by suspense, it was with a good deal of the same emotion—the excitement of wondering in what state she should find him—that Isabel

ascended to his apartment the day after Lord Warburton had notified her of his arrival in Rome.

She spent an hour with him; it was the first of several visits. Gilbert Osmond called on him punctually, and on Isabel sending a carriage for him Ralph came, more than once, to the Palazzo Roccanera. A fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Ralph announced to Lord Warburton that he thought after all he wouldn't go to Sicily. The two men had been dining together after a day spent by the latter in ranging about the Campagna. They had left the table, and Warburton, before the chimney, was lighting a cigar, which he instantly removed from his lips.

"Won't go to Sicily? Where then will you go?"

"Well, I guess I won't go anywhere," said Ralph, from the sofa, in a tone of jocosity.

"Do you mean that you will return to England?"

"Oh dear no; I will stay in Rome."

"Rome won't do for you; it's not warm enough."

"It will have to do; I will make it do. See how well I have been."

Lord Warburton looked at him a while, puffing his cigar, as if he were trying to see it.

"You have been better than you were on the journey, certainly. I wonder how you lived through that. But I don't understand your condition. I recommend you to try Sicily."

"I can't try," said poor Ralph; "I can't move further. I can't face that journey. Fancy me between Scylla and Charybdis! I don't want to die in the Sicilian plains—to be snatched away, like Prosperine in the same locality, to the Plutonian shades."

"What the deuce then did you come for?" his lordship inquired.

"Because the idea took me. I see it won't do. It really doesn't matter where I am now. I've exhausted all remedies, I've swallowed all climates. As I'm here I'll stay; I haven't got any cousins in Sicily."

"Your cousin is certainly an inducement. But what does the doctor say?"

"I haven't asked him, and I don't care a fig. If I die here Mrs. Osmond will bury me. But I shall not die here."

"I hope not." Lord Warburton continued to smoke reflectively. "Well, I must say," he resumed, "for myself I am very glad you don't go to Sicily. I had a horror of that journey."

"Ah, but for you it needn't have mattered. I had no idea of dragging you in my train."

"I certainly didn't mean to let you go alone."

"My dear Warburton, I never expected you to come further than this," Ralph cried.

"I should have gone with you and seen you settled," said Lord Warburton.

"You are a very good fellow. You are very kind."

"Then I should have come back here."

"And then you would have gone to England."

"No, no; I should have stayed."

"Well," said Ralph, "if that's what we are both up to, I don't see where Sicily comes in!"

His companion was silent; he sat staring at the fire. At last, looking up—

"I say, tell me this," he broke out; "did you really mean to go to Sicily when we started?"

"*Ah, vous m'en demandez trop!* Let me put a question first. Did you come with me quite—platonically?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. I wanted to come abroad."

"I suspect we have each been playing our little game."

"Speak for yourself. I made no secret whatever of my wanting to be here a while."

"Yes, I remember you said you wished to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"I have seen him three times; he is very amusing."

"I think you have forgotten what you came for," said Ralph.

"Perhaps I have," his companion answered, rather gravely.

These two gentlemen were children of a race which is not distinguished by the absence of reserve, and they had travelled together from London to Rome without an allusion to matters that were uppermost in the mind of each. There was an old subject that they had once discussed, but it had lost its recognised place in their attention, and even after their arrival in Rome, where many things led back to it, they had kept the same half-diffident, half-confident silence.

"I recommend you to get the doctor's consent, all the same," Lord Warburton went on, abruptly, after an interval.

"The doctor's consent will spoil it; I never have it when I can help it!"

"What does Mrs. Osmond think?"

"I have not told her. She will probably say that Rome is too cold, and even offer to go with me to Catania. She is capable of that."

"In your place I should like it."

"Her husband won't like it."

"Ah well, I can fancy that; though it seems to me you are not bound to mind it. It's his affair."

"I don't want to make any more trouble between them," said Ralph.

"Is there so much already?"

"There's complete preparation for it. Her going off with me would make the explosion. Osmond isn't fond of his wife's cousin."

"Then of course he would make a row. But won't he make a row if you stop here?"

"That's what I want to see. He made one the last time I was in Rome, and then I thought it my duty to go away. Now I think it's my duty to stop and defend her."

"My dear Touchett, your defensive powers—" Lord Warburton began, with a smile. But he saw something in his companion's face that checked him. "Your duty, in these premises,

seems to me rather a nice question," he said.

Ralph for a short time answered nothing.

"It is true that my defensive powers are small," he remarked at last; "but as my aggressive ones are still smaller, Osmond may, after all, not think me worth his gunpowder. At any rate," he added, "there are things I am curious to see."

"You are sacrificing your health to your curiosity then?"

"I am not much interested in my health, and I am deeply interested in Mrs. Osmond."

"So am I. But not as I once was," Lord Warburton added quickly. This was one of the allusions he had not hitherto found occasion to make.

"Does she strike you as very happy?" Ralph inquired, emboldened by this confidence.

"Well, I don't know; I have hardly thought. She told me the other night that she was happy."

"Ah, she told *you*, of course," Ralph exclaimed, smiling.

"I don't know that. It seems to me I was rather the sort of person she might have complained to."

"Complain? She will never complain. She has done it, and she knows it. She will complain to you least of all. She is very careful."

"She needn't be. I don't mean to make love to her again."

"I am delighted to hear it; there can be no doubt at least of *your* duty!"

"Ah no," said Lord Warburton, gravely; "none!"

"Permit me to ask," Ralph went on, "whether it is to bring out the fact that you don't mean to make love to her that you are so very civil to the little girl?"

Lord Warburton gave a slight start; he got up and stood before the fire, blushing a little.

"Does that strike you as very ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous? Not in the least, if you really like her."

"I think her a delightful little person. I don't know when a girl of that age has pleased me more."

"She's extremely pleasing. Ah, she at least is genuine."

"Of course there's the difference in our ages—more than twenty years."

"My dear Warburton," said Ralph, "are you serious?"

"Perfectly serious—as far as I've got."

"I'm very glad. And, heaven help us," cried Ralph, "how tickled Gilbert Osmond will be."

His companion frowned.

"I say, don't spoil it. I shan't marry his daughter to please him."

"He will have the perversity to be pleased all the same."

"He's not so fond of me as that," said his lordship.

"As that? My dear Warburton, the drawback of your position is that people needn't be fond of you at all to wish to be connected with you. Now, with me in such a case, I should have the happy confidence that they loved me."

Lord Warburton seemed scarcely to be in the mood for doing justice to

general axioms; he was thinking of a special case.

"Do you think she'll be pleased?"

"The girl herself? Delighted, surely."

"No, no; I mean Mrs. Osmond."

Ralph looked at him a moment.

"My dear fellow, what has she to do with it?"

"Whatever she chooses. She is very fond of the girl."

"Very true—very true." And Ralph slowly got up. "It's an interesting question—how far her fondness for the girl will carry her." He stood there a moment with his hands in his pockets, with a rather sombre eye. "I hope, you know, that you are very—very sure— The deuce!" he broke off, "I don't know how to say it."

"Yes, you do; you know how to say everything."

"Well, it's awkward. I hope you are sure that among Miss Osmond's merits her being a—so near her step-mother isn't a leading one?"

"Good heavens, Touchett!" cried Lord Warburton, angrily, "for what do you take me?"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTION FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

IN the discussions which occasionally take place on the subject of Subscription, several points have appeared to me to receive less consideration than they deserve, and there are some important topics which seem to be passed over unnoticed. On several of these I propose in the present paper to offer a few remarks, and possibly what I have to say may have the effect of calling attention to these neglected parts of the general subject.

What is meant by Subscription is no doubt familiar enough to all. It is not so clearly understood that others, besides the clergy of the Church of England, are affected by the same thing under a different name;—that is to say, that the Nonconformist ministers are, for the most part (though not universally), as much under the same restrictions as to doctrinal belief, and freedom of discussion, as the national clergy. How this comes to pass it is easy to point out. The Methodist Conference, for example, exercises a careful supervision over all candidates for the Wesleyan ministry, and requires them virtually to engage to believe and preach according to the teaching of Wesley's Sermons and Notes on the New Testament. And this is no imaginary restriction. What Wesleyan minister would have ventured to speak out as Canon Farrar has done on the subject of Eternal Punishment? The result of such speaking, it is well understood, would be, as it has been, expulsion from the body, and the loss of the privileges of ministerial position.

Similarly among the Congregationalists there are such things as trust deeds, with schedules of doctrine at the foot, to which it is required that the minister shall conform his preach-

ing. The model deed of the Chapel Building Society in that denomination is well known; and it is probably correct to say that no new chapel is erected at the present day, with the aid of that Society, without care being taken that only such and such doctrines shall be preached in the new pulpit as are considered by the managers of the Society to be Christian and orthodox. The Huddersfield Chapel case, lately before the courts of law, is a case in point. It well shows how stringently such restrictions may be made to operate—and a doctrinal schedule is not the only form in which they appear. The consequence is that a minister who deviates even a little in his ministrations from the Trust conditions, may be expelled from his pulpit by process of law. Nothing worse can happen to a clergyman; and it is clear, therefore, that the Nonconformist who is under such trammels, exposed, we may say, to the theological dictation of a body of chapel builders, or a chapel committee of perhaps ill-informed persons, is in no way exempt from "control" of a galling and offensive kind—certainly no more exempt than the clergyman who is amenable to his bishop, or the law courts.

It is an easy inference from all this that, in any measure for the relief of the clergy in the matter of Subscription, the similar case of the Nonconformists should not be forgotten. It would be a fair and appropriate return for the long-continued exertions of the Liberation Society that whatever may be possible should be done for the release of Nonconformist ministers from the "control," if not from the "patronage," of conferences, schedules of doctrine in chapel deeds, and

inquisitorial deacons and chapel committees.

A second point which deserves grave consideration, and one not usually brought forward in these discussions, is this—how far it is *right* in any man (supposing him to have the power) to impose upon another a specific confession or profession of religious belief, enforcing it so as to make it essential to the enjoyment of certain pecuniary and other advantages. In general terms, it would, I should think, be admitted without argument, that no man is possessed of any natural right to exercise such authority or control over another. This position may be illustrated from the case of a father and his son—one of the closest of the ties which can exist between two human beings, one in which authority and affection on the one side, respect and confidence on the other, may be assumed to exist in as pure and disinterested a form as can be well conceived. The question is, Will it be morally right in the father, well aware as he must be of the fallibility of his own judgment, to make use of the advantage which his position gives him, either with or without the son's consent, to bind the latter to say "I assent and believe," "I will continue to assent and believe," to bind and pledge him to do this by attaching to it a valuable pecuniary interest? Unquestionably, such a proceeding on the father's side would be wrong. It would be even morally wrong, and this from several points of view, into which I do not consider it necessary to enter in detail—necessary at least for any thoughtful, earnest reader.

But if the proceeding be wrong in the case supposed, can it be right in any other, as in that of a sovereign and his subjects, a legislature and those for whom it makes laws, or a chapel committee or a ruling Church body and a minister? This question too must surely be answered in the negative. When, therefore, Queen Elizabeth and the statesmen of her time set up our

existing National Church, prescribing its belief as they did, and dictating the very words of praise and prayer that should be used by its ministers—words which necessarily imply the profession of very definite doctrinal beliefs—and permitting of no deviation whatever from the prescribed forms—when they did this, they were exercising only a usurped and illegitimate authority. Their proceeding may indeed find some justification in the circumstances and beliefs of the age, much as the laws relating to witchcraft may be thought to do. But nevertheless, as in the case of those laws, the course taken was founded in error. It was essentially inconsistent with a high morality. The authority exercised could not, by the nature of the case, really belong to those who exercised it, any more than it would be possible that the faculty of thinking in a given man should be taken away from him and made the property of another person.

When men disobey a natural law, even in ignorance, and act habitually in neglect of it, this is usually followed by some penal consequence. It is so in the case of nations and legislatures, and it is so in the case before us. Witness, generation after generation of disquiet in the Church, the multiplication of sects, the alienation on religious grounds of large classes of the nation from each other. Such are and have been the consequences of the Church policy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the uniformity of national faith on which it tried to insist having hitherto proved to be the most vain and visionary of ends. And so it was in the more terrible case of witchcraft. The unnatural laws founded upon that belief, and the untold miseries which resulted from them, gave dreadful testimony to the falsehood and wrong involved in the ideas upon which they were based.

If then, to pursue our main idea, the *animus imponentis* could have no right to impose, can it be right in the subject mind to submit to the imposi-

tion, and to forego that natural and sacred privilege of liberty of thought which, quite as much as any of the bodily senses, belongs to each man as a human being—to give this up, in a certain sense, at the command or to the disposal of another? This question too, I should think, few persons of clear and healthy mental vision will answer in the affirmative; and so, I venture to add, the entire system of imposition and subscription of creeds and articles of faith is demonstrably wrong and out of date, and ought to be got rid of as soon as may be.

But then, the creeds and articles exist; and subscription to them is required, and must be given and is given—voluntarily given—by those who minister in the Church. The question of questions remains, What does it mean? What does it involve in the way of promise and engagement? This has been abundantly discussed, and that, too, quite recently and from different points of view. I would add to the discussion the following consideration, which appears to me to be one of the greatest importance. I refer to the relation which exists between the Subscribing clergy and the general public.

The nation at large must be held to constitute the body of the National Church, of which the clergy are the ministers. By the will of the nation the Church exists—so far, that is to say, as it is in the exclusive possession of the national endowments and various connected privileges. The public has therefore a direct interest as of right, not only in the services of the clergy, but also in what they assent to and profess to believe and to act upon as teachers of the people. When, therefore, a clergyman “assents” to the Articles, and says that he believes the “doctrine” they contain to be “agreeable to the Word of God,” he does not say this in any abstract kind of way, as if for his own sake only. He says it to the nation, which is thus in effect a party

with him in this joint contract. It is therefore a question to be asked, What do people in general understand him to mean?

If, at the time, he makes no sort of open qualification or reservation, as to the particular sense in which he assents and believes, he may reasonably be held to do so in the obvious and popular sense of the words to which he subscribes. It cannot be questioned that in the estimation of the great mass, not only of those who may hear him in church, but of the whole nation, he does so; and that he assents to and undertakes to believe and to use the words of Articles and Services in their ordinary and unqualified sense. When, then, time after time, he repeats, “I believe,” in the Creeds, as, for example, the Article of the Incarnation, in the words “conceived of the Holy Ghost,”—when he uses expressions which distinctly imply his own consent to them, as in telling his congregation that “without doubt” they shall “perish everlastingly” if they do not hold and keep the Athanasian Creed,—when he says, in the Baptismal Service, that the child is “regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ,” and delivered from God’s “wrath,” by the rite performed—in all this people do, and will, and ought to understand his words according to their obvious meaning. Is he, then, at liberty to go away from his reading-desk, and by virtue of an address or lecture, a tract or pamphlet, or an article in a magazine, or even by a private conversation with his bishop, to put his own private construction upon the words he has used, and so to exonerate himself from the assent and belief which he has professed before the nation and in the sight of God? There is something in this kind of proceeding which, to say the least, is questionable and unsatisfactory. It seems to come too near to double dealing, and this in matters of a very sacred character, in which sincerity and straightforwardness should be eminently conspicuous. It

looks too like making a contract in one sense and keeping it in another, in a way and to a degree which could not be permitted in the ordinary transactions of common life.

The case would be bad enough if there were no personal interests involved. It becomes a dreadfully bad case when it is remembered, and it is impossible to forget, that very large personal interests are involved. Those who show themselves anxious to qualify and explain away the words they have used, and to prove that they mean either very little, or something different from what is commonly supposed, are, in effect, defending themselves in the possession of great and substantial advantages. I am far from wishing to impute mercenary motives; but there are multitudes in the country who are not so scrupulous. It is evident, at any rate, that it is at least an unhappy feature in the position of affairs that personal interests of an important kind are so intimately bound up with, and dependent upon the assent and belief which are first professed, and then so considerably qualified or nullified.

The case is one which can hardly fail to exercise an unfavourable influence upon the national morality. By many it will be interpreted in the worst sense that can be put upon it, and will be held to warrant the assertion that the religious guides and teachers of the people are not so delicately sensitive and disinterested in this matter of Subscription or their defence of it as they ought to be.

I speak thus plainly on this point, because I wish to set forth what appears to amount to a most cogent reason for sweeping away and getting rid of a system which exposes multitudes of excellent men to ungracious and painful reflections of the kind just referred to.

A similar line of objection may be taken, as I have before noticed, in reference to the position of Nonconformist ministers, pledged and fettered as most of them are by schedules of doc-

trine to which they are legally bound to conform, or by doctrinal conditions imposed by chapel committees and conferences. The force of the objection must be fully allowed. There is no more to be said in defence of the pledging and binding of Nonconformist ministers than of so treating the national clergy. Clearly they ought all to be free men; free to think and to speak what they believe to be the truth; and it is unworthy of the nation and unworthy of the sects and churches to require their religious teachers to stand before the world in any other character; and, let me add, it is unworthy of clergymen and ministers alike to submit to it. They ought all to "strike"!

Another point to notice is that explanations and qualifications which have been offered as to the import of assent and belief, elaborate as they sometimes are, are not found to be very happy, when actually applied to the doctrinal statements in reference to which they are made. A man assents to the Articles, but, we are told, he need not believe them, at least as they stand. As Mr. Haweis has expressed it, he accepts their "substance," but not necessarily their "form."¹ He has (or claims) the right to distinguish between *form* and *substance*. Apply this to a particular case, as, for example, the Fourth Article. In this we read, "Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again His body, with flesh, bones, and all things pertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until He return to judge all men at the last day." The "substance" of this is, that Christ went up to heaven with His material body, there to remain till He return to the earth at the last day. The subscribing clergyman "assents" to this; but does he believe it? In many cases, no doubt, he does so; in others most probably he does not, at least not in its obvious sense. He rejects the

¹ *Contemporary Review*, February, 1881.

"form," and takes only the "substance;" in other words, he puts his own private meaning into the words, and understands them as he will. How far then does this liberty extend? May the subscriber go even so far as to put a negative to the words "went up," and read them, "went not up"? But, however this may be, it must be noted that the right of private interpretation thus exercised is arbitrarily assumed. The subscribing clergyman is nowhere authorised to take the words in any but the literal sense. And how indeed could "diversities of opinions" be avoided, and "consent touching true religion" secured (the very ends for which the Articles were drawn up),¹ if every man were to be free to put his own interpretation upon them?

The question remains, Can a man truthfully *assent* to what he does not *believe*, in the case of distinct propositions such as the above? Yes, Mr. Haweis has told us, in his illustrations from the child's picture-book, and from the case of republicans living under a monarchy. These illustrations, it must be confessed, are singular, and perhaps a little below the dignity of the subject. Unfortunately, too, the cases are not very helpful to the purpose for which they are brought forward. A man "assents" to the use of pictures unnaturally coloured, because they please a child, and he does not believe in the colours. But then he does not repeatedly *say* that he believes in them. A republican also who lives under a monarchy, assents to it without believing in it. But *does* he even assent to it? And at all events again, if he be a sincere and straightforward man, he will refrain from *saying* that he believes in it. In this respect his case is surely quite a different one from that of the clergyman who virtually *says* very emphatically that he both assents to the Articles and believes in them.

¹ See the "heading" of 1629, with "His Majesty's Declaration" attached. *Interleaved Prayer-Book*, p. 365.

And what is it that he says he believes about them? It is that their doctrine is "agreeable to the Word of God." But this surely is only another way of saying he believes that their doctrine is *true*; for is not "the Word of God" to be considered as the highest truth?

When, again, it is held, as by Mr. Voysey² and others, that the *legal* is the measure of the moral obligation as regards assent and belief, this may be admitted. But then it is to be remembered, the law when appealed to has held that the obvious sense of the formularies, qualified in due measure by the historical considerations which bear upon their interpretation, is *the* sense in which the clergy are bound to receive their statements. Surely this has been established in recent years by the case of Mr. Voysey himself, and of others who might be named. Was he not deprived because he was found to have departed from the obvious grammatical and historical sense? This, therefore, is clearly the *legal* sense in which the Articles should be assented to and the Creeds believed, and other formularies used; and there is nowhere any provision for relieving a subscriber from this sense, or allowing him to introduce a meaning which he finds more suitable to his own state of mind. If it be said that until the law has pronounced in each given case, no meaning is defined, and therefore it is allowable to take the Articles, &c., in a man's own, it may be non-natural, sense: obviously, it may be replied, this is straining the right of private interpretation beyond its legal limit. The law, so far as it has pronounced at all, does not give an unlimited licence, but requires the plain (historical) sense to be put upon the documents. This fact cannot but be well known to all concerned, even from such cases as those of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Heath. One, therefore, who goes beyond this, that is, who interprets in some wider or

² *Modern Review*, January, 1881.

private and artificial sense of his own, evidently does not allow the law to define for him the moral obligation, but is simply following the arbitrary devices and desires of his own judgment. He is over-riding or neglecting the law.

It is held, however, that some sort of enforced Subscription is *necessary*, and must continue to be so. Thus Mr. Sarson¹ points out that "if we come together to worship God . . . it must be because we believe something about Him." And again, "if people believe anything definite, it must be well both for themselves and for the truth's sake that they should say what it is." Quite so. Let every man have liberty to say freely what he believes true; but do not let him be compelled to say as other people believe, or have believed, whether he personally believes it or not! And yet no doubt Mr. Sarson is right in holding that there must be some basis of common belief and sentiment on which the Church shall stand, by virtue of which its constituent members shall cohere together and form one worshipping body. But is it really necessary that the "something" to be thus admitted shall be so complicated and unmanageable, so fettering and ensnaring to private thought on many subjects, as the Creeds and Articles of the Church of England, or their equivalent, a chapel schedule of Calvinistic doctrines? If no person has, or ever had, or could have, the *right* to impose his own views of divine truths upon another, it would seem to be the wisest course to fall back upon something that is simpler, something which all religious men would be willing to accept, and which too it may be less difficult to find, than might at first sight appear. Christ has nowhere sought to impose dogmas upon his followers, but usually acted, in fact, in a very different spirit.² Might we not seek to imitate

this example and go back to "something" which should express the same broad and just spirit—as, for example, to those sentences from the two Testaments which form the introduction to Morning and Evening Prayer, which it can hardly be doubted that religious men of every name would accept, and heartily "assent" to and even "believe"—would accept, I mean, in the sense of including them, whatever *more* each man might separately hold for himself and within his own private thought?

As the world grows older and wiser, it cannot be doubted, minute, historical, metaphysical definitions of doctrine will become more and more distasteful, not only to laymen, but also to the clergy; and it will only be on some broad basis of a simple and practical kind that thoughtful men will be willing to unite together in a common church. Indeed, may it not be held that the simple *desire to worship*—the simple desire to unite with fellow-men in the worship of the Divine Father—is basis *enough*? This, too, implies a creed, though it be not definitely formulated—a creed of the most deep and searching importance. Why should we trouble ourselves to set up any other? Especially why call in Acts of Parliament or of Convocation, or Assemblies or Conferences, to devise for us elaborate and complicated forms of dogma, about which hardly any two persons are found to agree, and which have been and will be a constant source of disquiet and controversy within the churches?

Such a basis as that now suggested would naturally allow liberty of judgment in regard to theological doctrines and the interpretation of Scripture. It would thus encourage sincerity of thought and thoroughness of discussion; and these could only be favourable in the long run to the cause of truth. Men might, indeed, still differ from each other, and would therefore probably group themselves into congregations and churches, much as at present. This they would do even by

¹ *Modern Review*, January, 1881.

² See Matthew vii. 21; John xiii. 34, 35; Mark xii. 23-34.

virtue of the freedom of movement, and of speech which ministers and people would possess. So, too, the present and the future would be largely released from all undue bondage to the past, which, it should surely be remembered, really knew less on almost every conceivable subject than is known in these later times. Why, then, should the men of our day be required to "assent" and "believe," to pledge themselves to assent and believe, just as people did in the sixteenth, or seventeenth, or even the eighteenth, or any other century? The proceeding seems absurd on the face of it, and could be tolerated in no possible subject of human knowledge, except theology. But in the field of theology such a course is especially unreasonable, for is not the Divine Spirit, even in this present age, revealing to us, year after year, more and more of the ways and wonders of His doings? Yet we, short-sighted mortals as we are, have shut ourselves up within our creeds, and articles, and trust deeds, and confessions of faith, in such a way that we cannot receive even the divinest message with free and open minds!

But this will come to an end in time. It will do so all the sooner, if the clergy and the Nonconformist ministers, who are now under the bondage of Subscription and chapel orthodoxy, would but work and speak aloud and openly, as indeed some few of them do, for this result. The nation would

respond to their call, if any considerable number of them would only hold it up faithfully as a great object to be aimed at by men who are free, honest, and devout. In this way they could not fail to bring about the much-needed change from uncomfortable restraint to reasonable liberty. But such a change, it is safe to say, will not be reached by the course which is now so much pursued. Subscription, with its equivalents, will not be abolished by simply submitting to it and excusing it, and proving carefully how little it may mean; by going on, year after year, erecting new chapels with stringent schedules attached to them, and accepting these old relics of past belief, too often of past ignorance or intolerance, as if they were a direct revelation from Heaven itself.

It is much to be hoped that coming years will see a wiser and braver spirit more widely prevail, and a stand made at last, not by isolated individuals here and there, but by some considerable number of those concerned against the demand made upon them to assent and believe just as a past generation has been pleased to prescribe to them. For, disguise it as we may, this, and just this, is now the position; and the sooner it is put an end to the better—the better for the nation, for the cause of religion, and for the credit of our common Christianity.

VANCE SMITH.

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.

RECENT events bring the social condition of the Russian people once more prominently before us, and in the present disorganised state of the empire it becomes a question of some importance, What is the influence of the Russian Church on public opinion? It suggests the larger question, What is the normal influence, under ordinary circumstances, of the clergy on the social life of the Russian people? What is it compared with the influence of the English clergy on English society?

The Church of England and the Church of Russia have much in common. Whatever may be the existing differences, doctrinal or formal, in the two ecclesiastical establishments, there are also many points of contact, among which may be mentioned the national character of the two Churches, their common protest against Rome, their conflicts with dissent, and their difficulties in relation to State interference, so as to steer clear of sacerdotalism on the one hand, and Erastianism on the other. As in this country, so in Russia, the early history of the nation is inseparably connected with the history of the Church; and the lives of the patriarchs of Moscow, like those of the archbishops of Canterbury, are closely bound up with the life of the nation. Russia has had its Henry VIII. in Ivan the Terrible, its Cardinal Wolsey in the patriarch Nikon.

So, too, the changes in the relations of Church and State introduced by Peter the Great, bear—*mutatis mutandis*—a striking resemblance to the ecclesiastical policy of Queen Elizabeth. The subordination of the spiritual to the secular power has been rendered comparatively easy in Russia because of the Byzantine origin and traditions

of the Russian Church, and, at a later period, its fear of the aggressions of Rome. Thus it has happened that the bishops and clergy of the Russian Church have been mainly the supporters, rarely the independent antagonists, of the State power. During the ages of chivalry in Russia, as in the rest of Europe, the country received invaluable aid from the Church at critical moments. The ancient monasteries were the fortresses whence issued the Monks of St. Basil, in a holy crusade both against the Tartar domination and the invasion of the Poles; wars of independence were waged by the "black clergy," rather than the Boyards.

In more modern times, again, it was religious fervour which repelled the invasion of the army of Napoleon, whilst at the present moment the Panslavonic enthusiasm of the people receives its chief impetus from religious mysticism and the patriotic zeal of the Russian clergy.

This intimate relationship of Church and State has, however, corresponding disadvantages. In securing perfect independence from the Rome on the Tiber and the Rome on the Bosphorus, by a too ready subserviency to the Imperial power, the Church lost her liberty. A century after her independence from Constantinople was secured, the Patriarchate of Moscow was abolished by Imperial authority. The creation of the Holy Synod in its place practically put the Czar at the head of the Church. Thus, when Peter the Great was asked to restore the office, he cried, "I am your patriarch;" and when he threw down his hunting-knife on the table with the words, "There is your patriarch!" he by a typical act ratified the subjection of the Church, and its

degradation to a department of the Imperial service. To this, in part, may be attributed the loss of dignity and social consideration suffered by the bulk of the Russian clergy. But Peter also lowered the position of "ecclesiastical persons," by preventing men of rank and station from entering the Church, to secure their services in other departments of the State; thus leaving parishes to be served by men of low extraction, mean attainments, and coarse habits. The clerical office became hereditary to all intents and purposes, thus reducing the ministry to a caste system, and speedily producing a clerical proletariat, which has been falling ever since in public estimation, till it has lost what little social influence it once possessed. As in England, before the Danish and Norman invasions, the higher class of clergy were attracted by the monasteries, whilst the parochial priests formed an inferior order, so in Russia the "black clergy" have always monopolised the wealth and education of the Church, whilst the village priests have been dependent mainly on the offerings of the people, augmented by the exaction of fees for the performance of sacred functions. This in many cases has been little less than extortion, as when Christian burial has been withheld, until the exorbitant demands of the officiating priest were satisfied, or where a peasant, begging the parish priest to make haste to apply extreme unction to his dying child, is refused until the poor man promises to give him his best goose, or his only sucking-pig. Such traffic in sacred things has led to a popular saying, that "the priest takes from the living and the dead," whilst stories of folklore even contain allusions to the grasping spirit of the country clergy. One of these is given in full by Mr. Ralston in his *Russian Folk-tales*.

Here we have a reverend father refusing to bury an old man's wife.

"Lend a hand, reverend father, to get my old woman buried."

"But have you got the money to pay for the funeral? pay up beforehand."

The money is not forthcoming, and the priest remains inexorable. In his despair the old man digs a grave, and lo and behold he finds a treasure deep down in the earth. Delighted, he runs to the pope with a ducat in his hand.

"Here's gold for you. If you'll only bury my old woman, I'll never forget your kindness."

The pope takes the money.

"Well now, old friend! Be of good cheer; everything shall be done," says he.

At the funeral feast he eat enough for three people, and "looked greedily at what was not his."

After this, when all have departed, the pope worms out the secret of the poor man's lately discovered treasure, and fixes on the following stratagem to possess himself of it.

"Listen, mother," he says to his wife, "we've a goat, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"All right then; we'll wait till it's night, and then we'll do the job properly!"

The goat is killed, and the skin, with horns and beard, taken off. The pope pulls the goatskin over himself and says to his wife—

"Bring the needle and thread, mother, and fasten up the skin all round, so that it mayn't slip off."

This done he makes off for the poor man's cottage, and makes a noise by means of knocking and scratching under the window. The old man jumps up and inquires—

"Who's there?"

"The devil."

"Ours is a holy spot!" cries the peasant, and begins to cross himself and to pray.

"Listen, old man," says the pope. "From me thou wilt not escape, although thou may'st pray, and cross thyself; much better give me back my pot of money, otherwise I'll make thee pay for it."

The old man, looking out of the

window, sees the goat's horns and beard, and believes it to be the devil himself.

He flings the pot of money out of window, and the pope seizes it and hastens homewards.

The story ends with poetic justice.

"Come," says he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goatskin off me before any one sees it."

She does so, and blood comes out of the seam, and the pope howls—

"Oh! it hurts, mother, it hurts!"

Don't cut, mother, don't cut!"

She tries in another place, the same result, and the goatskin cleaves to the greedy priest all the days of his life. This shows in what light the parish priest must have been regarded by his villagers at one time or another to give rise to such a legend at all. It is not the only one of its kind.

Such traditional disrespect towards the clergy is not easily rooted out. The monastic clergy being by reason of their vows debarred from social intercourse, and the secular clergy having lost almost entirely that social consideration among the ruling classes which is enjoyed by the clergy of other countries, it follows that clerical influence on social life has been almost reduced to a cypher. There are, no doubt, many honourable exceptions, and the Government has been for some time endeavouring to raise the condition of the parish priests materially and mentally, whilst the Pan Slavist party and others have sought to awaken feelings of reverence and regard for the National Church for national purposes.

There are not wanting "poor priests" who in their quiet, gentle way, manage to endear themselves to the hearts of their simple parishioners, and to hold up a standard of comfort, order, and domestic decency in the most backward country-places. Nor are there wanting honourable exceptions of well-informed and even

highly-cultured secular priests who have obtained a high position in the ecclesiastical seminaries and academies within the last quarter of a century, as in the case of Dr. Yanycheff and others. A silent revolution is no doubt preparing in the Russian Church, but its progress is slow. Thus in 1862 a society of friends of spiritual enlightenment was formed in Moscow, and ten years later a similar association, in St. Petersburg, with a Grand Duke at its head, for the purpose of reviving Church life. In the programme the fact is acknowledged with regret that "the clergy have assumed the position and habits of a caste, whilst the Russian Church is exposed to the attacks of an alleged lifelessness altogether opposed to the nature of the Orthodox faith." The association consisted of forty members, of whom one-seventh only were clergymen. It helped in bringing about a *rapprochement* with the Old Catholics and Anglicans, but its present activity appears to be very limited.

This fact is easily accounted for. The religious apathy of the nobles, and the spread of scepticism among the educated classes generally, foster the feeling of irreverence for religion and its representatives, and this necessarily reacts unfavourably on the character of the clergy. Excluded as they are from the circle of the cultured classes, they seek compensation in isolated self-indulgence, and relapse into semi-barbarism, satisfied if they can impress the masses by the exhibition of an elaborate ceremonial, but utterly incapable of exercising that superior moral force and intellectual ascendancy over the minds and hearts of the people, in the absence of which the clergy become simply a body of religious functionaries, despised by the higher and dreaded by the lower orders of society, and thus failing entirely in the spiritual leadership of the nation.

The Russian Church may be considered, therefore, as in a state of

arrested development; and, viewed in this light, there are not a few lessons to be learned from its past history and present condition.

In the inexperience and shortcomings of less matured individuals around us, we see reflected our own "dead selves," and in not a few cases may learn silently to correct some consequences of past errors, and detect tendencies still exercising a baneful influence, or threatening to do so in the future. Similar lessons may be learned by a Church further advanced than its sister, and now in full possession of those gifts which enable it to exercise a wholesome and powerful influence on the mind and life of the nation.

Now there are five points of criticism of this kind which the present characteristics and shortcomings of the Russian Church suggest to our mind. Unlike the five points of Calvinism, these are of a negative character, and may be expressed in the following five terms—Inconsistency, Inadaptability, Incompetency, Immobility, and Inactivity, by which we mean the personal inconsistency of the great bulk of the clergy, which retards the elevation of the masses; an inadaptability to their social environments, which precludes them, by reason of their rigid ecclesiasticism, from becoming a real force in society; intellectual incompetency, in consequence of faulty and insufficient training, which prevents their becoming the educators of the people; reactionary immobility, which becomes a serious impediment to social progress; and last, but by no means least, the inactivity and want of expansive power in missions of Christian philanthropy, which arises from a sense of ineptitude or the indifference of despair—in short, the absence of that dynamic force of spiritual life which alone can preserve a nation from internal corruption.

It is worth our while to dwell briefly on each of these points in particular.

1. Like the Roman Church before the Reformation, so the Russian Church is most corrupt in country districts. What Carlyle says of the rapacity of the French Church immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution is true here too—namely, that "our Church stands haltered, dumb, like a dumb ox; lowing only for provender (of tithes); content if it can have that; or with dumb stupor, expecting its further doom." It represents a system of imposts and fiscal finesse. It levies even blackmail on dissent, receiving bribes in consideration of abstinence from fanatical persecution. The manners and mutual relations of the clergy, so far from being a pattern to their flock, are, in many instances, characterised by brutal vulgarity and cringing obsequiousness. Count Tolstoi, in a report to the Emperor on matters connected with the Russian Church, mentions intemperance and unmannerly conduct towards one another and their flocks, among the chief faults of the clergy which bring disgrace on the clerical profession. Scenes of clerical life describing the social influences of the different varieties of the English country parson, as we see them depicted in the pages of George Eliot, in the gentle touches of Jane Austen, or even in the more satirical delineations of Anthony Trollope, are not to be found in Russian books of fiction. If we meet, as we do but seldom, with any allusion to the life of the clergy, they are introduced either in the character of Gretna Green divines as promoters of illicit marriages—as, for example, in the last chapter of Tourgenieff's *Virgin Soil*—or as the abettors of violent Nihilists, at war with existing society, as in Tchernychevsky's novel entitled *Que faire?*

Or worse still, we see them depicted in the character of ordinary village priests, with unpleasant personal peculiarities and coarse habits which make it difficult for members of society to treat them as on an equality with them—

selves, though showing the ordinary respect due to their office.

In a well-known story by Tour-génieff describing provincial life in Russia, entitled *Une Nichee de Gentils-hommes*, a gruff, unmannerly priest is introduced, who, after officiating at a domestic service, is invited to take tea. He behaves very much as Dr. Johnson is described as behaving after his fifteenth or sixteenth cup at Mrs. Thrale's, without displaying, however, the wit and resource of the great lexicographer, and before leaving, favours his hearers with an infallible recipe against freckles.

Numerous other instances might be cited from popular Russian writers, giving similar and worse descriptions of the country clergy, and their characteristics as types of social life.

It is useless to dwell on the influence of such men on the manners and morals of the people. No wonder that the parish priest becomes the laughingstock of the nobles,¹ and is shunned like a Buddhist priest by the common people, so that meeting one by the roadside is considered a bad omen. His intercourse with the great is generally restricted to an annual visit of ceremony when he comes to bless the mansions of his parishioners and to receive his dues, though not always permitted to see the face of the master of the house. His visits to the poor are confined to professional calls, which not unfrequently end in drinking-bouts; but, under ordinary circumstances, priestly visits are decidedly unwelcome.

2. Again, in a country of excessive officialism (the whole of Russia has been compared to a large garrison), and where, moreover, the union of Cæsarism and Clericalism is complete,

¹ Mr. Wallace mentions the case of one "who was ducked in the pond on a cold winter day for the amusement of the proprietor and his guests"; and of another, "who, having neglected to take off his hat as he passed the proprietor's house, was put into a barrel and rolled down a hill into the river."
—Wallace, *Russia*, vol. i. p. 93.

the ministers of religion naturally form a clerical bureaucracy, and in their professional seclusion fail to adapt themselves to the exigencies of social life. A prominent lay-writer in this country is allowed, from his well-known regard for the Established Church, to address a body of clergy in the metropolis, and shows on that occasion, in a very able and sympathetic paper, that the Church of England is, and ought to be, a national institution for the promotion of righteousness. Such a thing is impossible in Russia. For a *littérateur* of Mr. Matthew Arnold's standing and accomplishments to address the clergy of St. Petersburg on a similar topic is an impossible thought. Russian society, sceptical to the core, has unfortunately a parochial clergy utterly incapable of putting itself into relation with the thinking portion of the community, a clergy among whom men of literature and men of the world alike have ceased to look for learning or moral elevation.² Neither in their writings nor in their ministrations, still less in social intercourse, are the Russian clergy as a body able, or apparently willing, to enter into the discussion of those problems of life and mind which border on religion. But the negation of the infinite leads inevitably to Nihilism; and philosophical Nihilism, in its practical application, ends in the disintegration of the social and moral life of the nation. In fact, the influence of the clergy at this momentous crisis is most unwholesome, it is that of the salt which has lost its savour.

3. A word now on the inefficiency or incompetency of the ordinary clergy. Illiterate themselves, furnished with scanty information picked up in ill-organised seminaries, they fail entirely as pioneers of culture among one of the most backward peasantries of modern Europe. The influence of a

² Among the black clergy there are, however, eminent writers, especially on Church history. The above remarks refer to the parochial clergy in town and country.

moderately educated clergy over rude people has been signally exemplified in the case of the Roman clergy, who conquered the conquerors, and became the sole civilising power during the incursion of the barbarians. The influence of a well-informed clergy in the country districts of Great Britain is another telling instance of civilising power in a Christian ministry. In vain do we look for a similar influence in Russia.

"God be thanked," a devout Russian layman is reported to have said, "the Eastern Church has never ruled that religious light and instruction are confined to the clergy!" It is a pity that what light there is is almost entirely confined to the laity, who themselves are only in the possession of refracted light from German and French sources. But an ignorant priesthood will of necessity put impediments in the way of intellectual advancement. Thus we find the reading of the Bible not forbidden indeed, yet at the same time not encouraged. Priest and people kiss the book reverentially, but otherwise neglect it. Cases have come under the notice of the present writer of copies of the Bible having been carefully wrapped up and put by in the houses of peasants with the remark, "Now, little mother, the good God cannot be hard on us when we have such a sacred treasure in the house." Religious ignorance accordingly reigns supreme. An instance, related by an English traveller, of a Russian peasant who, being asked if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, replied without hesitation, "Of course, it is the Saviour, the Mother of God, and Saint Nicholas the Miracle-worker,"—is by no means a very unusual exhibition of ignorance. Religion amounts in many cases to mere Czar-worship. "What kind of obedience do we owe to the Czar?" inquires the Catechism. Answer: "An entire, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view." The Czar, in short, is

"the infallible vicegerent of God Almighty." The devotions of the people are reduced to mechanical formulæ, there are no service books in which to follow the prayers of the Church, and sermons are seldom preached to appeal to their minds and consciences. The sight of a small prayer-book in the hand of a lady at mass causes much concern to an old-fashioned church-goer in one of Tourgénéïeff's novels: "What is she about?" he exclaims. "God forgive me! She must be a witch—or what?"

In the report on ecclesiastical matters by Count Tolstoi, already referred to—a rather portly volume—two pages only are occupied with preaching, where it says, however, very properly, that the religious and moral education of the people depends on Church schools and preaching in the first instance. Religious acts are regarded more in the light of magic incantations, and religious belief degenerates into debasing superstition. Faith in the wonder-working power of *icons* and sacred relics is unbounded.

Lest any of our readers should imagine this account of clerical deficiency, as the cause of popular ignorance, to be overdrawn, we give an extract from one of the latest productions of Tourgénéïeff, whose fidelity in describing the social conditions of his country is unquestioned, and whose novels are acknowledged to be most exact photographs of society.

He is describing a scene in church, and the conversation of the Pope (or priest) in the house afterwards. The passage occurs in the 7th chapter of Mr. Ashton Dilke's translation of *Virgin Soil*.

"Father Cyprian, a priest of the most reverend appearance, in full costume, read a most instructive sermon from a book; unfortunately the worthy father considered it necessary to bring in the names of certain Assyrian kings, over the pronunciation of which he became much embarrassed; and though he showed

off his learning, yet it cost him much perspiration."

On retiring to the house, Father Cyprian relates his conversation with the Bishop during the tour of the latter through the diocese.

"He is severe—very severe," affirmed Father Cyprian. "First asks one about one's parish, about matters generally, and then examines one. He turned to me, too, 'Which is the feast day of thy Church?' 'The Transfiguration of the Saviour,' I replied. 'Dost know the collect for that day?' 'Of course I know it.' 'Sing it.' Of course I began, 'Christ our God was transfigured on the mount,' &c. 'Stop! What is the Transfiguration, and how is one to interpret it?' 'Simply enough,' I answer; 'Christ wished to show His glory to His disciples.' 'Good!' he answered; 'here is an image for you in remembrance.' I fell at the Bishop's knees and thanked him; so I did not go away empty."

This is characteristic both of the implied ignorance of the village priest, and of his obsequiousness towards the monastic superior, his Ordinary. The effect of this on the minds of the higher classes, half-cultured themselves, *blasés*, and morally vitiated, is most pernicious, whilst students of science and the Modern Russian party, with its strong leanings towards realistic views of life, turn away disgusted from the teaching of a clergy whom they consider only as ignorant bores. The Nihilist conspirators mostly belong to this advanced section, and it is a notable fact that not one of them when condemned in former State trials, would have anything to do with the "comforts of religion," but scornfully rejected the offices of the Church in the extreme moment.

4. Incompetency and immobility are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. People deficient in mental power naturally relapse into the stationary condition of mental inaction. While conscious capacity is not afraid of ven-

turing out upon the high sea of discovery, timid incapacity prefers sailing along the coast, close under shelter of land. The stars of heaven are sufficient guidance for the former; a dim revolving light at the neighbouring station suffices for the latter. The Russian Church has all along preferred the dim religious light from that dilapidated watch-tower called Tradition. In its present chaotic state, with no independent head to guide its movements, and wanting the intellectual light of a superior clergy, it lacks the progressive flexibility of the Western Churches, where the paralysing hand of State despotism in the senate and the synod has not abruptly arrested self-development. Indolent repose and enforced immobility, are peculiar traits of Eastern thought and life; we are therefore prepared to find a strong conservative tendency pervading the Russian establishment. The stirring activity of the West has produced an opposite effect in ecclesiastical systems nearer home. With us, for example, at the present moment of high pressure, the restless activity of the country, in business, reacts on Church organisation, and produces much of the bustle and unrest in Church work which are at once signs of progress and symptoms of unhealthy excitement engendered thereby. What is encouraging in the fact is the parallel movement, *pari passu*, of the Church and the world in a similar direction, though that movement is surrounded by dangers of its own. "We may learn something," says Dean Stanley in his well-known lectures on the Eastern Church, "from the sight of a calm strength, reposing in the quietness and confidence of a treasure of hereditary belief." But we may learn another lesson, of the danger of relying too confidently on the immutability of a crystallised dogmatism, and of clinging too tenaciously to stereotyped symbolism and antiquated ceremonial. To preserve "the manners, dress, and speech of the days of the Patriarchs and Pha-

raods" in the nineteenth century, may, as a matter of archaic idiosyncrasy, be innocent enough. But the Russian Church does more than this—it refuses not only to turn its face to the light of modern criticism and discovery, but obstinately rejects all changes whatever, and attaches ridiculous importance to the merest trifles in its supreme horror of innovations.

Thus, in the fifteenth century, an Archbishop of Novgorod declared solemnly that those who repeat the word "Allelujah" only twice in certain parts of the Liturgy, "sing to their own damnation." Two centuries later, among the condemned innovations of Nikon it was an unpardonable sin to allow the established clergy to give the benediction with three fingers instead of two; and in the beginning of the last century it was gravely laid down that to smoke tobacco was a violation of the divine law, for it has been said that, "not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of a man defileth him."

The wearing of beards was even thought at one time essential to salvation, as the absence of beard appears among some ecclesiastical persons among ourselves to be part of a sublime symbolism. "Where," asks one of the patriarchs of Moscow, "will those who shave their chins stand in the last day?—among the righteous adorned with beards, or among the beardless heretics?" Where, indeed? This obstinate refusal of all change, and fixed determination never to leave the outworn grooves of obsolete usage is bringing about a complete divorce between the Church and the world, the clergy and the educated classes.

The symbolical act of excluding the laity from the sight even of the highest act of religion in the Holy Communion, marks the complete absence of communion of interest between priest and people in every-day life. Unable, because of their own ecclesiastical immobility, to stir up the turgid ignorance of the masses, and incapable

of keeping abreast with the rapid advance of modern civilisation in the ruling classes, the Russian clergy have become the ministers of a debased superstition to the one, and the object of dislike and derision to the other. Like the French clergy of the revolutionary epoch, they are hated by the philosophers with the *passion irréligieuse* on account of their ignorant fanaticism; and are losing their hold on the people, now being roused from their long sleep into rebellion, by reason of their unprincipled exactions, and their incapacity in most cases of sympathising with the popular cause. Both higher and lower classes alike refuse to be influenced by a body of men who appear in the light of blind supporters of a dual despotism in Church and State. In the meantime the Russian Dissenters, like the Puritans of old and the modern English political Dissenters, naturally incline towards democracy. They are gaining ground among the mercantile classes, and with that increasing number of thriving individuals who are beginning to form the nucleus of a vigorous middle class in Russia, and who have a great future before them.

5. We come in the last place to speak of the inactivity of the Russian Church in the direction of missionary effort and philanthropy. It is used, indeed, at times as a State-engine for the suppression of heresy where the extinction of rival religions in newly-acquired, or otherwise unmanageable, provinces, becomes a question of statecraft. For this purpose its own persecuting proclivities and slavish subserviency to those in power make it a very terrible instrument. But excepting some few fine instances of missionary zeal and devotion, no enthusiasm of humanity, nor expansive force of Christian zeal have as yet produced in Russia great religious and social reformers like Wilberforce, or great enthusiasms, like the Methodist revival, the Oxford movement, or the Christian socialism

of Maurice and Kingsley. There is still a strong religious instinct in the body of the laity, and a great tendency to mystic piety even among the higher classes. But it receives little aliment, or none, from the representatives of religion. The Church is dead and cold. If there are noble religious impulses, they are smothered behind convent walls. The moral power of the Church is gone. What M. Taine says of the French Church before the outbreak of the Revolution (to make one more comparison) is true of the Russian Church in its attitude towards the Nihilistic revolt—it is utterly helpless in the conscious absence of all spiritual force, impotent with the impotence of enervating worldliness, and prostrated by the humiliating conviction of its own effete inanition.

What may be expected from the influence of such a Church in a national crisis like that through which the Russian Empire is now passing? On the one hand we see a clergy without ideals, without belief in its Mission,¹ without faith in high principle! On the other hand, a society steeped in materialism and scepticism, and on the verge of moral bankruptcy! The general outlook is very dark. What the Church may become as a spiritual agency for the regeneration of Russian society of the future it is impossible to imagine. We can only confine ourselves to what we know to be the case now. There is no intention on the part of the present writer to draw the picture darker than it is. But his studies, and his intercourse with those who know, have left the sad

impression on his mind that the Russian Church, as a national institution, has ceased to be, for the time being, an important factor in the growth of the national life. There is no virtue, or "truth-force," going out of it. It is an almost lifeless body of clay. It requires to undergo a transformation process before it can hope to become a healing power in the State, and a spiritual lifting force among the people.

The lessons which sister Churches in the West may learn from these deficiencies of the Russian Church are simply so many warnings against:—

1. A degeneracy into selfish Utilitarianism in Church and State.

2. The tendency of too readily dividing secular and sacred interests, instead of endeavouring to bring about a sympathetic and harmonious adjustment of them for the common good.

3. The neglect of higher culture among the clergy, which disables them from grappling with the intellectual difficulties of a stirring age.

4. The *non-possumus* cry of reactionists in Church assemblies, refusing the timely revision of forms and formularies which have ceased to satisfy modern cravings.

5. The indolence and indifference of the clergy in stirring times towards burning questions that affect the moral and social well-being of the great mass of the people. For such an attitude diverts popular support from Established Churches, and virtually prevents them from fulfilling their noble destiny of marching in the van of human progress, encouraging and consoling the pioneers of truth and goodness by their light and leading.

M. KAUFMANN.

¹ "The Russian clergy have no faith," says Ivan Golovin, a competent writer on such a subject. "The sons and daughters of clergymen are declared Nihilists."

TIMOLEON.

[See *Plutarch's Lives*.]

THE night before he sailed for Sicily,
 Timoleon, leader of a noble band,
 Did to the partners of his toil address
 These words, or words not all unlike to these—

“ Friends, fellows with me in one grand emprise,
 Who wait but for the early light, prepared
 Soon as the pale east glimmers into gold,
 Boldly to launch into the open sea;
 Friends, who shall not the temper of your souls
 One jot abate, till Sicily once more
 Is nurse of beauteous arts, of kindly men,
 And haunt once more of Presences divine;
 Some pages in the story of my life
 To you are known; 'twere well you should know all.
 The Sun-god with his crown of light and robes
 Of rosy red is yet far off, and gives
 No signals of his coming; hearken then;
 The story may do more than cheat the time.

“ My brother,—he was known to some of you;
 By some, I think, was loved. I loved him well;
 And bear upon my body to this hour
 The print of Argive spears, which, meant for him,
 Prone lying, headlong from his saddle thrown,
 I took for mine on one disastrous day.
 Well pleased I saw him step by step advance
 From high to higher, till our common weal
 Owned none that owned a greater name than his.
 But ah! the pang, when to be great among us
 Seemed not to him enough: he must be all;
 And so, misusing power too lightly lent,
 He changed our laws at will, and citizens
 Sent uncondemned, untried, to bloody dooms.
 In vain I warned him there was wrath abroad,
 That this proud city of the double sea
 Had never unto tyrants bowed the neck,
 And would not now; and more than this I did.
 Two taking with me of our chief of men,
 A suppliant at his feet I knelt, I fell;
 Only to find, too often found before,
 Derision and a fierce resolve that bad
 Should grow to worse. In the end I stood aside,

And in my mantle, weeping, hid my face,
 While the dread deed that should make Corinth free
 Was acted. When the rumour of it spread,
 Some said it was well done, and some said ill ;
 Some called me fratricide, and some were fain
 To honour, as men honour saviour gods.
 I could have borne the praise, or borne the blame,
 And lived my own life, little heeding either ;
 But presently thick darkness fell on me,
 When she that bare, and once had loved us both,
 Stern mother, took the part of her dead son
 Against the living ; me saw never more,
 Refused to look upon my face again,
 And, granting no forgiveness, lived and died.

“I meanwhile, laden with a mother’s curse,
 By those avenging goddesses pursued,
 That fright the doers of strange deeds of blood,
 In solitary places far astray,
 On the wild hills, beside the lone sea-shore,
 Wandered, a man forbidden and forlorn :
 The glory and the gladness of my youth,
 Its unreturning opportunities,
 All gone ;—how then I hated streets and schools,
 And all the faces that one met in them ;
 And hated most of all myself, until
 It little lacked but that with hands profane
 I had laid waste the temple of my life,
 And ended all.

“While thus it fared with me,
 The slow years dragging on their sullen length,
 A cry of anguish travelled o’er the deep
 From that fair island of the western wave,
 Dear to the goddess of the foodful earth,
 Dear to the pale Queen of the underworld ;
 Which now, as daughter unto mother fleeing,
 Bemoaned her sad fate, wrecked and shorn and torn,
 Scorched and consumed in Moloch’s furnace fires,
 A solitude of hate, till now the grass
 Grew rank in her untrodden streets, and worse
 Than wild beasts harboured in her marble halls.

“You know the rest,—what pity filled all hearts
 When the sad story of her wrongs was heard,
 That now is Cynosure of all our eyes ;
 And yet withal how hard it proved to choose
 A captain of the liberating host ;
 And some cried one, and some another name,
 While this man doubted of himself, and that
 Was doubted of by others ; till at last
 One from the concourse cried ‘Timoleon,’
 Name strange to lips of men for twice ten years.
 Some say it was a voice from heaven, and some

The word of a plain simple countryman.
I know not. It perchance was both in one.
But this or that, all hailed it as the thought
And inspiration of the holy gods :
And one whose word went far, bespoke me thus :
'Do well, and we shall count thee tyrant-slayer :
Do ill, and name we name not shall be thine.'

"The end proves all ; and that is still to come ;
And yet sometimes I nigh persuade myself
I have drunk out the bitter of my life ;
And if I only keep the truth, you few,
My few, shall scatter Africk's alien hordes,
Chase worse than wild beasts from their treacherous lairs ;
The stars shall in their courses fight for us ;
And all the elements shall work for us ;
And the sweet gods of Hellas, by the shrieks
Of immolated children scared away,
These, girt already for their glad return,
Shall show how easy all things prove for them
That have immortal Helpers on their side.
And there shall wait on me, on me who seemed
Estranged for ever from the tenderness
Of human hearts, from all things good and fair,
The golden tribute of a people's love.
And when my work is ended, multitudes
Apparelled all in white, and crowned with flowers,
As on a great day of high festival,
Shall with large tears of sorrow and of joy
Bear me, a victor, to my funeral pyre :
So limns itself the future to my sight.

"But lo! enough. The day is breaking fast,
And we are called. Hyperion's eager steeds
Are straining up the slope of eastern heaven,
And from their fiery nostrils blow the morn."

R. C. DUBLIN.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

ONE question underlies the whole subject of the Irish Land Bill :—

Will the prosperity of Ireland be most promoted by the habits and ways of the people being raised towards those of England and Scotland, or by their being kept as much as possible to their old Irish character? What is wished for the future of Ireland? Is it to go on in a backward, half-miserable state, a bye-word to the rest of the kingdom, dragging England and Scotland through all kinds of dirt, as of late in the House of Commons, or gradually to reach a state of civilisation like theirs?

Mr. Gladstone lately, in the House of Commons, told improving landlords that they would have saved much money if they had worked more according to Irish usages. Does he understand Irish usages and the nature of land improvement? The same principles of dealing with both the farming and management of land that are sound and profitable in England and Scotland will also work well in Ireland, except in small details arising from climate. If a farmer without capital cannot succeed in one country, he cannot in the other. Experienced farmers, having seen numbers of like cases, can tell what will be the sure result of Irish usages. Without exception, whenever usages, unsound in principle, seem to make a profit for a time, they do so at the cost of future loss, just like overcropping land. In spite of all assurances, there can be no doubt what is sure to happen from such usages.

That which makes English ways of dealing with land and tenants distasteful in Ireland is, that they interfere with old bad habits. It is said truly that land improvements are disliked, and an improving landlord is unpopular on that account. This is so in a measure. Though he may be fair,

upright, and charitable, and pay excellent wages, yet the people definitely prefer to be dealt with in the old, unbusiness-like way, under which, though they are sometimes wronged, yet they often get chances of wronging others, and gain advantages by scheming. They like business to be carried on loosely and carelessly, and with favouritism, and don't mind low wages, if the work is light.

Last winter, during the outrage committed on me, it was given out that, if my labourers held tight to my cottages, my farm would come to be divided amongst them, and all would return to what it used to be in the old times. This was the Irish idea.

This feeling touches the important point, What weight is it right to give to the wishes of the people themselves on such questions?

It is often said, Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. But when the ideas are undoubtedly unsound, surely it is wrong for Parliament to enact that which is contrary to the true interests of the country.

There are many landlords in Ireland who have managed their estates in the same way as estates are managed in England, and have laid out capital largely in all sorts of improvements. The recent letters of the *Times* correspondent have surprised every one by showing the extent to which this good work has been done. It is mainly from the example of these landowners that better farming and higher wages have come in. Mr. Gladstone said, in introducing the Bill, that these men would not be included in it. If this is carried out, it will prevent great wrong being done to those who have been the pioneers of improvement, often at no small personal and money sacrifice.

The Bill proposes to regulate the

business of landowning just as much as before Mr. Huskisson's time many kinds of business were regulated by Act of Parliament. The principle is the same. The business is not to be left to be managed according to the personal objects and interests of those engaged in it, on the sound view that their self-interest will direct them better for themselves and the country, than it is possible Parliament can direct them. But secondary ends are to guide it, considered by Parliament to be of more importance. From first to last, the protection and gain of the tenant is the one point aimed at, whatever the hardship or injustice to others. However bad a tenant may be, though he has worn the heart out of his farm, he may sell his occupancy to the best bidder, and put a great bonus in his pocket. The amount he pays as rent is to be carefully regulated, lest it should be too much; and he is to hold the land for ever, unless for extraordinary faults of his own. Such protection was never given to any one else in the Three Kingdoms, and must produce the usual effect of protection.

It is not limited, as it was in the Act of 1870, to small and poor tenants, or comparatively small tenants; under 50*l.* a year. It is to include tenants paying 200*l.* a year rent and over, and is to be made as far as possible compulsory for all future time.

Now it is certain that landowning and farming are as much businesses as cotton-spinning; and every reason that made Mr. Huskisson abolish the system of regulating business by Act of Parliament fifty years ago, as being hurtful to all, applies equally to the present time, and to land.

The general idea on which the Bill has been framed is that of the Ulster tenant-right, but stretched much further than in Ulster. Mr. Gladstone has said this plainly. The leading feature of Ulster tenant-right is, that the tenant, though ever so bad a tenant, who has never spent 1*s.* in improvements, is allowed to sell his occupancy

to any solvent man of good character, the landlord being paid any arrears due, and retaining the right of raising the rent. By this Bill it is proposed to give the right of sale to all not holding by lease, though they may have hired their farms without paying a shilling to any one. This is the first F—Free Sale. The other two F's in substance follow from it, as consequences.

Even though a tenant does not pay his rent, or subdivides or sublets his farm, the landlord is to pay him a large compensation if forced to eject him for his badness. Every practical manager of land in Ireland knows that tenants only do not pay their rents, when they have so run out their land that no more can be got out of it except by manuring, for which they have neither means nor industry. It is usually bad seasons that bring on the crisis; because in fair years, with the wonderful indifference to debt, and the habits of borrowing that prevail in Ireland, it is surprising how some struggle on in idleness and drinking habits, that anywhere else would have ruined them twice over. But the true cause of their inability to pay is, that they have reduced the land so that it will yield neither crops nor grass. I have had land given up to me that would not grow weeds, and have learnt to consider a good crop of couch a favourable sign of land. A tenant left me a field, the twelve acres of which, when I had levelled the fences, would not feed one sheep. If the land was in good heart, it would be sure to pull them through. This was the true blunder of Mr. Forster's Compensation Bill of last Session. It put eighteen months more loss of rent on landlords. And as the farms of bad tenants are sure to have been run out, there was no more chance afterwards of their recovery. The fact of impoverished condition of the land of large numbers of tenants being the true cause of their ruin, is the most stubborn fact connected with the question. Parliament may ignore

it, as Mr. Forster does. But it is sure to prevail at last, one way or the other; because money, and manure, and industry, alone can get over it. The bad tenant has taken the value out by over-cropping and little manure, —which is now called reclaiming the land, and is supposed to give him a title to eternal compensation, but which is mostly exhausting land that never needed reclamation. If this loss to the owner, from the worn-out condition of the land, was honestly valued, it would be found to be very large in every case.

But on many estates the tenants have been allowed to sell their interests. Where this has been sanctioned by the landlord, and some tenants have sold and others have bought their farms, no doubt an equity in their favour has been established, and was secured to them by the Act of 1870. But there are other estates whose owners have seen that to allow a man who hires a farm to buy out a previous tenant is to deprive him of the capital by which alone he can manure and stock it, and farm it well, and also to sacrifice a large part of the owner's own reversion. It is notorious through the whole Three Kingdoms that the capital of tenants is too small for their farms; whether times are good or bad, they would do better if they had more capital. So as Ireland is much the poorest, an extra way of exhausting tenants' capital is to be enforced by Parliament, and the cost of it to be taken from the owners. This is the real difficulty of Free Sale, as the Duke of Argyll has truly shown. It is so thoroughly understood even in Ireland, that many landlords have always sacrificed arrears which the new tenant would have paid them. Many of us, too, have refused to let on fines, though very profitable, because they are an injury to the tenants by absorbing their capital.

But it is said that Free Sale works well in Ulster. In Ulster they have the advantage of some Scotch blood,

and a great trade like the linen trade circulates much capital—an advantage which is wholly absent elsewhere. And yet I believe that except in parts where the linen manufacture still flourishes, and the loom makes capital to buy land and stock it afterwards,¹ or in the neighbourhood of towns where business provides capital, the tenant-right system is not succeeding. It is quite certain that in Donegal and in all the more mountainous and remote parts of Ulster, though tenant-right is in full force, the tenants are as miserable as in the worst parts of Connaught. Mr. Tuke's evidence on this is conclusive.

Long prior to the present troubles I urged that the tenant-right system would necessarily end in making Ulster the poorest part of Ireland. That to suck an occupier dry of capital when he enters on his farm and most needs it for stocking and farming well; to take it to pay arrears due by the previous tenant, to pay debts, or to squander in drink—is a course which can only hinder the prosperity of the country; and further, that as tenant-right is always left as a chattel to widows and children, to be paid by the son who succeeds—the farm is clean pumped out of capital once in every generation. When tenants hire land without having to pay anything for it but the annual rent, it is certain that, their capital being left available, they must prosper better. My own tenants have long been doing this, and have now in consequence much more capital than their neighbours. In these times capital is the very life of good farming. Some say that high farming will not answer. That is seldom true; but if high farming will not pay, it is certain that low farming cannot do so, however low the rent. All farmers in the Three Kingdoms who are thriving are doing

¹ It is often not understood that the hand-loom weaving in cottiers' houses, once very general, enabling small lots of land to be paid for and stocked afterwards, is the true cause of tenant-right flourishing in Ulster.

so by capital. There are many instances of tenants with capital who have hired farms too dear, yet by industry and capital have made them pay, and got a gain for themselves besides. But without capital a farm cannot pay even a moderate rent. It may very well be asked whether the new Commission is to value the land at what it is worth to a tenant who has sufficient capital to farm it well, or at what it is worth to one who has paid half or three-fourths or all his available capital to the broken tenant for tenant-right?

If the tenant keeps his capital available, the farm must be well worth five shillings per acre more to him. If he has to make large permanent improvements, besides buying the tenant-right, he is still worse off. Has all knowledge of business and common sense been banished to the planets with political economy?

There has been great boasting about Lord Portsmouth's estate in Wexford. It happens to be very favourably situated near a small seaport, which helps to provide capital. Let any intelligent land manager say what must be the condition of an estate on which the tenants at entry spend a great part of their capital in buying the broken tenants' right of occupation of the land—not over well farmed, at any rate, and probably much exhausted—and on which the landlord never spends a shilling on any improvement? Everywhere else such a landlord would be held to be thoroughly wrong. And wrong Lord Portsmouth really is. His principle of management cannot be for the advantage of the country. It cannot tend to place his land advantageously in the hands of good future Irish farmers. Many of us would think we were injuring our characters as men of business if we acted as he does.

It is quite certain that if, as Mr. Gladstone plainly admitted, only a limited proportion of Irish landlords can be justly complained of as bad, a very large proportion of Irish

tenants can be most justly complained of as very bad. Never were words more without justification than Mr. Bright's that the Irish land system has failed by its own defects. It has failed mainly from the faults of the tenants, and from scheming and jobbing to appropriate that which is not theirs. The recent agitation, and the sentimental feebleness of the Irish Government in failing to enforce the Law at the time of difficulty—these are the true causes of most of the troubles which for the past nine months have come so home to many of us, and caused so much wretchedness.

The Duke of Argyll—who, having been himself a member of the Government just before, must have had all the information on behalf of the Bill possessed by the Ministry—states with immense weight:—

1 and 2. That on most estates, especially the larger, the unhealthy competition for land is specially guarded against, and regulations enforced for the benefit of the tenants.

3. That the evils arising from the inveterate bad habits of the tenants can only be checked by the landlords, and by substituting good tenants for bad ones.

4. That the much-abused buyers under the Landed Estates Act are often the most improving landowners, and very few have unduly raised rents.

5. That the Land Act of 1870 has stopped capricious evictions, and secured tenants compensation for improvements.

6. That there has been a total failure to show any number of undue or frequent raisings of rent, such raisings often having been proved to be reasonable and moderate.

7. That in Ulster such raisings of rent have not eaten up the tenant-right, as is alleged.

8. That Free Sale prevents any outlay on improvements by landlords, and can only work with any fairness when both landlord and tenant can agree, and so a just proportion be attained.

9. That almost all evictions since 1870 have been for non-payment of rent, or other justifiable cause.

10. That the increase of debts to money-lenders by the smaller tenants is very great. This is the direct consequence of the Act of 1870 having made yearly tenants more secure in their farms, and it is sure to grow worse if more security is given.

Not one of these assertions of the Duke of Argyll has been contradicted. To those who have lived in Ireland, they are well-known facts.

Let any one fairly consider them, and ask himself how it is possible to rest a Bill for depriving owners of part of their property, and tying up their hands for the protection of tenants, bad as well as good, on so weak a foundation—and this in view of the probability that the bad habits of the tenants will turn the new system to their own worse trouble?

I may add that the so-called land-hunger is greatly exaggerated. Like all else that is made into a political motive, a very undue weight of importance has been laid upon it. It may exist more or less in poor parts, but in other parts there is little or none of it, no willingness whatever to pay too much rent for land. In my time the rent of land has varied four times, as seasons were good or bad. What sense can there be in any one hungering for fifty acres of land, if he has not stock or money to farm it? He must have horses, and cows, and seed, however low the rent may be. Land hunger is chiefly felt by the very poor, who think a cabin and a few acres at any rent, without stock, will make them better off, and so offer foolishly for it.

Bad tenants, who ruin themselves by running out their land, must be removed for the sake of the country, no less than for the sake of the landlords, and most of all for the sake of their own children, that they may not grow up in misery and indolence as their parents have done. To give the land of these poor people to better

tenants is a real gain, more especially if they get it without being half-beggared in paying for the tenant-right. Most of all it is a gain, when a business-like landlord lets the land, with sufficient buildings and no charge but the rent, to the most industrious and steady. Such industrious men can afford to pay a higher rent by several shillings per acre for an addition to their farms, and can pay it with more ease than the lazy tenant ejected paid his smaller rent. The good tenant was able to live out of his original farm, and as he has not to live out of the addition, that alone enables him both to pay a higher rent, and to make more profit for himself. If a landlord has the judgment to select his tenants in this way, why is Parliament to stretch him on a bed of Procrustes, and make his rent such as will suit all the lazy tenants in the neighbourhood? Could any business on earth thrive under such conditions? If the bad tenants are to be kept in their farms instead of good tenants being encouraged, in what way is it possible for the country to improve? We are sure that prices of all farm produce are now much higher than they were thirty years ago. The Act under which Griffith's valuation was made (15 and 16 Vic. c. 63) gives the prices at which the valuation shall be made. Wheat, 7s. per cwt.; oats, 4s. 10d.; barley, 5s. 6d.; flax, 49s.; butter, 15s. 4d.; beef, 35s. 6d.; mutton, 41s.; pork, 32s. Many of these are now nearly double; all are much higher. There is work enough for broken tenants to do in most parts of Ireland. I have never turned out a tenant without offering him work for as long as he liked, if he was willing to do it. Is it really expected that the difference between industry and idleness can be abolished for the good of bad Irish tenants? It is overlooked that it is not the nominal amount of the rent that is a gain or a loss to an owner; it is the money he actually gets out of the land. It is perfectly certain, especially in Ire-

land, where capital is so scarce, that rent is only paid out of the produce. If, for any cause, whether the fault of landlord or of tenant, the land does not produce the rent, no one can get the money. If the landlord insists on too large a proportion of the produce in rent, since the occupier and his family must first be fed and clothed, the undue proportion cannot be paid. It is either lost as arrears, or it is lost by the tenant having to give up his farm in a reduced condition. Thus the landlord loses, as all know well. The only men who have a chance of getting too much rent out of the land, are those who let under the Ulster tenant-right, which secures their arrears, and by taking fines paid out of capital on entry, secure themselves at that end too. It never seems to have suggested itself to any one that by taking fines openly or secretly, or in that good old Irish way, by "a present to the mistress," much of the effect of the Bill will be defeated. Ireland would not be Ireland if a dozen ways to defeat the Bill were not contrived in as many months by tenants who want to hire land without these monstrous payments.

Great injustice has been done us by the false statements about landlords having been believed. Untruths of every kind are circulated against us by the Land League and its helpers. The Roman Catholic priests attacked me last winter, and put their statements in all sorts of papers in England, Ireland, and America; and the same was done by others, who gave evidence to Lord Bessborough's Commission, which laid itself out to gather all sorts of untruths against good landlords. The expectation was that their number would weigh enough to at least lessen the authority of what such as I might say. I have had it said to me here, "Oh, your evidence is the other way. But ten witnesses can be found to say that you are in the wrong, and such a majority must prevail." It has been the same with other men of character elsewhere.

Every sort of untruth has been said of them.

There is further the difficulty of the tremendous affair it will be to regulate all the rents in Ireland, or nearly all; and, as if this were not enough, all the terms of all future leases. No doubt it is hoped that all will not come into dispute; but it is quite certain that all may come; a few decisions favourable to tenants will bring a legion. If only a very moderate proportion come, the work will be gigantic.

A correct valuation of land even on the spot, by one who thoroughly understands the subject, is very difficult. I have long believed that unless the valuer knows the farm well, and has seen the effect of different seasons and modes of farming on it, his valuation is a mere guess. The higgling of the market between men who know it well, can alone fix the true value. As to the artificial imaginary value which the Bill contemplates fixing by a Court, the length of the judge's foot would be quite as just a measure. Such a folly amongst a business people believing in Free Trade exceeds belief. How is it possible for it to work fairly, and still more to be permanent? If such a question is to be decided by evidence, allow as short a time as you please for the hearing of each case. Two hours must be far less than each on an average will last; and then reckon how many years half, or one-fourth, or even one-tenth of the 600,000 holdings will require to decide their value, as disputed legal questions? Consider the ocean of litigation in which landlords and tenants will be launched to promote the improvement of the country. Mr. Bright says landlords and tenants will make agreements without going to the Court. He has forgotten his own Bill, by which no agreement or lease will be binding unless sanctioned by the Court. Secret payments in cash will be the sure result.

It is the great rise of prices, and consequent increase in the true value

of the land, that causes much of the desire for it, and raises the price of tenant right. It has much to do with my being able to make 40*s.* per acre off 1,000 acres I farm, instead of 17*s.*—the former tenant's rent. Where tenants for a long time past have not been allowed to sell and buy their farms, why is this great bonus to be given gratis to present tenants, and all future tenants put under a much keener competition than the worst landlords would put on them? Whatever may be the case with landlords who do not understand their business, to give such a bonus as this is plainly robbing us who understand how to make more out of the land than tenants could pay. This is no form of speech, nor ought it to be treated as a question of politics. It touches the very honour of the country, and all that hitherto has been counted right and wrong amongst us.

Is the desire really to drive the improving landlords out of Ireland? Are they too numerous? Will any one say that the inducements to men of intelligence and education to live in Ireland and work on their estates are too many or too great? The Act of 1870 was a heavy discouragement to those who were not as far advanced as I was in improving. But if this Bill is passed as it now stands, it will drive us all away, as is now seen and admitted by everybody. Landlords will wholly cease to spend money on their estates. Knowing much of improvers in the South, I believe all will go, in such time and way as their different positions make most advantageous. I shall certainly do so myself. I went to Ireland thirty-eight years ago to do my duty. If this Bill passes, Parliament will deprive me of the chief part of the fruit of my work, and give it gratis to those who have in no way earned it. Who will again face such a wrong?

Besides, there is the difficulty of purchasers under the Landed Estates Court Act, which is beginning at last to be seen. It is certain that the Act

meant to guarantee that no one whatever had adverse rights that would make the value of the land to buyers less than the Court stated it to be. The Court constantly stated farms would be worth more, when the current lease or interest expired. Every right of the tenants—rights of way and everything else—adverse to the full ownership of the land are plainly stated in the schedule to the conveyance, according to the provisions of the Act, for this very purpose. Notices of all kinds are served on adjoining owners and incumbrancers new and old, on everybody who could possibly have any right, in order that all may claim their rights of whatever kind. If they neglected to claim, the purchaser was wholly discharged from the liability, even if the conveyance included a bit of another estate, as once happened. I once bought some land free from an undoubtedly good charge of 1,500*l.* to the brother of the owner, which, though duly noticed, he was too lazy to claim. I did not take advantage of his folly, but the charge was so wholly gone in law, that I was advised it was needless to have it assigned to me, when I paid him. Yet we now hear that Parliament may justly step in and say that all this time every tenant not holding by lease had a right of partnership and property, for which he must be paid if he is ejected, even though he breaks the contract on his part.

It is clear that the Parliament of England cannot afford to set at naught such a guarantee of its own, deliberately undertaken. I would earnestly urge that to expropriate the owners from their estates must be a very bitter pill. If it is needful to do so, it would be unworthy of England to add the worse trouble of a heavy money loss. These men are most of them not to blame. If Parliament fears to meet the loss, how can it possibly be right to throw the risk on private men, and leave them to bear the loss, if any, great or small?

Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone assert

that there will be no loss to landowners. Do they mean, in the cases of purchases in the Landed Estates Court, free of all tenant right? or of estates that have been carefully guarded from any such charge? On three farms, of 185, 135, and 99 acres, the tenants of which I have served with writs, and of which the tenant right, at 10% per acre, would be worth 1,850£., 1,350£., and 990£., if these sums are paid to the outgoing tenants, and charged on the farms, where can the money come from, if not out of my reversion? One of these farms is splendid land, worth much more than the rent. The tenant only hired it as an addition to his other farm, less than thirty years ago, from a sorely-distressed former owner. He farms it very ill, and it probably pays him accordingly. Whether I take it myself or let it to another, how is it possible that I shall not be a loser, if this great sum is charged on it? The worth of the assertion that the owner will not lose, is shown at once when a case like this is taken. They were only thinking of small lots, and forgot that there are good farms. When such cases are stated, the baselessness of their statements is apparent.

By resolute good management there is no reason why there should be loss to the Government. But if there are not thoroughly good arrangements and sound business dealing, there is no part of the Bill that will not be a loss and a disgrace. Nor need just and full compensation to landlords be burdensome to the tenants who get the land. All agree that the capital to buy out the owners must be advanced by the State in the first instance, and repaid by an annuity out of the land. An honest price for the land only means, that the tenants should pay the annuity for a larger number of years, which, if it does not much exceed the present rent, can be no hardship. With Consols above 100, large advantage may be got in the rate of interest. This annuity should go on for enough years to

make the price a just one. It will be an advantage, if the system of management is good, that the tenant should be strictly bound by it, possibly for two generations, until better habits have been formed. If he is really industrious he can pay off his debt in much less time, holding as he will all the while at a fixed rent in perpetuity—the condition, it is said, most favourable to his prosperity. There is thus every reason for treating the owners of land honestly, instead of making them scapegoats for the weakness of the Government. If the State thinks fit to make a great social change and alter all that it has sanctioned before, surely the least it can do is to take the burden of such change on its own shoulders, instead of laying it on those of a few of its subjects.

There are many minor objections still unnoticed. Other and weightier ones—such as the proposal to deduct from the fair rent the value of the rights given by the Bill to tenants, which must be an injustice—have been urged in Parliament and by the newspapers. These may be looked on as certain to be removed; I will not therefore go into them.

The usual argument I find amongst the supporters of the Bill is, that something must be done! And then they try to throw the onus on their opponents by asking, What do you propose should be done? It would in strictness be enough to answer that a very small amount of vigour would have avoided the whole trouble. Even now all the coercion that is wanted in Ireland is that the law should be enforced. That which a Judge and Common Jury do for society in England in punishing offences should somehow be brought about in Ireland. By the scheming of the people, juries, instead of their proper office, are made the means of ensuring that offenders shall not be punished. Can society go on if this is not remedied? Consider what the following fact means. A few days ago, four policemen were attacked by a mob in protecting a

process-server. One, the sergeant, was knocked down and killed, and a second badly hurt. The other two, to save their lives, fired on the mob, and killed two or three. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against these two policemen and the murdered sergeant!

The very same trouble arose in Canada from the same cause—Irishmen on the juries. They therefore authorised all such cases to be tried before three Judges without any jury, and this was quite successful. If we often change a venue because a fair jury cannot be had, why should we not go further to insure justice?

In Ireland intimidation of jurors and witnesses is frequent. All the coercion needed is some means by which the law shall be put in force at such times. It is the opinion of most men of sense and firmness that no more is wanted than that the present law should be vigorously enforced and strengthened when needful, so that it may be always effective. It is a pity that Mr. Forster was not "Boycotted" as I was; he would then know what it is to have the law in abeyance. In my district I can say that the universal opinion of the tenant class was that it would be no longer possible to enforce rent by law, and though they knew the rottenness of the agitation, yet the helplessness of the Government convinced them that England meant to yield to them. This was the very backbone of the mischief.

There is no doubt much poverty in some of the mountainous parts of Connaught that must be met. I believe that is the only serious difficulty. Some speak as if the peace of the country depended on great changes being made. I believe this only represents the fears of men who, living in the disturbed districts, see all Ireland from their own point of view. That there may be more outrages in parts is quite possible. If the law is strictly enforced such outrages will soon cease, as worse troubles have often ceased before. What is there to fear?

The population of all Ireland is now probably not much over five millions. It is certainly less than five and a half millions, and lessening yearly. In O'Connell's Repeal agitation before the famine, it was believed to be near nine millions. Of the present population a million and a half are Protestant, and as a rule all loyal; of the remainder very many are loyal too, though some may sometimes talk foolishly. Loyal men have not lost their courage, and, having faced far worse odds, have surely no fear of such a set as the Land League.

There is another fact of great weight. The committals for indictable offences after Smith O'Brien's trouble, in 1849, were about 41,000. Last year they were not much above 4,000, *i.e.* one-tenth. Surely this speaks volumes. No doubt in 1849 the number was above the average, but still the difference is full of meaning.

But it is said that the Government is willing to adopt any reasonable amendments. Can such amendments be suggested? There is no doubt that liberty to sell his farm has been given to the tenant on many estates in all parts. This right implies some limitation to the rise of rent and to ejectment without sale. To secure a right thus given, is very different in principle from granting it as a bonus on estates where such privilege was never allowed, or wholly resisted. If this line were taken in the new Bill much of its present injustice would be avoided, and perhaps the result might not differ much from what it would be under the Bill. I think it will be found that this line nearly or quite coincides with that, between those owners who have laid out capital on their land, and those who have not—a distinction plainly honest.

Further, the proposal of the Bill to give the right of sale to large tenants of 200*l.* per annum rent = 150*l.* valuation, is wholly unreasonable. Not one of the reasons alleged in favour of small occupiers applies to them. 50*l.* per annum valuation, as in the Act of

1870, is itself too high, and can only be justified as a round number.

Moreover it cannot be right to close the door for future time, and try to fasten the right of sale on the country universally and for ever. The scheme is of too uncertain practical effect, and of too doubtful soundness for such a step. It must be much wiser to leave it so, that as the country improves, it may grow into whatever system is best for prosperity. The same limitation to 50% as in the Act of 1870, will tend to this. It is likely, that as prosperity increases, farms will increase in size, and thus business may get into the same natural state as elsewhere. Nor is there the least reason for the whole country being put under one uniform system. It is quite as likely to prosper if part is under one tenure and part under another. The countries in Europe where anything like tenant-right prevails are Portugal and a part of Holland. It once existed in others, but has died out as time advanced. It is now failing in Holland and not increasing in Portugal. In Portugal it is called *Aforamento*. The tenure in fact is a lease for ever with fixed rent. The farm cannot be divided. The tenant pays a fine to get such a fixed rent. It prevails chiefly in mountain parts where farms are small and the people are backward. Some say the system works well in such districts. Others think it very hurtful, in comparison with tenure in fee. It seems to be now chiefly voluntary. It clearly treats owners much more equitably than this Land Bill. Such too is the case in Holland. Only part of the country is held under it.¹ There are no less than four other modes of tenure in other parts of Portugal.

The success or failure of peasant proprietors can only be proved by experience. It may be worth trying on a moderate scale, if only to satisfy the land-hunger of those who are most hungry—and it may increase the

number of landowners. If money is to be advanced, the same advantages should be given to buyers in England and Scotland. In Ireland they have not the habits needful for peasant proprietors. They have to a much greater extent such habits in England.

That which will do most for all classes in Ireland, especially in helping the labourers, is the draining of wet lands. I do not mean buying up waste lands, reclaiming them, and letting them as farms of twenty-five acres; my experience of this is that it is sure to fail. There are very few farmers able to till twenty-five acres of reclaimed land so as to make a living out of it, even rent free; and having to erect houses and buildings on such farms is a fatal extra expense. The thing wanted is to compel the drainage of the immense extent of wet land, mostly cut-out bog, on every estate, and of almost every farm, lying in patches of five to 500 acres in all directions, and worth one to five shillings per acre in rough pasture. I would compel both landlords and tenants on equitable terms to drain all such land. The Board of Guardians, or a Relief Sessions, might present that work is wanted in certain parishes, and that on the estate or farm of A or B there is land that wants drainage. A Government engineer should then report on it, and if his report be favourable, a loan should be offered to those concerned for doing the work themselves, under inspection, as some of us have done for forty years past with profit. If they do not drain it in a reasonable time, the Government engineer should drain it, and charge the cost on the estate as if for a loan. The loans for draining at one per cent two years ago by Lord Beaconsfield's Government were thoroughly successful. In my Union many such loans were taken by farmers—many in small sums of 100% or 200%. The gain to them must have been far greater than will ever be got from any Land Court. Millions have been lent on loans for draining of

¹ *Cobden Club Essays*, last edition, p. 487—Crawford's "Portugal, Old and New," 1880.

this sort, and not one shilling has been lost. It is said that the Irish Board of Works always blunders such jobs. This is because it has no proper staff for the purpose. Scotch land stewards or grieves are the men wanted, paid about 2*l.* per week — not engineers, except for the first survey. The same machinery would apply to all the minor arterial drainages and deepening of rivers. Without compulsion no sufficient amount of draining will be done to produce effect. Of course the compulsion is the weak point of the plan. Yet it interferes far less with the rights of property, than do many parts of the Bill. At this moment the Board of Works has 75,000*l.* to be lent for draining, and is in despair because no one will borrow it, the distrust that order will be preserved and law be enforced, has become so thorough and universal!

We often hear blind talk both in and out of Parliament about doing something for Irish labourers, who are as numerous as the small tenants, and more deserving; yet, beyond talk, no one has any practical suggestions how to help them. Some say build them better houses. What would be the state of repair of such men's houses in ten years, unless somebody else was compelled to keep them in repair gratis? Draining I believe to be the only way of helping them. It will occupy two generations or more in every district; and if for any cause it is not working well, it can be stopped with no loss in a week.

The whole improvement that has gone on in Ireland since the Famine has, in my opinion, had only one cause; there has been more employment and higher wages. Thus production has increased, which M. de Molinari most truly says is the *sine quâ non* of more prosperity in Ireland. Draining often gives the small farmer very valuable land, because its soul has not been dragged out of it by bad farming without manure.

Common farmers, with farms as

large as 200 acres, give no employment worth considering. The size of farms in my part is far above the average; my own farms are still larger. A servant boy fed in the house, or an inferior labourer at very low wages, 5*s.* or 6*s.* per week, is the utmost. Rent for the cabin and potato garden is always stopped out of this. All know grass pays best, and so the farmer only cultivates so much as his own family (his own help, as they call it) can till. The servant boy or inferior labourer minds and drives cattle, cuts furze, and sticks, earths, and digs out potatoes, which the weakest can do. How the poor labourers live is a mystery. The very light work and idleness are the inducements to engage with farmers.

The other means of doing good to all is emigration. Connaught, with an excessive population on poor land, must profit greatly by it. The returns show, that after 1846 there was no such diminution of population there as in Munster. I saw the effect myself in the south of Munster. We were as much eaten up by a poor population then, as Connaught is now, and they still more eat up each other. All intelligent men saw long before that emigration was our only hope. Then as now the Roman Catholic priests opposed it. Suddenly the poor people took it up, and in two or three years, with no pressure from any one, they emigrated. Potatoes would not grow, and they had no wages to live on. There were the same groans about the good going and the bad staying, but the population in my part was lessened by more than half. We have since been one of the most flourishing districts in the county, because not over-peopled. I am convinced, if the matter were properly looked into, it would be found that the most prosperous parts of Ireland now, are those where the population lessened most after the Famine.

Wages of course rose, and instead of 3*s.* or 4*s.* per week 8*s.* to 12*s.* are now paid. If they had not money enough

to pay the passage of the whole family, the father and some left, and the rest went to the workhouse till the money came back for them. One saw plainly, that any doings of the Government, however well meant, might easily hinder this voluntary emigration.

In 1880, 96,000 persons emigrated from Ireland. Except during two years after 1846 this is the largest number that ever left; no doubt some of them had been in America before, and had come back from the bad times there. The emigration is going on largely too in 1881. At Queenstown lately emigrants were camping out in the streets. The lodging-houses could not hold them.

The Land League dislikes emigration because emigration lessens poverty, which is its mainstay. The Roman Catholic priests dislike it because it lessens their power and their income. Some good men and women no doubt emigrate and are a loss, but a great many bad and indifferent ones also go. Everybody who misbehaves him or herself in any way, whether socially or criminally, is sure to go. Their misconduct puts them at a disadvantage for getting work at home, so they go where work is more plentiful and they are unknown. This will happen with the Land Leaguers as soon as the money they have gathered has been spent. They will find it harder than before to support themselves, and this in a short time will force them to emigrate. I saw this occur after the Smith O'Brien and the Fenian troubles, to the great comfort of quiet people.

The result is thoroughly healthy. Whoever goes is sure to leave a smaller or larger gap for the employment of some one else at home, and so wages rise and all gain more or less. Little money need be spent by Government in emigration. But the arrangements ought to be improved. Emigrants are often sadly plundered by sharks at the ports, who rob and overcharge them in all ways. There ought to be proper provision for honest and cheap lodging, and for feeding them when

waiting for the ship. There are excellent arrangements of this kind for them on their arrival in the States. It is a discredit to us to neglect such ways of helping our own people.

Then all openings in the colonies, like those at Manitoba, should be fully made known in Ireland, and easy arrangements made to enable the most advantage to be taken of them.

Boards of Guardians have now power to help emigration in some cases. This power wants to be systematised and enlarged. Paupers in Irish workhouses cost 6*l.* to 7*l.* per annum, and as the passage to America costs but 4*l.* to 5*l.* it is well worth while for guardians to help the emigration of fit, able-bodied poor, especially the young. In country unions boys and girls are quickly taken out of workhouses for service in farmhouses. But the workhouses in great towns, especially Cork and Dublin, are the most discreditable nests of pauperism that have ever existed in the kingdom since the days of the old Poor Law in England. In Cork the workhouse contains nearly 3,000 paupers, besides numbers on out-door relief. They are born there, they live there, they marry, and they die there. And this with the full knowledge of the Local Government Board, who make no real effort to grapple with this huge evil! It is a great wen of pauperism, terribly discreditable to the Board, and a scandal and shame to the country.

I end by saying that the Irish question is really social and moral, and the poverty of the country only its sure and natural result. So vast a change to remedy so small an evil, I believe, was never attempted before in Europe or the world. It upsets all the principles upon which property has hitherto been held in the kingdom, and must hereafter lead to still larger and more hurtful changes amongst us in England and Scotland, no less than Ireland. And it can never promote the prosperity or contentment of Ireland. The Act of 1870, in making tenant-right customs

legal wherever they existed, gave Ulster everything that was asked for; and yet ten years after, the unsound principle having begun to bear its necessary fruit, the cry of the horse-leech, Give! Give! is again louder than ever, as always will be the case when the Government takes away from some to give gratis to others. Could a clearer proof be given of the nature of the present agitation? The principle of the Bill is thoroughly unsound, and therefore must hinder the prosperity of the country. It exaggerates a local custom, of which the circumstances of the district conceal the badness, and uses it to give a great bonus to tenants elsewhere, who have no just claim to it, and thereby will often grievously injure the landowners.

If it is resolved to force such a Bill on the country, the best hope is to make it as little hurtful as possible. (1) By limiting its operation to small tenants, say of 30*l.* rent and under, who are a great majority. Tenants over 30*l.* are as well able to protect themselves as the like class in England and Scotland. (2) All estates where sale of occupancy has been definitely excluded, and large sums spent on improvements by owners should be omitted, and the injustice of the Bill be thereby lessened. (3) Definite written contracts (leases), past or future, should be treated as by the Act of 1870. To meddle with them is of the very worst example. (4) Litigation on the proposed scale must be a sad mischief. It might be limited, as it was under the Tithe Acts, to cases where the value had altered by 10 (or even 5) per cent. (5) The lines of the Act of 1870 should be kept to in the amount of compensation, and in ejectments for non-payment of rent, so as not to

add to the difficulty with bad tenants. Such changes are very demoralising. By keeping to one course the business of land-hiring would hereafter fall into its natural lines, clear of any unsound principles. (6) The exclusion of estates bought under the Landed Estates Courts is indispensable in common honesty. (7) It is right, too, that just compensation should be given to those landowners who suffer loss under the Bill. This should be decided by independent judges, like those who are to decide on the compensation to tenants. The good name of England should not be tarnished by the use of two weights and two measures applied to different classes of one people. An honest price can be paid for all that is taken, by a longer annuity from the land, without pressure on any.

The statements lately adduced in the House of Commons about the improvements made by tenants being very large in value were grievous exaggerations, and untrue except in single cases.

Let it be considered what must be the moral effect to a country in the condition of Ireland of its being established that by means of a lawless agitation a large money gain can be secured to a poorer class at the cost of richer men. The mischief that must follow in all business dealings cannot but be grievous and hurtful to all industry.

Modern enlightenment is doubtless a very fine thing. But it is quite certain that the old principles of the Ten Commandments, many of which are wholly set at naught in Ireland, will yield a hundred times more prosperity and happiness to the people.

W. BENCE JONES.

May 14, 1881.

THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

DEATH is the gate of criticism: the grave is, by a strange law of natural compensation, essentially memorial. Once let it close over an eminent person, and the justice of perspective is restored: we remember much that we have forgotten; we forget much that we have remembered. More especially is this the case on the decease of an author whose life implies eloquence before a prejudiced or pre-occupied audience. His words seem to return in a sequence, connecting and characterising his work, and the man revives in the manner. Above all, however, do these remarks concern Lord Beaconsfield. His individuality was so emphatic that impartial criticism has been hitherto impossible. On the one hand, there have been those who could not believe that a brilliant statesman might also be a great author, just as many argue from a woman's beauty against her ability; on the other, those who believed that rare literary promise had been blighted by rarer political success.

To estimate Lord Beaconsfield's position in the empire of letters is a task far beyond our present space. We might have chosen the marvelous consistency of his sentiments, or the remarkable method of their development in his romances, or the invention by him (for such it is) of the political novel as our theme. But all these are not his most peculiar features, nor will they perpetuate him most. His wit and his humour are his style, and he himself has declared that it is on style that fiction most depends.

We ought first, however, to distinguish aright between wit and humour, for these terms indicate qualities and results by no means identical, and seldom co-existent. We remember to

have heard an acute thinker sum up the difference between them by terming wit a point, and humour a straight line; but this epigram is inadequate. Wit is no *resumé* of humour; the two qualities differ in kind. Wit is a department of style; it is the faculty of combining dissimilars, abstract and concrete alike, by the language of illustration, suggestion, and surprise. Like misery, it "yokes strange bed-fellows," but with the link of words alone. It is best when intellectually true, but its requisite is *fancy*.

Humour, on the other hand, is an exercise, by whatever means, of perception; it is the faculty of discerning the incongruities of the concrete alone, particularly of human nature; it "looks on this picture and on that;" it is most excellent when ethically sound, but its essence is *analysis*!

Wit works by comparison, humour by contrast. The sphere of wit is narrower than that of humour; the subject-matter of humour more limited than that of wit. We laugh at humour, at wit we smile. Talent is capable of the former; the perfection of the latter is reserved for genius. Wit is, as it were, Yorick, with cap and bells; but humour unmasks him with a moral. To define wit and humour one ought to be both humorous and witty, but we may epitomise by saying that wit is mirth turned philosopher—humour, philosophy at play.

If this account be correct, it is clear that humour is at once the more real and the more dramatic agency of the two. Yet wit has been infinitely the least frequent, particularly among the Western races. They, like their Gothic architecture, delight in rough, grotesque, exuberant animalities; but,

if we except the Celtic race, it is to the East that we must turn for proverb and simile. The "Haggadah" contains more absolute wit than even Aristophanes, the prince of humourists, sprung too as he was from an Asian civilisation. The wisdom of the Koran is wittily formulated. Holy Writ itself contains many examples of wit, though none of humour; while the Moorish and Jewish schools of mediæval Spain furnish wit as subtle and supple as the flashing and fantastic arabesques of their Alhambra. If, we repeat, the Celts, who are both humorous and witty, be excepted, wit is of the Eastern, humour of the Western temperament, while the conjunction of both, the existence of what might be called *Westorientalism*, is extremely uncommon.

Almost the sole examples of wit pure and simple in post-Shakespearian times have been Voltaire, Molière, Rochefoucauld, Sheridan, and Heine: four were Celts, and the last a Hebrew, and in their company is to be enrolled Lord Beaconsfield. But Molière, Sheridan, and Heine were also humourists, and humourists again typically different. The humour of Molière and of Sheridan is, like that of Dickens or of Hogarth, direct and mainly didactic, pointing to the follies and foibles of mankind, the first chiefly by situation, the latter chiefly by speech; the humour of Heine, like that of Sterne, and often of Thackeray, indirect and inclined to the sentimental, insinuating with all the machinery of playful surprise the inconsistencies that enlist feeling or awaken thought. The former is the broadsword of Cœur de Lion, the latter the scimitar of Saladin. It is of this latter species that Lord Beaconsfield's finest humour must be reckoned.

Let us begin with an instance from *Tancred*. He is describing the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles:—

"Picture to yourself the child of Israel in the dingy suburb or the stolid quarter of some bleak northern town, where there is never a sun that can at any rate ripen grapes; yet he

must celebrate the vintage of purple Palestine. . . . He rises in the morning; goes early to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow-boughs for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought probably from one of the neighbouring rivers of Essex, hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenements, builds his bower, decks it even profusely with the finest flowers and fruit he can procure, and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After the service of his Synagogue he sups late with his wife and children in the open air as if he were in the pleasant villages of Galilee beneath its sweet and starry sky. . . . Perhaps, as he is offering up the peculiar thanksgiving of the feast of Tabernacles, praising Jehovah for the vintage which his children may no longer cull, but also for his promise that they may some day again enjoy it, and his wife and his children are joining in a pious 'Hosanna,' that is 'Save us,' a party of Anglo-Saxons, very respectable men, ten-pounders, a little elevated it may be, though certainly not in honour of the vintage, pass the house, and words like these are heard—'I say, Buggins, what's that row?' 'Oh! it's those cursed Jews! we've a lot of them. It is one of their horrible feasts. The Lord Mayor ought to interfere. However, things are not so bad as they used to be. They used always to crucify little boys at their hullabaloes, but now they only eat sausages made of stinking pork.' 'To be sure,' replies his companion, 'we all make progress.'"

We are at once reminded by this blended pathos and humour of the sudden transition at the close of Heine's "Moses Lump." Yet another example from the same Palestinian portion of the same book:—

"Mr. Bernard is always with the English Bishop, who is delighted to have an addition to his congregation, which is not too much, consisting of his own family, the English and Prussian Consuls, and five Jews whom they have converted at twenty piastres a week, but I know they are going to strike for wages. . . ."

And once more Barizy of the Tower, a Jew, one of the life-like group of Jerusalem gossips, is made to say to Consul Pasqualizo—

"'I don't think I can deal in crucifixes.' 'I tell you what, if you won't your cousin Barizy of the Gate will. I know he has given a great order to Bethlehem.' 'The traitor,' exclaimed Barizy of the Tower. 'Well, if people will purchase crucifixes, and nothing else, they must be supplied. Commerce civilises man.'"

And indeed we shall find this same special vein of humour in his first novel alike and his last. Take this from *Vivian Grey*. The speaker is M. Sievers, the German statesman :—

"We have plenty of metaphysicians if you mean them. Watch that lively-looking gentleman who is stuffing Kalte Schale so voraciously in the corner. The leaven of the idealists, a pupil of the celebrated Fichte . . . the first principle of this school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. Existence is in his opinion a word too absolute. Being, principle, and essence, are terms scarcely sufficiently ethereal even to indicate the subtle shadowings of his opinions. Matter is his great enemy. My dear sir, observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself on these capricious and fantastic children. . . . *Metinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring Kalte Schale.*"

And this from *Endymion* :—

"The Chairman opened the proceedings, but was coldly received, though he spoke sensibly and at some length. He then introduced a gentleman who was absolutely an Alderman to move a resolution condemnatory of the Corn Laws. The august position of the speaker atoned for his halting rhetoric—and a city which had only just for the first time been invested with municipal privileges was hushed before a man who might in time even become a mayor."

Of a like character is the remark of Lothair after the opera servant's "Thank you, my lord," had attested the "overpowering *honorarium*" :—

"He knows me, thought Lothair; but it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic they always call you, my lord."

Or, again, Lord Monmouth's indignant advice to Coningsby :—

"You go with your family, sir, like a gentleman. You are not to consider your opinions like a philosopher or a political adventurer."

Or Waldershare's account of England's ascendancy :—

"I must say it was a grand idea of our kings making themselves sovereigns of the sea. The greater portion of this planet is water, so we at once become a first-rate power."

Or the Homeric simplicity of the Ansary tribe, who believe London to be surrounded by sea, and ask if the English live in ships, and are thus

corrected by the would-be interpreter, Keferinis :—

"The English live in ships only during six months of the year, principally when they go to India, the rest entirely at their country houses."

Similar too is the oblique sarcasm of Fakredeen :—

"We ought never to be surprised at anything that is done by the English, who are after all in a certain sense savages. . . . Everything they require is imported from other countries. . . . I have been assured at Beirout that they do not grow even their own cotton—but that I can hardly believe. Even their religion is an exotic, and as they are indebted for that to Syria, it is not surprising they should import their education from Greece."

And this light thrust at London architecture :—

"Shall we find a refuge in a committee of taste, escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many? . . . But one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its best until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. . . . Even our boasted navy never achieved a victory until we shot an admiral. Suppose an architect were hanged!"¹

Or finally, not to embarrass with riches, in the philosophy of Hot Plates, where the reason of cold dinners in Paris is ascribed to the inferiority of French pottery, and the author concludes quite in the manner of Sterne :—

"Now if we only had that treaty of commerce with France which has been so often on the point of completion, the fabrics of our unrivalled potteries in exchange for their capital wines would be found throughout France. The dinners of both nations would be improved; the English would gain a delightful beverage, and the French for the first time in their lives would dine off hot plates, an unanswerable instance of the advantages of commercial reciprocity."

But it is not this note alone, though to our minds this note is best, that Lord Beaconsfield strikes in the scale of humour. He has rung almost all the changes it contains, from the broadest comedy to the finest irony. He has revelled in burlesque, and has yet developed characters whose humour is at once lifelike and astonishing.

¹ *Tancred.*

Thackeray himself, in his Mirobolant love-making by the dishes he has cooked, has not surpassed the mock gravity of the *chef's* conference with which *Tancred* opens. The scene is laid in

"that part of the celebrated parish of St. George, which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly, and on the other by Curzon Street . . . It is in this district that the cooks have ever sought an elegant abode. *An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passion and suppressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness or dulness, distinguishes this quarter during the day.*"

It is in such august surroundings that "Papa Prevost," the veteran *chef*, advises young Leander, his favourite pupil ("the *chef* of the age"), on his choice of an aide-de-camp in the approaching campaign of Tancred's coming-of-age banquet:—

"What you have learned from me came at least from a good school. It is something to have served under Napoleon," added Prevost, with the grand air of the imperial kitchen. 'Had it not been for Waterloo I should have had the cross, but the Bourbons and the cooks of the Empire never could understand each other. They brought over an emigrant *chef* who did not comprehend the taste of the age. He wished to bring everything back to the time of the *œil de bœuf*; when Monsieur passed my soup of Austerlitz untasted, I knew the old family was doomed; but we gossip. . . . There is Andrieu . . . you had some hopes of him. He is too young. I took him to Hellingsley, and he lost his head on the third day. I intrusted the *soufflés* to him, and but for the most desperate personal exertions all would have been lost. *It was an affair of the Bridge of Arcola.*'

"Ah, mon Dieu, there are moments!" exclaimed Prevost."

Equally too of the Thackerayan flavour is the account of Freeman and Trueman, the flunkies attendant on Tancred in Palestine, who call an Emir *The Hameer*. The former comments on a Syrian castle:—

"There must have been a fine coming of age here," rejoined Trueman.

"As for that," replied Freeman, 'comings of age depend in a manner upon meat and drink. They ain't in no way to be carried out with coffee and pipes; without oxen roasted whole and broached hogsheads they ain't in a manner legal.'"

And again while near the Lebanon.

"I know what you are thinking of, John," replied Mr. F. in a serious tone. 'You are thinking if anything were to happen to either of us in this heathen land we should get Christian burial.'

"Lord love you, Mr. Freeman, no I wasn't. I was thinking of a glass of ale."

"Ah!" sighed Freeman, 'it softens the heart to think of such things away from home as we are. Do you know, John, there are times when I feel very queer, there are indeed. *I caught myself a-singing "Sweet Home" one night among those savages in the wilderness. One wants consolation sometimes, one does, indeed, and for my part I do miss the family prayers and the home-brewed.*'"

The Thackerayan irony is once more apparent in the picture of the sponging house where Ferdinand Armine finds himself immured:—

"There were also indications of literary amusement in the room in the shape of a *Hebrew Bible and the Racing Calendar*;"

and in the money-lender's advice for diminishing the loan required:—

"Fifteen hundred pound," ejaculated Mr. Levison. 'Well, I suppose we must make it 700*l.* somehow or other, and you must take the rest in coals;'"¹

in Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "sure of an ally directly the gentlemen appeared,"² (a Becky Sharp in miniature) as she cries in triumph after the aristocratic ball for which she has strenuously pined, "We have done it at last, my love."³ And in the radical manufacturer's confession of political faith, "I don't like extremes. A wise minister should take the duty off cotton wool."⁴

But the broader humour, that of Fielding and Dickens, is also forcibly represented in Lord Beaconsfield's pages. Perhaps few of our readers remember the Squire in *Venetia*—surely a country cousin of the little Judge in *Pickwick*—when Morgana, the suspected gipsy, is brought up for trial before him.

"Trust me to deal with these fellows. . . . The hint of petty treason staggered him. . . . The court must be cleared. Constable,

¹ *Henrietta Temple*.

² *Tancred*.

³ *Coningsby*.

⁴ *Endymion*.

clear the court. *Let a stout man stand on each side of the prisoner to protect the bench. The magistracy of England will never shrink from doing their duty, but they must be protected.*"

Or again the music hall in *Sybil* with its entertainments redolent of Vincent Crummles and Miss Snevellicci :—

"Some nights there was music on the stage. A young lady in a white robe with a golden harp, and attended by a gentleman in black mustachios. This was when the principal harpist of the king of Saxony and his first fiddle happened to be passing through Mowbray merely by accident on a tour of pleasure and instruction to witness the famous scenes of British industry. Otherwise the audience of the 'Cat and Fiddle'—we beg pardon, we mean the 'Temple of the Muses'—were fain to be content with four Bohemian Brothers, or an equal number of Swiss Sisters."

Or Mr. Fitzloom, the Manchester man in *Vivian Grey*, who might have walked straight out of *Little Dorrit*, if he had not lived so long before that wonderful work was written :—

"That is Miss Fitzloom?" asked Lady Madeline.

"Not exactly, my lady," said Mr. Fitzloom, "not exactly Miss Fitzloom, Miss Aurelia Fitzloom, my third daughter. "*Our third eldest,*" as Mrs. Fitzloom sometimes says, *for really it is necessary to distinguish with such a family as ours, you know.*"

Or Lady Spirituelle, described like Mrs. Wititterly herself as "*all soul,*"¹ or

"Mr. Smith, the fashionable novelist, that is to say a person who occasionally publishes three volumes, one half of which contains the adventures of a young gentleman in the country, and the other volume and a half the adventures of the same young gentleman in the metropolis."

In the same strain too is Lord Cadurcis' prejudice against Pontius Pilate—

"From seeing him when I was a child on an old Dutch tile fireplace at Marringhurst, dressed like a Burgomaster."²

And the school in *Vivian Grey* kept

"By sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and the linen; terms moderate, 100 guineas

per annum for all under six years of age, and a few extras only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar."

And (to terminate this section of our illustrations) the celebrated Dartford election from *Coningsby*, the rival of that at Eatanswill in *Pickwick*. Its nomination day, "lounging without an object, and luncheon without an appetite," Magog Wrath and Bully Bluck with their rival war-cries, and above all Rigby's speech :—

"He brought in his crack theme, the guillotine, and dilated so elaborately upon its qualities, that one of the gentlemen below could not refrain from exclaiming, 'I wish you may get it.' This exclamation gave Mr. Rigby what is called a 'great opening, which, like a practised speaker, he immediately seized. He denounced the sentiment as un-English, and got very much cheered. Excited by this success, Rigby began to call everything else with which he did not agree un-English, until menacing murmurs began to arise, when he shifted the subject and rose into a grand peroration, in which he assured them that the eyes of the whole empire were on this particular election (cries of 'That's true' on all sides), and that England expected every man to do his duty. 'And who do you expect to do yours,' inquired a gentleman below, 'about that 'ere pension?'"

We must still, before we can consider our author's wit, treat, and of necessity briefly, his burlesque humour and his humorous development of character. The former is rifest, as is natural, in his earliest works, and overflowing with high spirits, though never of an impersonal nature. Their constant reference to politics and society allies them more nearly to *Gulliver's Travels* than to the *Rose and the Ring*, though the whimsical Beckendorff and the episode in *Vivian Grey* of the Rhine wine dukes is an exception to this rule. Let us commence with the earliest :—

"I protest," said the King of Thessaly, "against this violation of the most sacred rights."

"The marriage tie?" said Mercury.

"The dinner hour?" said Jove.

"It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion," said Venus, "mortals are callous."

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Minerva."³

¹ Popanilla.

² Vivian Grey.

³ Venetia.

⁴ Ixion in Heaven.

And the rubber between Teiresias and Proserpine in the *Infernal Marriage* :—

“‘The trick and two by honours,’ said Proserpine.

“‘Pray, my dear Teiresias, you, who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?’

“‘Because I wanted the lead, and those who want to lead, please your majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends.’”

And the whole of *Popanilla*, particularly the parable of the pineapples and the trial of the hero, who, arraigned on a charge of treason, discovers the indictment is for stealing camelopards, and is informed by the judge that originally *Vraibleusia* abounded with these splendid animals, to punish the destroyers of which his court was instituted :—

“‘Therefore,’ his lordship added, ‘in order to try you in this court for the modern offence of high treason, you must first be introduced by fiction of law as a stealer of camelopards, and then, being in *præsenti regio*, in a manner, we proceed to business by a special power for the absolute offence.’ The Judge summed up in the most impartial manner. He told the jury that although the case was quite clear against the prisoner, they were bound to give him the advantage of every reasonable doubt.”

It is this excessive buoyancy that, flouting graver themes, has often, and sometimes not unjustly, been stigmatised as flippant, but which, in a famous passage¹ from one of the diatribes against Peel, was to be wielded as a formidable political weapon.

In the delineation of humorous character, despite the fact that political or social aims contract their horizon, we claim for Lord Beaconsfield at least moments of mastery. He has created types instead of, like the conventional satirists, appropriating them. To borrow his own language, “His pleasure has been,” to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.² Because *Sidonia* is a paradox incarnate, we are not to forget that Lord Monmouth is a masterpiece, any more than the caricatures of Acres or Mrs. Malaprop should prevent our

appreciation of the two Surfaces. In the masculine gallery, Lord Monmouth, Taper and Tadpole (creations in Sheridan’s best manner, but too familiar to recapitulate here), Essper George³ (the modern Sancho Panza to a master the exact reverse of Don Quixote), St. Aldegonde, Rigby, Fakredeem (the Louis Napoleon of Syrian intrigue), Lord Montfort, the cynic who “knew he was dying when he found himself disobeyed,” are remarkable, as are Bertie Tremaine, who “always walked home with the member who had made the speech of the evening,” and who welcomed at his table “every one except absolute assassins,” and Mr. Putney Giles, who, “intelligent, acquainted with everything except theology and metaphysics, liked to oblige, a little to patronise, never made difficulties, and always overcame them,” and Mr. Phœbus, the muscular æsthete : while Lady Bellair (Lady Blessington⁴), who “hates people who are only rich,” and in her old age “always has a gay season,” Lady Montfort, the Scheherazadé of Society, Zenobia, and Mrs. Guy Flouncey are attractively so in the feminine ; though in his treatment of woman’s character, Lord Beaconsfield chivalrously prefers the heroic to the humorous.

We have space to examine two only, and shall select them from what their author has styled the “dark sex.”

Lord Monmouth is the Marquis of Steyne anatomised. He is the *mauvais idéal* of the old Tory peers who were the pillars of the “organised hypocrisy.” “Never wanting in energy when his own interests were concerned,” “disliking to hear of people who were dead,” “looking on human nature with the callous eye of a jockey,” “when he pleased rather fascinating to young men,” his superb selfishness and sordid sagacity are

³ *Vivian Grey*. The description of the Toadies in the same work, and the nomenclature in his earlier compositions, show how strongly Sheridan influenced the young D’Israeli.

⁴ *Henrietta Temple*.

¹ That about *Popkin’s Plan*.

² *Coningsby*.

built up, block by block, like some Pharaoh of Egyptian antiquity :—

“Lord Monmouth worshipped gold, though if necessary he could squander it like a calif. He had even a respect for very rich men. It was his only weakness ; the only exception to his general scorn for his species—wit, power, particular friendship, general popularity, public opinion, beauty, genius, virtue, all these are to be purchased ; but it does not follow that you can buy a rich man. You may not be willing or able to spare enough. *A person or a thing that you could not buy became invested in the eyes of Lord Monmouth with a kind of halo, amounting almost to sanctity.*”

His heartlessly diplomatic removal of Lady Monmouth through Rigby, his one sally of indignation provoked by his nephew's enthusiasm, “By — some woman has got hold of him and made him a Whig,” and his verdict on the Reform Bill, “D—— the Reform Bill. If the Duke had not quarrelled with Lord Grey, on a Coal Committee, we should never have had the Reform Bill,” complete a portrait worthy of Juvenal. It is a grim figure, but we must not deny it almost its sole virtue, and that posthumous—the bequest to his creature Rigby :—

“Lord Monmouth left to the Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby the bust of that gentleman which he had himself presented to his lordship, and which at his desire had been placed in the vestibule at Coningsby Castle, *from the amiable motive that after Lord Monmouth's decease, Mr. Rigby might wish perhaps to present it to some other friend.*”

It is a relief to turn to Lord St. Aldegonde, the embodiment of the radical nobleman. Two quotations shall suffice for the outlines of this delightful “free churchman,” fresh in the recollection of all readers of *Lothair* :—

“ A republican of the reddest dye, he was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men except Dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic with energy, amazed at any one differing from him. ‘As if a fellow could have too much land,’ he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction.

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“The meal was over. The bishop was standing near the mantelpiece talking to the ladies who were clustered round him. The archdeacon, and the chaplain, and some other clergy, a little in the background. Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, then assumed his usual position and listened as it were grimly for a few moments to their talk. Then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice with the groan of a rebellious Titan, ‘How I hate Sunday.’ ‘Granville!’ exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder. ‘I mean in a country house,’ said Lord St. Aldegonde. ‘Of course I mean in a country house. I do not dislike it alone, and I do not dislike it in London, but Sunday in a country house is infernal.’”

We have dilated at some length on the various aspects of Lord Beaconsfield's humour, for it is to our minds far the most important feature of his writings, but after all it is for his daring and dazzling wit that he will universally be remembered. It is, as we have said, a rare quality, and it is also a gift that lives. Wit has wings. A happy phrase becomes a proverb, and the wittier half of a work, like the favourite melodies of a composition, survives the whole. The more will this be likely when the *γνώμη* is to repeat ourselves intellectually true, when fancy jumps with fact. This is, we imagine, the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's wit. It may seem paradoxical to assert of his most popular paradoxes that they are just, but we do so. He, like his Sidonia, “said many things that were strange, yet they instantly appeared to be true.” Be this as it may, wit is certainly the most plentiful element of his later novels. They are confessedly novels of conversation.

“In life surely,” he observes in *Vivian Grey*, “man is not always as monstrously busy as he appears to be in novels and romances ; we are not always in action, not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk about the weather, sometimes about ourselves, oftener about our friends, and as often about our enemies.”

This conversational treatment is an element of their originality. Gradu-

ally as his political and social career became more definite and progressive, the humour in his novels recedes and the wit abounds. The only English prime minister who has been a professed wit, he felt its efficacy as a weapon, used it, and we may add never abused it. Squib, repartee, epigram, and lampoon, all applied by him, have yet never been misapplied to gloze immorality or profane religion. His very sneer is good humour, and if he was in any sense Diogenes, he was certainly a Diogenes who lived out of the tub.

Wit, to classify roughly, is twofold. There is the lightning wit that flashes of a short sentence or an apt reply, and there is the lambent wit that sparkles either by description or dialogue. We shall begin with instances of the first. And here there is scarcely need to quote. Every one knows his aphorisms. The hansom cab, "the gondola of London," and the critics, "the men who have failed;"¹ Tadpole's "Tory men and Whig measures," and Rigby's "Little words in great capitals;" "*Don Juan*, the style of the House of Commons, *Paradise Lost*, that of the House of Lords;" "All the great things have been done by the little nations" and "Our young Queen and our old constitution," "The Whigs bathing," and, we may add, "London, the key of India;" are household words.

It is in *Coningsby* and *Lothair* that perhaps the best of his apophthegms are found. Thence spring "The government of great measures, or little men of humbug or humdrum;" and "Youth, the trustees of posterity;" "The Austrians, the Chinese of Europe;" and "Diplomatists the Hebrews of politics;" "Paris, the university of the world;" and "St. James's Square, the Faubourg St. Germain of London;" "The gentlemen who played with billiard-balls games that were not billiards;" and "The lady who sacrificed

even her lovers to her friends;" "Most women are vain, some men are not;" and the lawyer who "was not an intellectual Cræsus, but had his pockets full of sixpences;" "Pantheism, Atheism in domino;" and "Books, the curse of the human race;" "Pearls are like Girls," and "Malt tax is madness;" of Austria, "two things made her a nation—she was German and she was Catholic, and now she is neither;" and of the Reform Bill, "It gave to Manchester a bishop and to Birmingham a dandy." But indeed words fully as good as these are to be found throughout. It is time to recall Lord Squib's definition of the value of money, "very dear;" and Count Mirabel's (D'Orsay's) pleasantry, "Coffee and confidence;"² Essper George's "Like all great travellers I have seen more than I remember and remembered more than I have seen;"³ and Popanilla, "The most dandified of savages and the most savage of dandies;" "Venus, the goddess of watering places;"⁴ and "Burlington, with his old loves and new dances;"⁵ "Good fortune with good management, no country house, and no children, is Aladdin's lamp;"⁶ and the "Treatise on a subject in which everybody is interested, in a style no one understands;"⁷ the French actress who avers at supper "No language makes you so thirsty as French;"⁸ and the English tradesmen, who "console themselves for not getting their bills paid by inviting their customers to dinner." The utilitarian whose dogma was, "Rules are general, feelings are general, and property should be general"; and the definition of Liberty, "Do as others do, and never knock men down."⁹ There has been scarcely time to forget the advice in *Lothair* to "go into the country for the first note of the nightingale and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell;" or

¹ Compare the *Infernal Marriage*.—"Ixion, 'Are there any critics in Hell?' 'Myriads,' rejoined the ex-King of Lydia."

² *The Young Duke*.

³ *Ixion in Heaven*.

⁴ *Tancred*.

⁵ *The Young Duke*.

⁶ *Vision Grey*.

⁷ *The Young Duke*.

⁸ *Vision Grey*.

⁹ *Popanilla*.

perhaps to remember Zenobia in *Endymion*, "who liked handsome people, even handsome women," and Mr. Ferrars who committed suicide from a "want of imagination." A brace of very witty similes should not be here omitted. The one a comparison of the parliament-built region of Harley Street to "a large family of plain children, with Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents;"¹ the other, that of the detached breakfast-tables at Brentham to "a cluster of Greek or Italian Republics, instead of a great metropolitan table like a central government, absorbing all the genius and resources of society;"² nor should the Heinesque lyric on "Charming Bignetta,"³ with its witty close, be suffered to die away unreechoed:—

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a wicked young rogue is charming
Bignetta!
She laughs at my shyness, and flirts with
his highness,
Yet still she is charming, that charming
Bignetta!"

* * *

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a dear little girl is charming Bi-
gnetta!
'Think me only a sister,' said she trembling
—I kissed her.
What a charming young sister is charming
Bignetta!"

In the same category too are those felicitous turns of terse expression, whether new or newly-shaped, which distinguish Lord Beaconsfield above any other modern novelist. The "Parliamentary Christian," for Protestant, and the "Freetrader in Gossip" for the bad listener in *Lothair*, the "Midland sea," for the Mediterranean in *Tancred* and *Venetia*; the figure of *unbuttoning one's brains*,⁴ and the jingle "plundered and blundered," of *Coningsby*, the "Heresy of cutlets," from *Venetia*, the "ortolans stuffed with truffles and the truffles with ortolans" from *Endymion*, the "con-

fused explanations and explained confusions," from *Popanilla*. The terms "Stateswoman" and "Anecdote," "Melancholy ocean" and "Batavian grace," remind us that Benjamin Disraeli is the son of an author he has himself portrayed as sauntering on his garden terrace meditating some happy phrase.

It still remains for us to advert to the wit of sustained sparkle rather than of sudden flashes. Of this there is an admirable specimen in *Tancred*. Lady Constance is alluding to "The Revelations of Chaos," a tract on Evolution.

"... It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing could be so pretty. A cluster of vapour—the cream of the Milky Way, a sort of celestial cheese churned into light. You must read it; it is charming."

"'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

"'Perhaps not; you must read the Revelations. It is all explained. But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You know all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something, then—— I forget the next. I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next—— Never mind that—we came, and the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it, we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. . . . Everything is proved by geology, you know. . . . This is development; we had fins, we may have wings.'"

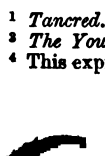
This passage is not only wit, but humour also, according as we regard the speaker or the speech, and as both combined as in fact "West-Oriental," irresistible. Or again, Herbert in *Venetia*:—

"'I doubt whether a man at fifty is the same material being that he is at five-and-twenty.'

"'I wonder,' said Lord Cadurcis, 'if a creditor brought an action against you at fifty for goods sold and delivered at five-and-twenty one could set up the want of identity as a plea in bar; it would be a consolation to an elderly gentleman.'"

Or the lady's reasoning on the Gulf Stream theory:—

"'I think we want more evidence of a change. The Vice-Chancellor and I went



¹ *Tancred*. ² *Lothair*.
³ *The Young Duke*.
⁴ This expression is Beethoven's.

down to a place we have near town on Saturday where there is a very nice piece of water, indeed, some people call it a lake. My boys wanted to skate, but that I would not permit."

"You believe in the Gulf Stream to that extent," said Lothair, "no skating."

Or once more, a piece of railleury from *Vivian Grey*:—

"What a pity, Miss Manvers, that the fashion has gone out of selling oneself to the devil."

"Good gracious, Mr. Grey!"

"On my honour I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity; *what a capital plan for younger brothers*. It is a kind of thing I have been trying to do all my life, and never could succeed. I began at school with toasted cheese and a pitchfork."

Or the report of the debate in the House of Lords "imposing particularly if we take a part in it."

"Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these full of confidence in the nation and himself. When the debate was getting heavy Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts."¹

Or the comparison of the Tories who supported Peel in his defection to the converted Saxons by Charlemagne:—

"When the Emperor appeared, instead of conquering he converted them. How were they converted? In battalions—the old chronicler informs us *they were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons*. It was utterly impossible to bring these individuals from a state of reprobation to one of grace with a celerity sufficiently quick."²

And last, though decidedly not least the dictum of Mendez Pinto:—

"English is an expressive language, but

not difficult to master. Its range is limited; it consists, as far as I can observe, of four words, 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and 'bore,' and some grammarians add 'fond.'"

And now we have done. Whatever the divergencies of opinion on the literary merit of Lord Beaconsfield—and this rests with the best critic, posterity—it is at least unquestionable that in wit and humour he never flags. There are those who have called him dull, but they are dullards. The Bæotians could hardly have proved fair judges of Aristophanes.

But our object in this article has been to vindicate a much higher honour for Lord Beaconsfield than any such mere cleverness. We have endeavoured to prove that not only does he "sparkle with epigram and blaze with repartee" of unusual brilliance, but that his humour, necessarily hampered as it was by his surroundings and his aims, can boast keen insight and original manipulation; that the *bizarre* and the frivolous is the mere froth on its surface—unessential and evanescent, and that as a wit and a humorist he is now, by the prerogative of death, classical. Nor is the least enduring of the wreaths heaped upon his bier that he always, and in the best manner, amused us while he instructed, and instructed us while he amused.

His wit and his humour offer a complete refutation to the Shakespearian adage, "When the age is in the wit is out," for he preserved them youthful as a septuagenarian, and they in requital shall preserve his memory ever vivid and vigorous.

"Alas! poor Yorick, where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar!" may exclaim one who discerns only in Lord Beaconsfield, the Court Jester. Our rejoinder shall be that of truth and reverence,

"He being dead yet speaketh."

WALTER SYDNEY SICHEL.

¹ *The Young Duke*.

² Speech on the Repeal of the Corn Laws, May 15, 1846.

THE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"ONCE more the quiet years, From their long slumber leap," and England, after a silence of ten generations, is engaged in revising her Bible. Between 1526 and 1611 new translations, partial or complete, were constantly coming forth. From 1611 down to very recent times, there was nothing of the kind. The authorised version seemed to share the immutability of the solar system; partly, no doubt, because it was an authorised version—or rather was supposed to be so, for, as a matter of fact, it never was formally authorised either by Crown or Parliament, or Convocation—and partly perhaps because, of the two parties which so long divided the Church, the one was less occupied with the words of the Bible than with the formularies derived from them, while the other regarded those words with an exaggerated reverence which would have shrunk from the idea of amendment as a profanation. Is the present movement a sign that these two great parties have somewhat modified their views, or that their exclusive domination is no more? However this may be, it affords a fitting occasion for recalling some of the leading points in the history of our English Bible.

And first, as to the name. It may be asked, What's in a name? but every one who has reflected at all on the subject, knows how powerfully names may influence thought. The late Mr. Charles Buxton, in his *Notes of Thought*, speaks of it as nothing short of a national calamity that the record of our Saviour's life and teaching should be designated by the word "Gospel," a word which has to the mass of those who hear it no significance or "connotation," instead of by the word "Good tidings." Perhaps this is not a very strong case; for it may be maintained that "Gospel" does

carry with it a meaning to those who think at all; and further that to express any complex phenomenon of world-wide importance there must be one word set apart and withdrawn from its ordinary uses; that to fit it for its great mission it must pass through a process analogous to that by which a corn of wheat dies, and by dying becomes capable of bringing forth much fruit. At all events, if "Gospel" has the negative defect of *suppressio veri*, it is at least free from the far graver fault of *suggestio falsi*.

It is not so with an allied term, "Religion." Whatever may be the etymology of the Latin *religio*—and Max Müller agrees with Cicero in deriving it from *re-legere*, the opposite of *negligere*, to express thoughtfulness, the opposite of carelessness—it will hardly be denied that in nine out of ten cases where it occurs it carries with it an evil flavour of unmanly fear, seeking refuge in slavish service. *Tantum Religio potuit suadere majorum* is the line which it at once recalls to every scholar. And this even in its English form it has never quite lost. In the Bible, "religion" and "religious" are very rarely used, and never in their best—if even in a good—sense. Their distinctive use is as the equivalents of *θρησκεία* and *θρησκός*, as in James i. 26, 27, where the whole object of the writer is to impress on his disciples how unworthy of God is the idea of His service which underlies those words. And though "religion" is now enthroned on the lips and in the hearts of men as the recognised name for the highest aspiration of the human soul towards God, it is constantly betraying its meaner origin, not only in such phrases as "Sister — in religion," "the religious order," "a religious," but also, though less

obviously, in many others, as when we speak of "the religious life," as something distinct from the godly, righteous, and sober life after which every true Christian strives. Who shall say how much in this case, as in others, the mortal word may have clogged the immortal thought; to how great an extent a good cause may have suffered from the imperfection of a watchword, misleading those within the camp as to the true strength of their position, and keeping out many who might have been within it?

The name "Bible," as applied to the Holy Scriptures, is perhaps open to some objection of a similar kind, as tending to make us forget their multifarious character; that what we are speaking of is not one book but a collection of books; how else, indeed, could it have fitted into every part of human life, every corner of the human heart? "*Bibliotheca sacra*," Jerome calls it, the holy library; and the early English form of it was "*bibliocepe*." It was through the Normans that "Bible" came to us; the neuter plural *Biblia* having been, according to a well-known law, changed into the feminine singular. There is, however, a very real and important sense in which the Scriptures are one; and there is some advantage in a title which brings this prominently forward. Only it is the more necessary constantly to remind ourselves that their unity is that of a literature and not of a book, and can never be fully realised but by those who appreciate their diversity.

The title of "New Testament" for the Christian Scriptures is happily as appropriate, as it was inevitable from the moment when St. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians,¹ spoke of the Hebrew Scriptures (or at least the earlier portion of them) as the "Old Testament"; and it seems hardly credible that the Christian Church should at one time have hesitated between it and the "New Instrument." The Greek word represented here by

¹ 2 Cor. iii. 14.

Testament means properly a "disposition" or "arrangement"; but it is often used in a special sense, to mean an arrangement made by one who is leaving the world, for the benefit of his friends. In the phrase "New Testament" is reproduced and perpetuated that inextricable confusion of the general with the special sense which is found in more than one passage of the Gospels and Epistles. And carrying thus with it a meaning which hovers between "a merciful arrangement" and a "loving friend's bequest," what name could be more happy for the written record of our Saviour's utterances respecting the relations between God and Man?

But what is this English Bible of which we speak, and how have its contents come to be what they are? It is clear that before such a book can be produced at least three distinct processes must be gone through. The Canon of Scripture must be settled; the Text must be ascertained; and that text must be translated. Of these processes the first has hitherto received comparatively little attention in this country. Even the valuable labours of Canon Westcott have awakened but a faint interest in the subject. The vast majority of students of the Bible are quite content to take it, in this respect, as it is; putting aside, as to them of no moment, any doubts which they may hear expressed as to the canonicity, for instance, of the Song of Solomon, or of the 2nd Epistle of St. Peter. Nor is there anything surprising in this indifference. Extremes meet; and as in the early days of Christianity, with the sound of the Apostolic voices still ringing in their ears, men felt no need of a Canon, and none was formed until the persecution of Diocletian, acting as a re-agent, threw it into shape, so the solvent of the modern spirit has taken something both from the definiteness of the Canon then formed, and from its authority. Men feel that the question whether a certain book was or was not included in the Carthaginian Cata-

logue, or quoted by Origen as Scripture, is to them of little importance compared with the question whether its contents are good to the use of edifying.

It is not very many years since the same, or nearly the same, might have been said of the Text. If the spuriousness of the passage about the Three Witnesses¹ was too patent to be denied, this was treated as an isolated and exceptional accident. Or if the subject of various readings generally was brought forward, it was set aside by a reference to the remark of a celebrated critic, that all the various readings that had ever been suggested, however ingeniously they might be twisted, "could not so disguise Christianity but that every feature of it will still be the same." But, so far as the New Testament is concerned, a succession of Biblical scholars—notably, Lachmann and Tischendorf, with their rare mastery of diplomatic lore, and Dean Alford, with his unrivalled industry and candour in collecting, and sifting, and popularising the results of more original labourers—have changed all this; and readers who do not know a word of Greek have been put in possession of all the facts, and called in, so to speak, to assist in the formation of an improved text. Few of us, it may be, have ever handled a Greek MS. of the New Testament, but "every schoolboy" now knows that there are three such MSS. of primary authority; one of the fourth century, discovered in our time by Tischendorf at Mount Sinai, and now at St. Petersburg; another, also of the fourth century, which lay *perdu* in the Vatican for 300 years, and has only recently been fully published; the third, of the fifth century, presented to Charles I. by a Patriarch of Constantinople, and now one of the treasures of the British Museum. Next to these, if not quite in the same line, are to be placed the Paris MS., probably of the fifth century, which was brought to France by Catherine de' Medicis; and

¹ 1 John v. 7, 8.

the one which, just 300 years ago, was presented by Beza to the University of Cambridge, containing only the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. After these, but at a great distance from them in value, come about thirty MSS., or fragments of MSS., reaching down to the eleventh century. All those that have been mentioned are written in the great *uncial* or capital character. There is a much larger number of others, of much later date, in the small character called *curive*, or running. In addition to these MSS. of the Greek text, there are a great many versions—Alford refers to as many as fifty—in various languages, and of very various ages, the oldest being the Syriac Peshito, supposed to be of the second century. Lastly there has been collected from a long succession of the Fathers of the Church, several of whom wrote as early as the second century, a vast number of passages in which the words of the New Testament are either expressly quoted or distinctly referred to.

Amid this great variety of authorities there exists, as might be expected, a great diversity of texts, from which the true and original text has to be picked out. The broad principles on which this is to be done are in themselves sufficiently obvious. *Ceteris paribus*, that reading is to be preferred, as most likely to represent the words actually used by the evangelist or the apostle, which is found in the earliest MSS., the earliest versions, the earliest quotations. That reading is to be preferred which has the support of the greatest number of independent authorities; for the mere multiplication of them, when they are clearly derived from each other or from a common source, adds nothing to their weight. That reading is to be preferred which gives a sense most in conformity with the modes of thought and expression which characterise the particular writer. A peculiar or difficult reading is deserving of attention in proportion to its singularity or

difficulty, unless it can be traced to some probable working of the mind of the copyist, or some natural tendency of his pen.

But if the rules are easy to state, they are often very difficult to apply. Provoking conflicts of evidence arise. The witnesses who ought to know best disagree among themselves, or are contradicted by a host of others nearly as well informed; or their story is inconsistent with itself, or with known facts; nor is it always easy even to make out what they say. It needs the skill and patience of a trained judge to get at the truth. Happily for us, judicial intellects of no mean order have been employed upon the task, and the results have been for some time before the general public. By the aid of such books as Alford's *New Testament for English Readers*, Bagster's *Critical New Testament*, and the Tauchnitz edition of the same,¹ the least learned among us are in a position to form some idea how far the Text from which the Authorised Version was made, a Text based on MSS. of which none is older than the tenth century, is susceptible of amendment.

Subsequent, in theory, to the settlement of the Text, but generally in fact *pari passu* with it, comes the work of translating it. This is not the place for more than the briefest notice of the chief English translations of the New Testament. Three of them stand out prominently from among the others: Wycliffe's, published in 1381; Tyndale's in 1526; and the Authorised Version in 1611. What the dawn is to the sunrise, Wycliffe's work was to Tyndale's. It would be difficult to exaggerate its historical importance, or its interest in connection with the character of the man, and the enlightened patriotism of his aims. But it was one of those dawns which are soon overclouded with a darkness that has to be dispelled afresh when the sun reaches the horizon. Before Tyndale's

version came forth Wycliffe's had almost entirely disappeared out of the land; owing chiefly, no doubt, to the cruel vigour employed in suppressing it, but partly also to the great change which, in the interval, had passed over the English language. Tyndale was born about 1480, and therefore had the benefit of the general revival of learning which followed upon the taking of Constantinople in 1453, and the consequent dispersion of Greek scholars and Greek books throughout the West. He had also, as compared with his great predecessor, the inestimable advantages of a formed language in which to write, and a printing press to give at once currency and stability to his writings. With these aids, and "giving his life royally," if ever man did, to his self-imposed task, he produced a work which is for all time. His translation of the New Testament, the first ever made into English direct from the original Greek, though it has been often altered and revised, not always for the better, is still "substantially the Bible with which we are familiar," with the "peculiar genius, if "such a word may be permitted, "which breathes through it, its mingled "tenderness and majesty, its Saxon "simplicity, its preternatural grandeur."²

It is painful to think how this noble gift and its donor were treated during his lifetime, not indeed by the English people, but by its rulers; how he lived an exile, and died at the stake, praying with his last breath, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." A few months more, and the prayer would have been a thanksgiving; for in 1537, the year following his martyrdom, Coverdale's complete Bible, containing a New Testament based mainly on Tyndale's, was published in England, "set forth with the kynge's most gracious license."

From that date the license has never been withdrawn, except during Queen Mary's reign; an exception which furnishes an interesting and

¹ For a short notice of this book, see No. 119 of this Magazine, Sept. 1869.

² Froude's *History of England*, iii. 84.

instructive episode in the history of the subject. For in that dark time a number of English scholars, finding themselves debarred at home from the free use of the Scriptures, congregated at Geneva, and there, in the city of Calvin, and under the influence of his teaching, produced a translation commonly known as the Geneva Bible, but sometimes called, owing to a peculiar rendering of Genesis iii. 21, the "Breeches" Bible. Of course it could not be kept out of England, or from passing on to Scotland; but having to be introduced surreptitiously and under difficulties, it obtained all the firmer hold on the minds and affections of the people; so strong a hold that the Bishops' Bible, published in 1568, quite failed to displace it, and its use only died out in the time of Charles I., after the appearance of the Authorised Version. Its effects survived, first in the bias of British theology towards Puritanism and Independence, and secondly in the fusion of the English and Scottish forms of speech, which have never since been so distinct as they were before the Genevan New Testament was published in Edinburgh in 1576.

It was partly with a view to getting rid of this Bible, and its notes, "savouring too much of dangerous and traitorous conceits," that James I. was induced to issue his *fiat*, in 1604, for "one uniform translation," without comments. A committee of about fifty translators was at once appointed—the most learned that could be found in Oxford and Cambridge—and after about seven years they issued a translation which before long superseded all others, and has been known for 270 years as the Authorised Version.

It is no light thing to touch an heirloom of so many generations; and no one can wonder that when the question of a fresh revision was first mooted about a quarter of a century ago, many heads were shaken, and faint hearts shrank from the possible consequences of publicly admitting that our Bible fell short of absolute

perfection. Some reassurance came with the reflection that the contemporaneous existence of two different versions of the Psalms—one in the Bible, the other in the Prayer-book—had not prevented their being an unfailing fountain of comfort to devout hearts; nay, that the double translation, acting like a stereoscope, often made the meaning stand out in greater clearness and fulness to the mental eye. And it was soon observed that the numerous specimens of retranslation which issued in various shapes from the press—the most important of them the work of one whose labours in connection with the text have been already mentioned, Dean Alford—while almost demonstrating the necessity of some alteration, showed at the same time within how narrow limits it would, in competent hands, be confined. Thus the world heard with great equanimity, if not with cordial satisfaction, in February, 1870, that it had been formally resolved in the Upper House of Convocation to appoint a Revision Committee. It was among the last of the many excellent movements set on foot or headed by the inexhaustibly versatile energy of Bishop Wilberforce; who, having once started it, wisely left it to be conducted by others of more solid learning and more specially devoted to the cause than himself. Two companies were formed—one to revise the Old, the other the New, Testament; the latter (with which alone we are now concerned) consisting of 25 specialists in Biblical Criticism, representing almost every section of British Christians with the exception of the Romanists, and aided by a Secretary worthy of such a Board. Within a few months the work was taken in hand, and pursued with a steady perseverance beyond all praise. Before long, however, there arose the question, How were the inevitable expenses to be borne? Private subscriptions could not be counted upon; still less a subsidy from Government. The great printing presses of Oxford

and Cambridge stepped into the breach, and by purchasing the copyright supplied the necessary funds. *Non homines, non Di, sed concessere columnæ.*

And now, within the last few days, the results of their ten years' labours have been given to the world. What is the character of this Revised Version, and how far is it fitted to fill the place to which it aspires?

It would obviously be impossible, on so short acquaintance, and in a limited space, to give an adequate answer to these questions. All that can be attempted here is to notice a few of the features which *sautent aux yeux*.

To the eye or ear familiar with the old version it will be at once apparent that the number of alterations is very great. By the Chairman himself, in his address to Convocation, it was stated to amount, in some parts, to an average of 3 for every verse, one-tenth of them being due to changes of Text. Let us consider first those which belong to this smaller class.

"A revision of the Greek Text," say the Revisers in their preface, "was the necessary foundation of our work; but it did not fall within our province to construct a continuous and complete Greek Text." A complete edition, however, of the Text which underlies their version has been published by one of their number, Archdeacon Palmer, with all the displaced readings set out at the foot of the page.¹ A large proportion of these displacements cannot be said to be of any great importance. It

is well known that the Text from which the old version was made contained a multitude of words and phrases and even sentences not found in the old MSS., and introduced apparently into the later copies, in the long course of successive transcriptions, either by mere inadvertence, or with the object of pointing or explaining the acknowledged meaning. Connecting particles like "and" and "but" were freely inserted; "he said" was expanded into "he answered and said"; the name of the speaker was substituted for the pronoun "he." Often a few words which helped to bring out the meaning more fully were brought in from a parallel passage; or a note which had been written on the margin of an old MS. was incorporated by a copyist into the Text of his copy.

It was inevitable that these interpolations should be discarded, and their omission is in most cases quite unimportant. A few of them, however, will be missed. Thus, St. Luke's version of the Lord's Prayer suffers greatly by losing the words "which art in Heaven," "Thy will be done as in Heaven so in earth," "but deliver us from temptation." It will be observed, however, that these words are retained in the parallel passage in St. Matthew's Gospel, from which they appear to have been imported into St. Luke's. Similar omissions will be noticed in some of the accounts of the Last Supper; but here also the combined result of all the accounts remains unaltered. A marked instance of a note improperly embodied in the text is the fourth verse of John v., containing an unauthorised, though probably early explanation, from the writer's point of view, of the flocking of the sick, blind, halt, and withered to the pool of Bethesda. This is now restored to its proper place in the margin. The thirty-seventh verse of Acts viii. is not found in the best MSS., but was apparently added in perfect good faith as expressing what was necessarily implied in the narra-

¹ Simultaneously with this, but quite independently of it, has come forth the long expected edition of the Greek Text, by two other Revisers, Canon Westcott and Dr. Hort, — the fruit, we believe, of a quarter of a century's labours — to which is appended an extremely valuable summary of the contents of an Introduction which is to follow, on "the true principles of textual criticism generally, and the leading results which follow from their application to the New Testament." *The New Testament in the Original Greek.* The text revised by B. F. Westcott, D.D., and F. J. Hort, D.D. Crown 8vo. Macmillan and Co., 1881. Truly this is a jubilee year for English Biblical students.

tive of the Eunuch's baptism by Philip. It is relegated to the margin in the new version. The same fate has befallen the so-called Doxology, in Matthew vi. 13. It has happened also to words which, in some respects, cannot so well be spared; those in which (Luke ix. 55, 56) our Lord rebukes His disciples for proposing to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritans, saying "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of: for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them"; words which are less likely to have been put into our Lord's mouth without authority, than to have been omitted from the original Gospel records along with those many sayings and doings which would have filled more books than the world could have contained.

Some passages of considerable interest and importance are retained in the text, but with a note to show that their authenticity is doubted. Prominent among these is the last part of the last chapter of St. Mark, which does not occur in the best MSS., and which, consisting of little more than an epitome of facts already recorded elsewhere, and differing widely in point of language from the rest of the book, is not likely, whatever may be its origin, to be the writing of St. Mark. This may be a relief to some on whose ears the 16th verse of that chapter, as given in the old version, has grated harshly. On the other hand many will regret to find the note of spuriousness attached to that striking passage at the beginning of the 8th chapter of St. John—the story of the Woman taken in adultery—which, as has been truly said, of all the incidents in the New Testament, "most clearly embodies the justice, mercy, and tenderness of Christ, and supplies us with the most precious traits of His personal manners." It seems hardly possible to doubt that it is a contemporary record of a real incident: whether, as some maintain, really written by St. John and suppressed from an idea that it might lead to

making light of sin, or, as others somewhat strangely suppose, a fragment that has got loose from the end of Luke *xxi.* and strayed into this place. There is even a doubt, which one would fain treat, with Alford, as of no moment, regarding the authenticity of the words recorded in our version of Luke *xxiii.* 34, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" words, says Renan, which if they were not on the lips of Jesus, were certainly in his heart.

To one passage of importance in the old version the Revisers accord no place in text or margin, viz., the verse, already referred to, in 1st John v. 7, 8, concerning the Three Witnesses, which has no support either from ancient Greek MSS. or ancient versions. Nor have they, apparently, seen sufficient ground for bestowing any notice on the words which in one MS. of great authority, and one only, are found after the 4th verse of Luke vi., words pregnant with the highest wisdom—"On the same day having seen a certain man working on the Sabbath, He said unto him, Man, if thou knowest what thou doest, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law." It seems almost as if they must have been in St. Paul's mind when he wrote to the Romans (xiv. 22, 23), "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. And he that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

One large class of textual alterations consists of cases in which errors had crept into the received Text by the substitution of one word for another, generally owing to similarity between them either in shape or in sound; for it appears probable that the copying was often done by dictation. For instance, it is remarkable how often, especially in the Epistles, "you," and "your" have been substituted for "we" "us" and "our," or *vice versâ*, and perhaps still more remarkable

how seldom the sense of the passage is materially affected by the substitution. The restoration of the true reading in these cases is almost always a gain to the reader. A few instances may here be given, not as by any means the most important, but as fair specimens of a large class.

In the opening words of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew it is a decided improvement to have the general term *righteousness*.—"Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men"—instead of the particular *alms*; which finds its proper place in the following verses, along with prayer and fasting, as one of the special forms of the kind of "righteousness" which is here spoken of.

In the account of the transfiguration as given by St. Matthew, we now find St. Peter saying "If thou wilt I *will make* here three tabernacles," which is more characteristic of his impetuosity and self-confidence than the old reading, "Let us make."

In the account given by St. Mark of the father who brought his son to have a dumb and deaf spirit cast out, in answer to the father's piteous appeal "If thou canst do anything have pity upon us and help us," Jesus is made, in the old version, to say, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." There is more of vividness and point in the new reading, according to which our Lord repeats in a tone of reproachful surprise the words of doubt: "*If thou canst*! All things are possible to him that believeth."

In 2 Corinthians xii. 1, it seems certainly more in St. Paul's manner to write, "I must needs glory, though it is not expedient," than to write "It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory."

But it is time to turn to that which is, after all, the most important part of the book, and consider the numerous alterations made, not on grounds of textual criticism, but as improved renderings. The difficulty of this part of the work can hardly be exaggerated.

The "five clergymen" who tried it in a partial and tentative manner about twenty-five years ago, were fain to confess that they found it a difficulty such as was "scarcely capable of being entirely surmounted." The more credit to them, let us say heartily, that they should have persevered in their arduous undertaking. For to them, and more especially to the prime mover among them, the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, it is mainly due that the present revision was ever taken in hand; and to him apparently the Revisers are chiefly indebted for the admirable directions under which they have acted, as well as for the contagious example of his indefatigable zeal and conscientious thoroughness of work. For more than ten years they laboured; 407 sittings were held, of which the Chairman attended at all but two; seven times the translation was revised; twice it crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic, to obtain the benefit of suggestions from American coadjutors. The judicious character of the directions on which they proceeded has been already noticed. The reverence with which they took up the time-honoured version committed to them for revision is expressed in their preface in the strongest manner: "The longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learnt to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm."

Nor can any one find fault with their description of the ideal which they kept before them: to produce "a Version that shall be alike literal and idiomatic, faithful to each thought of the original, and yet, in the expression of it, harmonious and free." Neither is our confidence in them diminished by the candour of the concluding words in which they express their consciousness that their own ideal has not been perfectly realised. "While we dare to hope that in places not a few of the New Testament the

"introduction of slight changes has cast a new light upon much that was difficult and obscure, we cannot forget how often we have failed in expressing some finer shades of meaning which we recognised in the original, how often idiom has stood in the way of a perfect rendering, and how often the attempt to preserve a familiar form of words, or even a familiar cadence, has only added another perplexity to those which already beset us."

A work conceived in such a spirit, and carried through with so much industry by a set of men so abundantly qualified for it both individually and collectively, is not to be disposed of in a few sentences of hasty criticism. And yet, under the shelter of St. Paul's "I must needs, though it is not expedient," it may be permitted even at this early period to offer a few remarks which, if necessarily superficial and "sporadic," are at least made in no captious vein.

A translator has two distinct duties: he has to make out the meaning of his author so as to be able, if necessary, to explain it in paraphrase or periphrasis; and he has to clothe that meaning in suitable language. The one is the province of the scholar, who must, in a case like this, be also a theologian; the other, considering the conditions under which this translation had to be made, demanded the skill of a consummate literary artist. Of the first part of the task it may be said emphatically that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Twenty-four men, including at least four—the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol and of Durham, and the Deans of Westminster and Llandaff—whose previous publications show a life-long study of the subject, having at their command all the vast resources of modern learning, working in cordial co-operation, and repeatedly revising each other's suggestions, were not likely to go far astray in their corporate and collective judgment. It will probably be allowed on all

hands that in this point of view, as correcting the acknowledged errors in the Old Version, removing ambiguities, giving a meaning where there was none, and setting forth, either in text or margin, the most probable interpretation of obscure and difficult passages, the New Version deserves our cordial gratitude, and leaves in fact little, if anything, to be desired. We no longer read, in Philippians ii. 6, that Jesus "thought it not robbery" to be equal with God, which is manifestly wrong, but that He "counted it not a prize," or, as explained in the margin, "a thing to be grasped at." In Acts vii. 45, and Hebrews iv. 8, it is made clear that Joshua is meant, and not our Lord. In 1 Timothy vi. 5, instead of "supposing that gain is godliness," which has no meaning, we have "supposing that godliness is a way of gain," which has a meaning exactly suited to the context. Such chapters as Romans vii., 2 Corinthians iii., may now be read with as full comprehension as we can ever hope to attain of the scope of their argument; for in St. Paul's writings there will probably always remain to us, in any translation, as to St. Peter in the original, "some things not easy to be understood."

But when it comes to clothing in suitable language the ascertained meaning, numbers are no longer an advantage; indeed, it may be doubted whether any composition of a high order in point of literary form was ever produced by co-operation. The Authorised Version may be cited as an example; but it does not appear that the Authorised Version was the result of any real "discussion in common"; and Mr. Froude is probably right in attributing, as he does in the passage already referred to, its peculiar grace to "the impress of the mind of one man, William Tyndale." It has always been a marvel that this charm has been so little impaired by the revisions which his work has already undergone; and it seemed more

than could be hoped that it should survive the "corporate and collective" correction of twenty-four zealous hands. And yet it will probably be admitted by every candid reader that in the New Version it has been preserved in a manner truly admirable; that in spite of all the multitudinous changes, the general character and tone and hue of the book is practically unaltered.

The real question which will be asked by all, most pressingly by those who have the greatest verbal familiarity with our present Bible, is whether all these many changes were really necessary; whether, to use the words of the first of the rules laid down for the guidance of the revisers, they have "introduced as few alterations as possible, consistently with 'faithfulness.'"

There are probably few persons who will not be disposed, at least on a first perusal, to answer this question unfavourably. Take a few instances out of many thousands. If some of them are in themselves trifling, this makes them only the more to the point. The passage to which every one will turn, on first opening the book, is the Lord's Prayer. The alterations there made in consequence of change of text have been already noticed; for them the translators, as such, are hardly responsible. Two others may fairly be said to have been demanded by "faithfulness." "Have forgiven" is undoubtedly a more correct rendering than "forgive," and the substitution of "the evil one" for "evil," is at least important, and rests on substantial grounds of criticism. There is indeed nothing in the Greek to show whether the word is masculine or neuter; but in preferring that alternative which is least consonant to modern ideas, the Revisers may well have been influenced by the fact that the word here used in the Syriac Peshito, the earliest of all the versions, and therefore the most likely to represent the ideas of Apostolic times, is one which is invariably applied to a person, never to an

abstraction. But why should the familiar "*lead us not into temptation*" have been changed into "*bring*," which conveys, for all practical purposes, precisely the same idea? On the other hand it may be asked, by way of parenthesis, in connexion with the same passage, why no notice is taken either in text or margin of an alternative of some importance in the punctuation. There are those to whom both the turn of the thought and the form of the expression, especially when exhibited to the eye as in Westcott and Hort's edition, appear to demand that the words "*as in heaven so on earth*" should be connected with the two first petitions as well as with the third; so that the common burden and, so to speak, the point of all this first part of the prayer should be an aspiration after a heavenly life on earth; that on earth as in heaven God's name should be hallowed, His Kingdom established, His will done. With full stops after *name* and *come* this is impossible; but commas would have left the question open. Perhaps the Revisers would have objected to this, on the principle, with which no one can quarrel, of "never leaving [in the "text"] any translation or any arrangement of words which could "adapt itself to one or other of two "interpretations." But the alternative might at least have been mentioned in the margin, as other variations of punctuation are.

To return to sins of commission. Why should "*Ye shall know them by their fruits*," in Matthew vii. 16, have been exchanged for "*By their fruits ye shall know them*"? No doubt the latter is in accordance with the order of the original words; but in translation keeping the order of the original words is always a question of discretion and taste, often of ear. In this case the ear of the old translators would seem to have required the one arrangement of words in the 16th verse to balance the other in the 20th. Whether they were right or

wrong in the matter of taste, may be a question; but can it be said that "faithfulness" required that they should be corrected? In the 24th verse of the same chapter the Old Version had, "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine:" was it really necessary to alter this into "Every one therefore which heareth these words of mine"?

Instances of these trifling and apparently gratuitous alterations might be multiplied to any extent; but there is one of more interest and importance which must be separately noticed. After the Sermon on the Mount, there is probably no passage in the New Testament which so many people know by heart as the description of charity in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. In the New Version they will find the familiar word gone, and "love" substituted for it. The proper translation of the word *ἀγάπη* is an old subject of dispute. Bacon, as is well known, objected to the use of the word "love" for it, as being already appropriated to *eros*. Professor Eadie tells us that "the rendering *love* was adduced, in the Scottish Parliament of 1543, as an objection to the free circulation of Scripture."¹ It was one of the handles for Sir T. More's coarse and bitter vituperation of Tyndale. His defence of it was that "Charity was *no known English* "for that sense which Agape requireth." Times have changed since then, and with them the sense of many a word; for words are not dead matter, but, like men, they insensibly change their character, and develop new powers according to the positions which they fill. "Charity" is not the same word as it was in 1611. During the 270 years for which it has occupied its present place in the Authorised Version, associations have grown up around it which make it, to the feeling of many, the *only* "known English for that sense which Agape requireth" in the passages in which

it occurs; and its suppression now in these passages cannot be accounted for except as the result of some unhappy theory of inconsistency and uniformity.

But these and like instances are not required to show how warm is the attachment of the Revisers to uniformity. It is sufficiently declared in that part of their Preface which refers to "alterations necessary *by consequence*," which should be studied by any one who wishes to see how they have persuaded themselves that such alterations, "though not in themselves "required by the general rule of faithfulness," are nevertheless "not at variance with the rule of introducing "as few changes as faithfulness would "allow." It may be doubted how far their reasoning on this point will satisfy the majority of their readers. To Englishmen in general—and it is for Englishmen that the book may be supposed to be primarily intended—uniformity for its own sake has no charm. On the contrary, they have a positive weakness for anomaly, one phase of which is that love of inequality which Mr. Gladstone recognises in them. In literary compositions certainly they like, or used to like, variety of expression, as conducing to strength and richness of style, and indirectly to fulness and freedom of thought. The idea of guarding against "unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words," though it may have a comical sound when solemnly propounded by a body of grave translators, is quite in keeping with the national humour. Add to this that the ordinary Englishman, whatever may be his political creed, is, in matters of sentiment, highly conservative, and we have a twofold reason for fearing that in proportion to the degree in which uniformity has in this Revision been insisted upon at the cost of changes otherwise unnecessary, will be the length of time that must elapse before it will be taken home, if ever it is taken home, to the hearts of the people.

¹ *The English Bible*, i. 190: a mine of information on the whole subject.

In the meantime many will be watching its course with keen interest, and perhaps endeavouring to cast its horoscope. The circumstances under which it is launched on the world are in some respects very different from those of its great predecessor. On the one hand the Bible of 1611 had, though in no strictly formal shape, Royal authority, whereas the New Version, as we have been warned by the Metropolitan Bishop, cannot legally be used in any church, so that it will not really be a case of what has been termed "competitive circulation." Again, the former was brought out with the declared object of putting a stop to disputes and rivalries among contending Versions; the latter comes as a Claimant, to disturb a peaceful possession of three centuries duration.

On the other hand, the very length of the reign of the present version is an argument in favour of some change; while both the lapse of time, and the great revolutions of thought and criticism in recent years, made it certain beforehand that this revision would be a greater advance on its predecessors than any one of them was on those which preceded it. At the same time the enormous number of copies of it which have gone forth to all the ends of the earth, secure for it, better than any royal proclamation, a large audience, and a fair if not a favourable hearing. By many who are not prepared to receive it as a Bible, it will be welcomed as a handy-volume commentary, giving, in convenient form, the net results of the latest criticism. It has been suggested that it should, as was the case with the Bishops' Bible, remain, so to speak, on the stocks for a few years, to receive such corrections as may appear

necessary after the searching examination to which it is sure to be submitted. And though, from the proceedings in Convocation, it would appear that the Revisers consider themselves and are considered as *functi officio*, the world no doubt would welcome the announcement that they were willing to remain in office until the Committee of the Whole House, to which their Bill has been referred, shall have made its report.

What will be the upshot of that Report it would be rash to predict. "Man's first word," says one of the Brothers in *Guesses at Truth*, "is *Yes*, his second *No*, his third and last *Yes*." It may be that many whose first feeling about this New Version was one of unmingled admiration of its great excellences, and delight at finding the general character of the old Bible so loyally preserved, may on closer inspection be provoked and repelled by the great amount of liberty taken with the old text in matters of detail, the multitude of alterations which will appear to them uncalled for and pedantic. And yet, in the third stage they may come to reflect that this is, after all, an offence rather against rules prescribed by the Convocation of Canterbury than against any permanent and essential canons of literary taste; that the inconvenience of these changes would not outlive a generation, while the benefit of them, if they are improvements at all, would be permanent; and their third and last judgment may be that in aiming at ultimate permanence rather than at immediate acceptance, the Revisers have shown themselves not only true to a higher ideal, but wiser, even in their generation, than either their employers or their critics.

THEODORE WALBOND.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1881.

FROM THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURE-ROOMS: BONAPARTE.¹

IN commencing the last of these lectures on Bonaparte I naturally look back, survey what I have done, and compare it with what at the outset I hoped and intended to do. You will remember that I began by recognising the impossibility of treating so large and full a career with any completeness, and by inquiring how it might most conveniently be divided. I determined first to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all those military details which belong less to the historian than to the professional specialist; next I pointed out that the career falls naturally into two parts which are widely different and easily separable from each other. The line of demarcation I drew at the establishment of the Hereditary Empire in 1804. On one side of this line, I remarked, you have Bonaparte, on the other side Napoleon. The two names may be taken to represent two distinct historical developments. To study Bonaparte is in the main to study a problem of internal French history. It is to inquire how the Monarchy, which fell so disastrously in 1792, burying for a time the greatness of the Bourbon name, was revived by a young military adventurer from Corsica; and how this restored Monarchy gave domestic tranquillity and, at first, a strong sense of happiness, to the French people, and at

the same time European ascendancy to the French State. On the other hand, to study Napoleon is to study not French but European history; it is to inquire how the balance of power was overturned, how the federal system of Europe crumbled as the throne of the Bourbons had done before, how a universal Monarchy was set up, and then how it fell again by a sudden reaction. Availing myself of this distinction, I proposed to investigate the first problem only; I dismissed Napoleon altogether, and fixed my attention on Bonaparte.

And now I find without much surprise that this problem taken alone is too much for me. I have given you not so much a history as the introduction to a history. I break off on this side even of the Revolution of Brumaire. As to the Consulate,—with its peculiar institutions, its rich legislation, and its rapid development into the Empire,—I can scarcely claim even to have introduced you to it. I say I am not surprised at this, and I shall be well content if the sixteen lectures I have delivered have thrown real light upon the large outlines of the subject, and have in any way explained a phenomenon so vast, and in the ordinary accounts so utterly romantic and inconceivable, as the Napoleonic Monarchy. For everything here has to be done almost from the beginning. In other departments the lecturer follows in the track of countless investigators who have raised and dis-

¹ The last of a long course of lectures, printed here as containing a condensed statement of results.

cussed already the principal questions, who have collected and arranged all the needful information. It is quite otherwise in these periods of recent history, where investigation, properly speaking, has scarcely begun its work. I can refer you to very few satisfactory text-books. Histories no doubt there are, full and voluminous enough, but they are not histories in the scientific sense of the word. Some are only grandiose romances. Others are thoroughly respectable and valuable in their kind, but were never intended for students; so that even where they are accurate, even where they are not corrupted by prejudice, or carelessness, or study of effect, they throw little light upon the problems which the student finds most important. In such circumstances it is really a considerable task to sweep away the purely popular, romantic, and fantastic views of the subject which prevail, and to bring out clearly the exact questions which need to be investigated; as indeed it is true generally of scientific investigation that the negative work of destroying false views, and then the preparatory work of laying down the lines of a sound method, are almost more important than the positive work of investigation itself.

The great problem I have raised and examined has been the connexion of Bonaparte's power with the Revolution. Let me try, in quitting the subject, to sum up the conclusions to which we have been led. The first is this, that Bonaparte does not, properly speaking, come out of the Revolution, but out of the European war. What is the popular theory? In few words it is this, that a revolutionary period is often terminated by a military dictatorship, as is shown by the examples of Cæsar, Cromwell, and the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century; that the cause of this is to be sought in the craving for rest, and the general lassitude and disappointment which follow a vain struggle for liberty; and that Bonaparte's rise to power is simply an example of the working of this historic law. Now to

begin with, I should state the historic law itself somewhat differently. It is rather this, that when from any cause the government of a state is suddenly overthrown, the greatest organised power which is left in the country is tempted to take its place. Such for instance was the Municipality of Paris when the French Monarchy fell on the 10th of August. Accordingly the Municipality of Paris seized the control of affairs by a violent *coup d'état*. But as a general rule the greatest organised power which is at hand when a government falls, is the army. It is therefore natural that as a general rule a revolution should be followed by a usurpation of the army. And this might no doubt have happened in France as early as 1792. Instead of the ascendancy of the Jacobins there might have been a tyranny of Dumouriez, but for the accident that the French army at that moment was undergoing a transformation.

But there is also another possibility. A military dictatorship, or the form of government called Imperialism, may be brought into existence by quite another cause, namely, by any circumstance which may give an abnormal importance in the State to the army. It is from this cause, for instance, that the Monarchy in Prussia has been so military as to be practically an Imperialism. This also is the true explanation of the rise of Imperialism in ancient Rome. Not the mere lassitude of parties at Rome, but the necessity of a centralised military power to hold together the vast Empire of Rome which military force had created—this was the real ground of the power of the Cæsars. Now in explaining the rise of Bonaparte, I think that too much is made of the cause formerly mentioned, and infinitely too little of this. It is no doubt true that the lassitude of the French mind in 1799 was great, and that the people felt a sensible relief in committing their affairs to the strong hand of Bonaparte; but I do not think that this lassitude was more than a very

secondary cause of his rise to power. It is true also that in 1799 the Government of the Directory had sunk into such contempt, that it might be regarded as at an end, so that it was open to an organised power like the army to take its place by a sudden *coup d'état*. But this cause too is as nothing, and might almost be left out of the account, compared with another, which in the popular theory is wholly overlooked and neglected.

I trace the rise of Bonaparte's Imperialism to the *levée en masse*, and to the enormous importance which was given to the army and to military affairs generally by a war of far greater magnitude than France had ever been engaged in before. No doubt there were many secondary causes, but the point on which I insist is that they were entirely secondary, and that this cause alone is primary. You will not find by studying the Revolution itself any sufficient explanation of Bonaparte's power. Bonaparte did not rise directly out of the Revolution, but out of the war. Indirectly, as the Revolution caused the war, it may be said to have caused the rise of Bonaparte, but a war of the same magnitude, if there had been no revolution, would have caused a similar growth of Imperialism. If under the Old Régime France had had to put into the field fourteen armies and to maintain this military effort for several years, the old Monarchy itself would have been transformed into an Imperialism. That Imperialism appeared now in such a naked undisguised form was the necessary effect of this unprecedented war occurring at the moment when France was without an established government. The circumstances of the Revolution itself, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, the establishment of the Directory, all these things made little difference. Bonaparte's empire was the result of two large, simple causes—the existence of a mighty war, and at the same time the absence of an established government.

As the war alone created the power,

so it alone determined its character: Bonaparte was driven by his position into a series of wars, because nothing but war could justify his authority. His rule was based on a condition of public danger, and he was obliged, unless he would abdicate, to provide a condition of danger for the country. Why he was so successful in his wars, and made conquests unprecedented in modern history, is a question which I have not had occasion to discuss thoroughly. But I remarked that Imperialism in its first fresh youth is almost necessarily successful in war, for Imperialism is neither more nor less than the form a state assumes when it postpones every other object to military efficiency.

The second great fact about Bonaparte's connexion with the Revolution is that he overthrew Jacobinism. From this fact, too, it may be perceived that he was the child, not of the Parisian Revolution, but of the *levée en masse*. Bonaparte cancelled Jacobinism; he destroyed its influence and persecuted it with unscrupulous violence. He placed himself at the head of the reaction against it. He restored with no little success the dominion of the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas. But it is of the utmost importance to define how far this reaction extended. It was not properly a reaction from Liberalism, but only from Jacobinism. It was not a reaction from the French Revolution of 1789, but from the Parisian Revolution of 1792. For there were two Revolutions, widely different from each other; and, to my mind, he who does not understand this, will never understand anything in the modern history of France. The struggle in modern France is not between the spirit of the Old Régime and that of the Revolution; this is wholly erroneous. It is a struggle between the principles of 1789 and those of 1792, in other words, between the principles of European Liberalism, and a fatal political heresy. The Monarchy of the Bourbons was itself Liberal for the most part throughout the reign of Louis XVI.;

it was Liberal again in the Constitution of 1791; Liberal under the Charter of Louis XVIII. Since its second fall in 1830 the principles of 1789 have been represented in various ways by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and the present Republic. There have been two great aberrations towards the heresy of 1792—namely, in 1848 and in the Parisian insurrection of 1871; and in 1830 an apprehension of the revival of those ideas drove the Government of Charles X. into measures which looked like a revival of the Old Régime.

The struggle then throughout has been to keep to the lines of 1789, and not to be led again into the abyss of 1792. All serious governments alike, that of Bonaparte, that of the Restoration, that of Louis Philippe, that of Louis Napoleon and the present opportunist Republic, have adhered to the principles of 1789—the Old Régime has been utterly dead, and even Charles X. did not seriously dream of reviving it—and the only difference among them has lain in the mode of their resistance to the ideas of 1792. How to guard against the revival of those insane chimeras, against a new outbreak of that fanaticism in which phrases half philosophical half poetical intoxicate undisciplined minds and excite to madness the nervous excitable vanity of the city of Paris, this has been the one question; 1792 has been the one enemy. The Restoration and Louis Philippe tried to carry on Parliamentary Government in the face of this danger—but in vain; 1792 revived in 1848. The two Napoleons tried another method, a Liberal Absolutism, in which the principles of 1789 were placed under the guardianship of a dictator, and the method was successful at home, but in foreign affairs it was found to lead to such ambitious aggressiveness that in both cases it brought on the invasion and conquest of France.

When, therefore, I say that Bonaparte put himself at the head of the reaction and revived the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas, I do

not mean that he exploded the ideas of 1789, but those of 1792. Belonging to the France of the *levée en masse*, which had appeared to be Jacobinical only because the invasion had driven it into the arms of the Jacobins, he quietly put aside the whole system of false and confused thinking which had reigned since 1792, and which he called ideology. He went back to the system which had preceded it, and this was the system of 1789. It stood on a wholly different footing from Jacobinism, because it really was the political creed of almost the whole nation. It was what I may call Eighteenth-Century Liberalism. And in the first part of his reign, in the Consulate and even later, Bonaparte did stand out before Europe as the great representative of Liberal principles, and none the less so because he had abjured and was persecuting Jacobinism. "But what?" you will say, "how could Bonaparte represent Liberalism, when he had himself put aside all parliamentary institutions; when his own Senate and Corps Législatif were, in the first place, not representative at all; and in the second place were in every possible way baffled and insulted by him?" The answer is that Liberalism, as it was conceived in Europe in the eighteenth century, had very little to do with liberty, and that the leading representatives of it were generally absolute sovereigns. The great founders of Liberalism in Europe were such men as Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, Charles III. of Spain, or ministers of absolute sovereigns, such as Turgot and Necker. It was in this succession that Bonaparte had his place, and from many utterances of his I gather that he regarded himself as the direct successor in Europe of Frederick the Great. Most of these sovereigns had not only been absolute, but had been active enemies of government by Assembly. Their Liberalism had consisted in their jealousy of the Church, their earnest desire for improvement, and a kind of rationalism or plain good sense in pro-

moting it. In their measures they are particularly arbitrary; and if Bonaparte made the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, we may say of the Emperor Joseph, the great representative of Liberalism, that his administration was one long *coup d'état*. If Bonaparte's reign seems in one point of view like a revival of the Old Régime, it is the Old Régime in its last phase, when it was penetrated with the ideas which were to be formulated in 1789, and when Turgot and Necker were its ministers. If Bonaparte ruled practically without Assemblies, we are to remember that in 1789 itself, when the States-General were summoned, there is no reason to think it was intended to create a standing Parliament, and Mirabeau held that they ought to be dismissed immediately after having voted the abolition of the exemptions of the *noblesse* and clergy.

Such then are my conclusions about Bonaparte's relation to the French Revolution. But Bonaparte belongs to Europe as well as France, and in Europe he represents a new principle, that of conquest. I have considered him in this light also, and have pointed out that here too large causes had been working to prepare the way for him. In the system of Europe, in fact, there had been a revolution not less than in the internal government of France. The great event of this European Revolution had been the Partition of Poland. This was a proclamation of international lawlessness, of the end of the old federal system of Europe, and of the commencement of a sort of scramble for territory among the great states. And it ought particularly to be remarked that the leaders in this international Revolution were precisely the great Liberal sovereigns of the age, Frederick, Catharine, and Joseph. So long as sovereigns of tolerably equal power arranged such appropriations among themselves it might be done without causing a general confusion; but the moment some one power greatly outstripped all others in military strength the

policy of the Partition of Poland would turn into a universal conquest. Now this immense superiority was given to France by her *levée en masse*. When she placed a new Frederick at her head it was only natural that she should take the lead in a more general application of the principle of the Partition of Poland, and none the less because she became at the same time the representative of Liberalism in Europe. By the Treaty of Campo Formio, France, under the leadership of Bonaparte, inaugurated the policy of universal partition and spoliation of the small states of Europe, which in a short time led to the Napoleonic Empire.

So far Bonaparte has been to us simply a name for the Government of France, such as the almost irresistible pressure of circumstances caused it to be. Given the changes of 1789 and the fall of the Monarchy in 1792, given at same time the European war, an all-powerful military Government could not but arise in France, could not but adopt a warlike policy, and in the then condition of international morality, and considering the aggressive traditions of the French, would probably, whether it were directed by Bonaparte, Moreau, or Massena, embark in a career of conquest. But I have also made some inquiry in these lectures into the personal character of Bonaparte. In doing so, I have been forced to raise the general question, at once so interesting and so bewildering to the historical student, of the personal influence of great men.

My desire is to see this question, like other historical questions, treated inductively and without ungrounded assumptions. Great men have been so long a favourite *declamatio* that we can scarcely treat them coolly, or avoid being misled by one or other of the exaggerated notions and bombastic conceits that have been put in currency about them. For a long time it was a commonplace to describe such persons as Bonaparte as a sort of madmen, who amused themselves with devastating the earth purely for their

own selfish gratification. The word ~~was~~—

"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed.

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

But in this generation the very opposite view has had more acceptance; heroes have been made into objects of worship, a fact of which you have been reminded since I began these lectures by the departure from among us of the celebrated founder of the *cultus*. Half a century has passed since Mr. Carlyle issued his first eloquent protests against what he called the mean materialist view that great men are mere charlatans, deceivers or impostors who have hoodwinked mankind. According to him the fact is quite otherwise; they are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser; and it is only by such guidance that man's life is made enduring; and almost all virtue consists in the loyal fidelity of each man to the hero who is his sovereign by a divine election. Certainly this was a much more generous, more ennobling creed than the other, and I think it is also, in general, a truer one. If I criticise it, I do so only because fifty years have now passed over it, and it seems to me that the study of history has entered upon a new stage. In those days history was regarded much in the same way as poetry; it was a liberal pursuit in which men found wholesome food for the imagination and the sympathies. Mr. Carlyle gave good counsel when he said that we should bring to it an earnest and reverent rather than a cynical spirit. But history is now a department of serious scientific investigation. We study history now in the hope of giving new precision, definiteness, and solidity to the principles of political science. We endeavour therefore to approach it in the proper scientific temper, and this is not quite the same, though it is by no means altogether different, from the temper recommended by Mr. Carlyle. It is a temper disposed to shrink from every kind of foregone conclusion, a

temper of pure impartiality and candour. Such a temper will be just as little satisfied with Mr. Carlyle's theory of great men as with the old theory; it will refrain from committing itself to any *a priori* theory on the subject. It will study history, not in order to prove that great men are this or that they are that, but in order to find out what they are. Starting from the simple fact that occasionally individual men who may at first sight appear not very greatly to surpass their fellows, acquire an unbounded influence over them, so that whole nations seem to lose themselves and be swallowed up in their sovereign personality, we do not dream that we can discover by some intuition how this happens, we do not imagine that it is noble to take for granted that it happens in a certain way, or base and cynical to regard it as happening in another way. We simply want to know how it does happen, and for this purpose we examine history in a spirit of pure, unprejudiced curiosity.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realise the never-realised return of Arthur from fairyland; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family thirty years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favourite, Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular, and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men

was called upon to write. Occasionally indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among his divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing less, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in express words, that the old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it *is* true.

In these lectures I have tried, by investigating the facts themselves, to discover the secret of Bonaparte's immense influence. I began with no preconception, with not the smallest desire to prove or disprove either that he was a hero or a charlatan, and quite prepared to believe that he might be neither the one nor the other, and that his success might be due to causes not personal at all. I was also quite prepared, if necessary, to leave the question unsolved, confessing, if I found it so, that the evidence was insufficient to support a solid conclusion. For here is another wide difference between our present view of history and that taken by the last generation. They, as they valued history for the emotions it excited, estimated an historian by the grandeur and gorgeousness of the pictures he drew. It was thus that he was supposed to prove his genius. His function was supposed to be identical with that of the dramatist or novelist; he was supposed to animate the dry bones of historical documents by the same imaginative knowledge of human nature by which a Shakespeare creates his characters. But the modern investigator, if he uses such a gift at all, is most anxiously careful not to mix up

divinations or flashes of intuition with clear deductions from solid evidence. He thinks it a kind of fraud to announce what he fancies *may* have happened, without the fullest warning, for what *did* happen; he even distrusts whatever presents itself as poetical or picturesque, and is content to acknowledge, if it must be so—and often it must be so—that only a vague, confused, blurred, and imperfect representation of the occurrence or the person can now be given.

In this spirit, then, I have cautiously examined the character of Bonaparte as it developed itself in his earlier years. If I have not found the Carlylean theory of heroes applicable in this instance, I am far from concluding that it is never applicable. That theory would lead us to assume that Bonaparte had deeper and more intense convictions than the other men of his time, and that because, while others wanted clearness of insight or firmness of will, he alone saw what France and the world needed and had strength and courage to apply the true remedy, therefore all mankind gladly rallied round him, cheerfully and loyally obeyed him as being the stronger, wiser, and, in the true sense of the word, better man. Now it may be true that other great men have risen so; I lay down no general theory of great men; but Bonaparte did not rise in this way.

In the first place I have pointed out that of the vast fabric of his greatness more than half was not built by him at all, but for him. He entered into a house which he found ready-made. He neither created the imperial system in France, nor did he inaugurate the ascendancy of France in Europe. Both grew up naturally out of large causes from the time of the *levée en masse*; both were considerably developed under the direction of Carnot; at the time of Bonaparte's brilliant appearance in Italy the general course of development for France was already determined. She was on her way to a period of military government and of military policy likely to lead to

great conquests. If Bonaparte had not appeared, to take the lead in this movement and give his name to the period, some other military man would have accomplished a work which in its large outlines would have been the same. It is a mistake therefore to regard him as a great creative mind. The system which bears his name was not created by him but forced upon him, for all the large outlines of the Napoleonic system can be clearly traced under the Directory, and at a time when his influence was only just beginning to be felt.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatanry. In fact he floated to supreme power upon a tide of Imperialism which he did not create, and which must, sooner or later, have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of Imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, apparently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame again when it was on the point of being extinguished. But, this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still"; his wisdom lay in doing nothing, in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large. Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Massena might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast Imperial power extending from France far into Germany and Italy; but assuredly they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history. What then were the purely personal qualities which he displayed?

In the first place he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort and in no way limited by his own specialty. This, conjoined with a real

and by no means vulgar passion for fame, a passion which stood to him in the place of all virtue and all morality, gave to his reign one truly splendid side. It made him the great founder of the modern institutions of France. Not merely the Code, but a number of great institutions, almost indeed the whole organisation of modern France, administration, university, concordat, bank, judicial and military systems are due to him. He saved France from the ruin with which she was threatened by Jacobinism, which in the four years of its definitive establishment (1795—1799) proved utterly unable to replace the institutions it had so recklessly destroyed. Jacobinism could only destroy; the queller of Jacobinism, the absolute sovereign, the reactionist, Bonaparte, successfully rebuilt the French State.

The simple explanation of this is that his Government was a real Government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not, therefore, help undertaking, and—as it *was* a real Government, and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing, an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Paoli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea that the work of legislation requires a divine sanction, Bonaparte's revival of the medieval Empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

But this unexpected largeness of Bonaparte's mind, which caused him to fill so amply, and more than fill, the Imperial place which he had not really created, had beside this good effect a terribly bad one. A Moreau or Bernadotte in that position must have been the strongest sovereign in Europe, and something of a conqueror, nor

could he well have avoided perpetual wars. But Bonaparte had added to the more ordinary qualities of a great general a comprehensive strategical talent and war-statesmanship, which till then had seldom been seen in great generals. He seems to have learnt the secret from Carnot, and from watching with intense eagerness the course of the first campaigns of the revolutionary war. Possessing this talent, when he found himself at the head of the mighty military state which had sprung out of the *levée en masse*, he not only appeared, as he could not but do, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, but he actually overthrew the European system and founded something like an Empire on the ruins of it. Hence the terrible and disastrous Napoleonic period with all its unprecedented bloodshed and ruin, which, however, I, concerned with Bonaparte and not with Napoleon, have only exhibited in the background.

Still, however, we are far from penetrating to the personality of Bonaparte. What we have hitherto found would incline us to reject both those theories of great men alike, and to say—"Great men are neither demigods nor yet charlatans. They do not act but are acted on; they are hurried forward by vast forces of which they can but slightly modify the direction." What glimpses we did get of Bonaparte's real mind were derived less from his deeds than from those plans of his which failed. We examined first and rejected those views of him which represent him as gradually spoiled or corrupted in the course of his career either by success or by disappointment. There are two such views. The one regards him as a fiery Corsican patriot of the type of Sampiero, revenging himself upon France and Europe for the loss of his country; the other treats him as a republican hero and invincible soldier of liberty who yielded after a time to ambition and wandered from the right course. These two views agree in regarding him as a man of intense passions, what may be called a primitive man.

I have given reasons for treating this appearance of primitive heroism in Bonaparte as a theatrical pose, deliberately assumed by him in order to gratify the rage for primitive nature which Rousseau had introduced, and which was at its acme under the Directory. Behind the mask I have found a remarkable absence of passions except an almost maniacal passion for advancement and fame. The character indeed is not Corsican so much as Oriental. He is not vindictive as a Corsican should be; he is not patriotic, but deserts his country most unnecessarily; he seems to care for no opinion, though he adopts with studied artificial vehemence every fashionable opinion in turn. His early plans, which can be pretty plainly discerned from the commencement of his Italian campaigns, are precisely similar to those afterwards formed by the Emperor Napoleon. From the beginning they are plans of lawless conquest on the model of the Partition of Poland, plans in which the revolutionary doctrine is used with peculiar skill as an instrument of attack and conquest. His immorality and cynicism are more apparent even on the surface of his deeds in his earlier than in his later years, while there are appearances of a vast plot contrived by him against the Directory,¹ which might fairly be called the unapproachable masterpiece of human wickedness. But what throws the clearest light upon his character is that darling plan of his, the failure of which he never ceased to regret, the Eastern Expedition. What he did in Europe tells us little of his character, compared to what he dreamt of doing in Asia. He had never meant to be Cesar or Charlemagne; these were but parts to which he sullenly resigned himself. He had meant to be Alexander the Great, only on a much larger scale. His real career is but a shabby adaptation of the materials he had collected in vain for his darling Asiatic romance. It was something, perhaps, to restore the Pope and

¹ See Arthur Böhtlingk's *Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. ii.

the French Church, to negotiate the Concordat and re-enact the crowning of Charles, but it was little compared to what he had imagined. He had imagined a grand religious and political revolution, beginning in the East and extending westward, some fusion apparently of Rousseau's Deism with the Allah-ism of Mohammed, a religious revolution extending over the whole East and then combined in some way with the Revolution of France, when the great Prophet-King should return to the West by way of Constantinople.

But what does this romance tell us of the character of him who conceived it? And how does this character square with those *à priori* theories of what great men should be?

I must say, it squares rather remarkably with the old theory which Mr. Carlyle drove out of fashion. Here is really a great deceiver, a man who revels in the thought of governing mankind through their credulity; who, brought up in Europe, has, as it were, rediscovered for himself the art of the great prophet-conquerors of Asia—it is curious that among the literary pieces left by Bonaparte is a version of the famous story of the *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*—only in those prophet-conquerors there was probably always some grain of conviction or self-deception, and in Bonaparte there is nothing of the kind.

But might he not be partly a charlatan and yet partly a hero? A hero in a certain sense certainly Bonaparte was, that is a prodigy of will, activity, and force. But was he in any degree a hero in Mr. Carlyle's sense? Mr. Carlyle is a moralist and seems almost unable to conceive an able man entirely without morality. According to him the very crimes of a great man are at bottom virtuous acts, for they are inspired by a moral instinct taking as it were a strange original form. But I fancy human nature is wider than this theory. Wickedness, I fear, is not always weakness. There really is a human type, in which vast intelligence is found dissociated from virtue.

Nay, what is stranger still, this kind of hero, whose very existence seems to Mr. Carlyle inconceivable, may exert an irresistible attraction upon his fellow-men, may be served with passionate loyalty, and may arouse in others noble sentiments of which he is incapable himself. In the career of Bonaparte, in his ideal schemes, and in the idolatry which has been paid to him, we seem to get a glimpse of this type of man. To do good was not his object.

And here I am compelled to leave the subject. That I have treated it so very imperfectly does not cause me much regret, because I never expected to do otherwise. I shall consider myself to have succeeded in some degree if I have conveyed to any of you a clear notion of the way in which I think great historical phenomena should be treated, that is by shaking off the trammels of narrative, proposing definite problems and considering them deliberately; I shall have succeeded still better if I have shown you how the historian should regard himself as a man of science, not a man of literature; how he must have not only a rigid method in research but a precise political philosophy with principles fixed and terms defined much more carefully than historians have generally thought necessary; but I shall only have succeeded altogether to my wish if I have also impressed upon some of you the immense importance of these great topics of recent history, the urgent necessity, if we would handle properly the political problems of our own time, of raising the study of recent history out of the unaccountable neglect in which it lies, and if I have raised in the minds of those of you who are conscious of any vocation to research and discovery the question whether this task,—the task, that is, of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics, so that for the future all history shall end in politics and all politics shall begin in history,—be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.

J. R. SEELEY.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXXIX.

ISABEL had not seen much of Madame Merle since her marriage, this lady having indulged in frequent absences from Rome. At one time she had spent six months in England; at another she had passed a portion of a winter in Paris. She had made numerous visits to distant friends, and gave countenance to the idea that for the future she should be a less inveterate Roman than in the past. As she had been inveterate in the past only in the sense of constantly having an apartment in one of the sunniest gaps of the Pincian—an apartment which often stood empty—this suggested a prospect of almost constant absence; a danger which Isabel at one period had been much inclined to deplore. Familiarity had modified in some degree her first impression of Madame Merle, but it had not essentially altered it; there was still a kind of wonder of admiration in it. Madame Merle was armed at all points; it was a pleasure to see a person so completely equipped for the social battle. She carried her flag discreetly, but her weapons were polished steel, and she used them with a skill which struck Isabel as more and more that of a veteran. She was never weary, never overcome with disgust; she never appeared to need rest or consolation. She had her own ideas; she had of old exposed a great many of them to Isabel, who knew also that under an appearance of extreme self-control her highly-cultivated friend concealed a rich sensibility. But her will was mistress of her life; there was something brilliant in the way she kept going. It was as if she had learned

the secret of it—as if the art of life were some clever trick that she had guessed. Isabel, as she herself grew older, became acquainted with revulsions, with disgust; there were days when the world looked black, and she asked herself with some peremptoriness what it was that she was pretending to live for. Her old habit had been to live by enthusiasm, to fall in love with suddenly-perceived possibilities, with the idea of a new attempt. As a young girl, she used to proceed from one little exaltation to the other; there were scarcely any dull places between. But Madame Merle had suppressed enthusiasm; she fell in love nowadays with nothing; she lived entirely by reason, by wisdom. There were hours when Isabel would have given anything for lessons in this art; if Madame Merle had been near, she would have made an appeal to her. She had become aware more than before of the advantage of being like that—of having made one's self a firm surface, a sort of corselet of silver. But, as I say, it was not till the winter, during which we lately renewed acquaintance with our heroine, that Madame Merle made a continuous stay in Rome. Isabel now saw more of her than she had done since her marriage; but by this time Isabel's needs and inclinations had considerably changed. It was not at present to Madame Merle that she would have applied for instruction; she had lost the desire to know this lady's clever trick. If she had troubles she must keep them to herself, and if life was difficult it would not make it easier to confess herself beaten. Madame Merle was doubtless of great use to herself, and an orna-

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

ment to any circle; but was she—would she be—of use to others in periods of refined embarrassment? The best way to profit by Madame Merle—this indeed Isabel had always thought—was to imitate her; to be as firm and bright as she. She recognised no embarrassments, and Isabel, considering this fact, determined, for the fiftieth time, to brush aside her own. It seemed to her, too, on the renewal of an intercourse which had virtually been interrupted, that Madame Merle was changed—that she pushed to the extreme a certain rather artificial fear of being indiscreet. Ralph Touchett, we know, had been of the opinion that she was prone to exaggeration, to forcing the note—was apt, in the vulgar phrase, to overdo it. Isabel had never admitted this charge—had never, indeed, quite understood it; Madame Merle's conduct, to her perception, always bore the stamp of good taste, was always "quiet." But in this matter of not wishing to intrude upon the inner life of the Osmond family, it at last occurred to our heroine that she overdid it a little. That, of course, was not the best taste; that was rather violent. She remembered too much that Isabel was married; that she had now other interests; that though she, Madame Merle, had known Gilbert Osmond and his little Pansy very well, better almost than any one, she was after all not one of them. She was on her guard; she never spoke of their affairs till she was asked, even pressed—as when her opinion was wanted; she had a dread of seeming to meddle. Madame Merle was as candid as we know, and one day she candidly expressed this dread to Isabel.

"I must be on my guard," she said; "I might so easily, without suspecting it, offend you. You would be right to be offended, even if my intention should have been of the purest. I must not forget that I knew your husband long before you did; I must not let that betray me.

If you were a silly woman you might be jealous. You are not a silly woman; I know that perfectly. But neither am I; therefore I am determined not to get into trouble. A little harm is very soon done; a mistake is made before one knows it. Of course, if I had wished to make love to your husband, I had ten years to do it in, and nothing to prevent; so it isn't likely I shall begin to-day, when I am so much less attractive than I was. But if I were to annoy you by seeming to take a place that doesn't belong to me, you wouldn't make that reflection; you would simply say that I was forgetting certain differences. I am determined not to forget them. Of course a good friend isn't always thinking of that; one doesn't suspect one's friends of injustice. I don't suspect you, my dear, in the least; but I suspect human nature. Don't think I make myself uncomfortable; I am not always watching myself. I think I sufficiently prove it in talking to you as I do now. All I wish to say is, however, that if you were to be jealous—that is the form it would take—I should be sure to think it was a little my fault. It certainly wouldn't be your husband's."

Isabel had had three years to think over Mrs. Touchett's theory that Madame Merle had made Gilbert Osmond's marriage. We know how she had at first received it. Madame Merle might have made Gilbert Osmond's marriage, but she certainly had not made Isabel Archer's. That was the work of—Isabel scarcely knew what: of nature, of providence, of fortune, of the eternal mystery of things. It was true that her aunt's complaint had been not so much of Madame Merle's activity as of her duplicity; she had brought about the marriage and then she had denied her guilt. Such guilt would not have been great, to Isabel's mind; she couldn't make a crime of Madame Merle's having been the cause of the most fertile friendship she had ever

formed. That occurred to her just before her marriage, after her little discussion with her aunt. If Madame Merle had desired the event, she could only say it had been a very happy thought. With her, moreover, she had been perfectly straightforward; she had never concealed her high opinion of Gilbert Osmond. After her marriage Isabel discovered that her husband took a less comfortable view of the matter; he seldom spoke of Madame Merle, and when his wife alluded to her he usually let the allusion drop.

"Don't you like her?" Isabel had once said to him. "She thinks a great deal of you."

"I will tell you once for all," Osmond had answered. "I liked her once better than I do to-day. I am tired of her, and I am rather ashamed of it. She is so good! I am glad she is not in Italy; it's a sort of rest. Don't talk of her too much; it seems to bring her back. She will come back in plenty of time."

Madame Merle, in fact, had come back before it was too late—too late, I mean, to recover whatever advantage she might have lost. But meantime, if, as I have said, she was somewhat changed, Isabel's feelings were also altered. Her consciousness of the situation was as acute as of old, but it was much less satisfying. A dissatisfied mind, whatever else it lack, is rarely in want of reasons; they bloom as thick as buttercups in June. The fact of Madame Merle having had a hand in Gilbert Osmond's marriage ceased to be one of her titles to consideration; it seemed, after all, that there was not so much to thank her for. As time went on there was less and less; and Isabel once said to herself that perhaps without her these things would not have been. This reflection, however, was instantly stifled; Isabel felt a sort of horror at having made it. "Whatever happens to me, let me not be unjust," she said; "let me bear my burdens myself, and not shift them upon others!" This disposition was tested, eventually, by that

ingenious apology for her present conduct which Madame Merle saw fit to make, and of which I have given a sketch; for there was something irritating—there was almost an air of mockery—in her neat discriminations and clear convictions. In Isabel's mind to-day there was nothing clear; there was a confusion of regrets, a complication of fears. She felt helpless as she turned away from her brilliant friend, who had just made the statements I have quoted; Madame Merle knew so little what she was thinking of! Moreover, she herself was so unable to explain. Jealous of her—jealous of her with Gilbert? The idea just then suggested no near reality. She almost wished that jealousy had been possible; it would be a kind of refreshment. Jealousy, after all, was in a sense one of the symptoms of happiness. Madame Merle, however, was wise; it would seem that she knew Isabel better than Isabel knew herself. This young woman had always been fertile in resolutions—many of them of an elevated character; but at no period had they flourished (in the privacy of her heart) more richly than to-day. It is true that they all had a family likeness; they might have been summed up in the determination that if she was to be unhappy it should not be by a fault of her own. The poor girl had always had a great desire to do her best, and she had not as yet been seriously discouraged. She wished, therefore, to hold fast to justice—not to pay herself by petty revenges. To associate Madame Merle with her disappointment would be a petty revenge—especially as the pleasure she might derive from it would be perfectly insincere. It might feed her sense of bitterness, but it would not loosen her bonds. It was impossible to pretend that she had not acted with her eyes open; if ever a girl was a free agent, she had been. A girl in love was doubtless not a free agent; but the sole source of her mistake had been within herself. There had been no plot, no snare; she had looked, and

considered, and chosen. When a woman had made such a mistake, there was only one way to repair it—to accept it. One folly was enough, especially when it was to last for ever; a second one would not much set it off. In this vow of reticence there was a certain nobleness which kept Isabel going; but Madame Merle had been right, for all that, in taking her precautions.

One day, about a month after Ralph Touchett's arrival in Rome, Isabel came back from a walk with Pansy. It was not only a part of her general determination to be just that she was at present very thankful for Pansy. It was a part of her tenderness for things that were pure and weak. Pansy was dear to her, and there was nothing in her life so much as it should be as the young girl's attachment and the pleasantness of feeling it. It was like a soft presence—like a small hand in her own; on Pansy's part it was more than an affection—it was a kind of faith. On her own side her sense of Pansy's dependence was more than a pleasure; it operated as a command, as a definite reason when motives threatened to fail her. She had said to herself that we must take our duty where we find it, and that we must look for it as much as possible. Pansy's sympathy was a kind of admonition; it seemed to say that here was an opportunity. An opportunity for what, Isabel could hardly have said: in general, to be more for the child than the child was able to be for herself. Isabel could have smiled, in these days, to remember that her little companion had once been ambiguous; for she now perceived that Pansy's ambiguities were simply her own grossness of vision. She had been unable to believe that any one could care so much—so extraordinarily much—to please. But since then she had seen this delicate faculty in operation, and she knew what to think of it. It was the whole creature—it was a sort of genius. Pansy had no pride to interfere with

it, and though she was constantly extending her conquests she took no credit for them. The two were constantly together; Mrs. Osmond was rarely seen without her stepdaughter. Isabel liked her company; it had the effect of one's carrying a nosegay composed all of the same flower. And then not to neglect Pansy—not under any provocation to neglect her: this she had made an article of religion. The young girl had every appearance of being happier in Isabel's society than in that of any one save her father, whom she admired with an intensity justified by the fact that, as paternity was an exquisite pleasure to Gilbert Osmond, he had always been elaborately soft. Isabel knew that Pansy liked immensely to be with her and studied the means of pleasing her. She had decided that the best way of pleasing her was negative, and consisted in not giving her trouble—a conviction which certainly could not have had any reference to trouble already existing. She was therefore ingeniously passive and almost imaginatively docile; she was careful even to moderate the eagerness with which she assented to Isabel's propositions, and which might have implied that she thought otherwise. She never interrupted, never asked social questions, and though she delighted in approbation, to the point of turning pale when it came to her, never held out her hand for it. She only looked toward it wistfully—an attitude which, as she grew older, made her eyes the prettiest in the world. When during the second winter at the Palazzo Roccanera, she began to go to parties, to dances, she always, at a reasonable hour, lest Mrs. Osmond should be tired, was the first to propose departure. Isabel appreciated the sacrifice of the late dances, for she knew that Pansy had a passionate pleasure in this exercise, taking her steps to the music like a conscientious fairy. Society, moreover, had no drawbacks for her; she liked even the tiresome parts—the heat of ball-rooms, the dulness of dinners, the crush at

the door, the awkward waiting for the carriage. During the day, in this vehicle, beside Isabel, she sat in a little fixed appreciative posture, bending forward and faintly smiling, as if she had been taken to drive for the first time.

On the day I speak of they had been driven out of one of the gates of the city, and at the end of half-an-hour had left the carriage to await them by the roadside, while they walked away over the short grass of the Campagna, which even in the winter months is sprinkled with delicate flowers. This was almost a daily habit with Isabel, who was fond of a walk, and stepped quickly, though not so quickly as when she first came to Europe. It was not the form of exercise that Pansy loved best, but she liked it, because she liked everything; and she moved with a shorter undulation beside her step-mother, who afterwards, on their return to Rome, paid a tribute to Pansy's preferences by making the circuit of the Pincian or the Villa Borghese. Pansy had gathered a handful of flowers in a sunny hollow, far from the walls of Rome, and on reaching the Palazzo Roccanera she went straight to her room, to put them into water. Isabel passed into the drawing-room, the one she herself usually occupied, the second in order from the large ante-chamber which was entered from the staircase, and in which even Gilbert Osmond's rich devices had not been able to correct a look of rather grand nudity. Just beyond the threshold of the drawing-room she stopped short, the reason for her doing so being that she had received an impression. The impression had, in strictness, nothing unprecedented; but she felt it as something new, and the soundlessness of her step gave her time to take in the scene before she interrupted it. Madame Merle sat there in her bonnet, and Gilbert Osmond was talking to her; for a minute they were unaware that she had come in. Isabel had often seen that before, certainly; but what she had not seen, or at least

had not noticed—was that their dialogue had for the moment converted itself into a sort of familiar silence, from which she instantly perceived that her entrance would startle them. Madame Merle was standing on the rug, a little way from the fire; Osmond was in a deep chair, leaning back and looking at her. Her head was erect, as usual, but her eyes were bent upon his. What struck Isabel first was that he was sitting while Madame Merle stood; there was an anomaly in this that arrested her. Then she perceived that they had arrived at a desultory pause in their exchange of ideas, and were musing, face to face, with the freedom of old friends who sometimes exchange ideas without uttering them. There was nothing shocking in this; they were old friends in fact. But the thing made an image, lasting only a moment, like a sudden flicker of light. Their relative position, their absorbed mutual gaze, struck her as something detected. But it was all over by the time she had fairly seen it. Madame Merle had seen her, and had welcomed her without moving; Gilbert Osmond, on the other hand, had instantly jumped up. He presently murmured something about wanting a walk, and after having asked Madame Merle to excuse him, he left the room.

"I came to see you, thinking you would have come in; and as you had not, I waited for you," Madame Merle said.

"Didn't he ask you to sit down?" asked Isabel, smiling.

Madame Merle looked about her.

"Ah, it's very true; I was going away."

"You must stay now."

"Certainly. I came for a reason; I have something on my mind."

"I have told you that before," Isabel said—"that it takes something extraordinary to bring you to this house."

"And you know what I have told you; that whether I come or whether I stay away, I have always the same motive—the affection I bear you."

"Yes, you have told me that."

"You look just now as if you didn't believe me," said Madame Merle.

"Ah," Isabel answered, "the profundity of your motives, that is the last thing I doubt."

"You doubt sooner of the sincerity of my words."

Isabel shook her head gravely. "I know you have always been kind to me."

"As often as you would let me. You don't always take it; then one has to let you alone. It's not to do you a kindness, however, that I have come to-day; it's quite another affair. I have come to get rid of a trouble of my own—to make it over to you. I have been talking to your husband about it."

"I am surprised at that; he doesn't like troubles."

"Especially other people's; I know that. But neither do you, I suppose. At any rate, whether you do or not, you must help me. It's about poor Mr. Rosier."

"Ah," said Isabel, reflectively, "it's his trouble then, not yours."

"He has succeeded in saddling me with it. He comes to see me ten times a week, to talk about Pansy."

"Yes, he wants to marry her. I know all about it."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I gathered from your husband that perhaps you didn't."

"How should he know what I know? He has never spoken to me of the matter."

"It is probably because he doesn't know how to speak of it."

"It's nevertheless a sort of question in which he is rarely at fault."

"Yes, because as a general thing he knows perfectly well what to think. To-day he doesn't."

"Haven't you been telling him?" Isabel asked.

Madame Merle gave a bright, voluntary smile. "Do you know you're a little dry?"

"Yes; I can't help it. Mr. Rosier has also talked to me."

"In that there is some reason. You are so near the child."

"Ah," said Isabel, "for all the comfort I have given him! If you think me dry, I wonder what he thinks."

"I believe he thinks you can do more than you have done."

"I can do nothing."

"You can do more at least than I. I don't know what mysterious connection he may have discovered between me and Pansy; but he came to me from the first, as if I held his fortune in my hand. Now he keeps coming back, to spur me up, to know what hope there is, to pour out his feelings."

"He is very much in love," said Isabel.

"Very much—for him."

"Very much for Pansy, you might say as well."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes a moment. "Don't you think she's attractive?"

"She is the dearest little person possible; but she is very limited."

"She ought to be all the easier for Mr. Rosier to love. Mr. Rosier is not unlimited."

"No," said Isabel, "he has about the extent of one's pocket handkerchief—the small ones, with lace." Her humour had lately turned a good deal to sarcasm, but in a moment she was ashamed of exercising it on so innocent an object as Pansy's suitor. "He is very kind, very honest," she presently added; "and he is not such a fool as he seems."

"He assures me that she delights in him," said Madame Merle.

"I don't know; I have not asked her."

"You have never sounded her a little?"

"It's not my place; it's her father's."

"Ah, you're too literal!" said Madame Merle.

"I must judge for myself."

Madame Merle gave her smile again. "It isn't easy to help you."

"To help me?" said Isabel, very seriously. "What do you mean?"

"It's easy to displease you. Don't you see how wise I am to be careful? I notify you, at any rate, as I notified Osmond, that I wash my hands of the love-affairs of Miss Pansy and Mr. Edward Rosier. *Je n'y puis rien, moi!* I can't talk to Pansy about him. Especially," added Madame Merle, "as I don't think him a paragon of husbands.

Isabel reflected a little; after which, with a smile—"You don't wash your hands, then!" she said. Then she added, in another tone—"You can't—you are too much interested."

Madame Merle slowly rose; she had given Isabel a look as rapid as the intimation that had gleamed before our heroine a few moments before. Only, this time Isabel saw nothing. "Ask him the next time, and you will see."

"I can't ask him; he has ceased to come to the house. Gilbert has let him know that he is not welcome."

"Ah yes," said Madame Merle, "I forgot that, though it's the burden of his lamentation. He says Osmond has insulted him. All the same," she went on, "Osmond doesn't dislike him as much as he thinks." She had got up, as if to close the conversation, but she lingered, looking about her, and had evidently more to say. Isabel perceived this, and even saw the point she had in view; but Isabel also had her own reasons for not opening the way.

"That must have pleased him, if you have told him," she answered, smiling.

"Certainly I have told him; as far as that goes, I have encouraged him. I have preached patience, have said that his case is not desperate, if he will only hold his tongue and be quiet. Unfortunately he has taken it into his head to be jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Jealous of Lord Warburton, who, he says, is always here."

Isabel, who was tired, had remained
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sitting; but at this she also rose. "Ah!" she exclaimed simply, moving slowly to the fireplace. Madame Merle observed her as she passed and as she stood a moment before the mantel-glass, pushing into its place a wandering tress of hair.

"Poor Mr. Rosier keeps saying that there is nothing impossible in Lord Warburton falling in love with Pansy," Madame Merle went on.

Isabel was silent a little; she turned away from the glass. "It is true—there is nothing impossible," she rejoined at last, gravely and more gently.

"So I have had to admit to Mr. Rosier. So, too, your husband thinks."

"That I don't know."

"Ask him, and you will see."

"I shall not ask him," said Isabel.

"Excuse me; I forgot that you had pointed that out. Of course," Madame Merle added, "you have had infinitely more observation of Lord Warburton's behaviour than I."

"I see no reason why I shouldn't tell you that he likes my step-daughter very much."

Madame Merle gave one of her quick looks again. "Likes her, you mean—as Mr. Rosier means?"

"I don't know how Mr. Rosier means, but Lord Warburton has let me know that he is charmed with Pansy."

"And you have never told Osmond?" This observation was immediate, precipitate; it almost burst from Madame Merle's lips.

Isabel smiled a little. "I suppose he will know in time; Lord Warburton has a tongue, and knows how to express himself."

Madame Merle instantly became conscious that she had spoken more quickly than usual, and the reflection brought the colour to her cheek. She gave the treacherous impulse time to subside, and then she said, as if she had been thinking it over a little: "That would be better than marrying poor Mr. Rosier."

"Much better, I think."

"It would be very delightful; it would be a great marriage. It is really very kind of him."

"Very kind of him?"

"To drop his eyes on a simple little girl."

"I don't see that."

"It's very good of you. But after all, Pansy Osmond——"

"After all, Pansy Osmond is the most attractive person he has ever known!" Isabel exclaimed.

Madame Merle stared, and indeed she was justly bewildered. "Ah, a moment ago, I thought you seemed rather to disparage her."

"I said she was limited. And so she is. And so is Lord Warburton."

"So are we all, if you come to that. If it's no more than Pansy deserves, all the better. But if she fixes her affections on Mr. Rosier, I won't admit that she deserves it. That will be too perverse."

"Mr. Rosier's a nuisance!" cried Isabel, abruptly.

"I quite agree with you, and I am delighted to know that I am not expected to feed his flame. For the future, when he calls on me, my door shall be closed to him." And gathering her mantle together, Madame Merle prepared to depart. She was checked, however, on her progress to the door, by an inconsequent request from Isabel.

"All the same, you know, be kind to him."

She lifted her shoulders and eyebrows, and stood looking at her friend. "I don't understand your contradictions! Decidedly, I shall not be kind to him, for it will be a false kindness. I wish to see her married to Lord Warburton."

"You had better wait till he asks her."

"If what you say is true, he will ask her. Especially," said Madame Merle in a moment, "if you make him."

"If I make him?"

"It's quite in your power. You have great influence with him."

Isabel frowned a little. "Where did you learn that?"

"Mrs. Touchett told me. Not you—never!" said Madame Merle, smiling.

"I certainly never told you that."

"You might have done so when we were by way of being confidential with each other. But you really told me very little; I have often thought so since."

Isabel had thought so too, sometimes with a certain satisfaction. But she did not admit it now—perhaps because she did not wish to appear to exult in it. "You seem to have had an excellent informant in my aunt," she simply said.

"She let me know that you had declined an offer of marriage from Lord Warburton, because she was greatly vexed, and was full of the subject. Of course I think you have done better in doing as you did. But if you wouldn't marry Lord Warburton yourself, make him the reparation of helping him to marry some one else."

Isabel listened to this with a face which persisted in not reflecting the bright expressiveness of Madame Merle's. But in a moment she said, reasonably and gently enough, "I should be very glad indeed if, as regards Pansy, it could be arranged." Upon which her companion, who seemed to regard this as a speech of good omen, embraced her more tenderly than might have been expected, and took her departure.

XL.

OSMOND touched on this matter that evening for the first time; coming very late into the drawing-room, where she was sitting alone. They had spent the evening at home, and Pansy had gone to bed; he himself had been sitting since dinner in a small apartment in which he had arranged his books and which he called his study. At ten o'clock Lord Warburton had come in, as he always did when

he knew from Isabel that she was to be at home; he was going somewhere else, and he sat for half an hour. Isabel, after asking him for news of Ralph, said very little to him, on purpose; she wished him to talk with the young girl. She pretended to read; she even went after a little to the piano; she asked herself whether she might not leave the room. She had come little by little to think well of the idea of Pansy's becoming the wife of the master of beautiful Lockleigh, though at first it had not presented itself in a manner to excite her enthusiasm. Madame Merle, that afternoon, had applied the match to an accumulation of inflammable material. When Isabel was unhappy, she always looked about her—partly from impulse and partly by theory—for some form of exertion. She could never rid herself of the conviction that unhappiness was a state of disease; it was suffering as opposed to action. To act, to do something—it hardly mattered what—would therefore be an escape, perhaps in some degree a remedy. Besides, she wished to convince herself that she had done everything possible to content her husband; she was determined not to be haunted by images of a flat want of zeal. It would please him greatly to see Pansy married to an English nobleman, and justly please him, since this nobleman was such a fine fellow. It seemed to Isabel that if she could make it her duty to bring about such an event, she should play the part of a good wife. She wanted to be that; she wanted to be able to believe, sincerely, that she had been that. Then, such an undertaking had other recommendations. It would occupy her, and she desired occupation. It would even amuse her, and if she could really amuse herself she perhaps might be saved. Lastly, it would be a service to Lord Warburton, who evidently pleased himself greatly with the young girl. It was a little odd that he should—being what he was; but there was no accounting for such

impressions. Pansy might captivate any one—any one, at least, but Lord Warburton. Isabel would have thought her too small, too slight, perhaps even too artificial for that. There was always a little of the doll about her, and that was not what Lord Warburton had been looking for. Still, who could say what men looked for? They looked for what they found; they knew what pleased them only when they saw it. No theory was valid in such matters, and nothing was more unaccountable or more natural than anything else. If he had cared for *her* it might seem odd that he cared for Pansy, who was so different; but he had not cared for her so much as he supposed. Or if he had, he had completely got over it, and it was natural that as that affair had failed, he should think that something of quite another sort might succeed. Enthusiasm, as I say, had not come at first to Isabel, but it came to-day and made her feel almost happy. It was astonishing what happiness she could still find in the idea of procuring a pleasure for her husband. It was a pity, however, that Edward Rosier had crossed their path!

At this reflection the light that had suddenly gleamed upon that path lost something of its brightness. Isabel was unfortunately as sure that Pansy thought Mr. Rosier the nicest of all the young men—as sure as if she had held an interview with her on the subject. It was very tiresome that she should be so sure, when she had carefully abstained from informing herself; almost as tiresome as that poor Mr. Rosier should have taken it into his own head. He was certainly very inferior to Lord Warburton. It was not the difference in fortune so much as the difference in the men; the young American was really so very flimsy. He was much more of the type of the useless fine gentleman than the English nobleman. It was true that there was no particular reason why Pansy should marry

a statesman; still, if a statesman admired her, that was his affair, and she would make a very picturesque little peeress.

It may seem to the reader that Isabel had suddenly grown strangely cynical; for she ended by saying to herself that this difficulty could probably be arranged. Somehow, an impediment that was embodied in poor Rosier could not present itself as a dangerous one; there were always means of levelling secondary obstacles. Isabel was perfectly aware that she had not taken the measure of Pansy's tenacity, which might prove to be inconveniently great; but she inclined to think the young girl would not be tenacious, for she had the faculty of assent developed in a very much higher degree than that of resistance. She would cling, yes, she would cling; but it really mattered to her very little what she clung to. Lord Warburton would do as well as Mr. Rosier—especially as she seemed quite to like him. She had expressed this sentiment to Isabel without a single reservation; she said she thought his conversation most interesting—he had told her all about India. His manner to Pansy had been of the happiest; Isabel noticed that for herself, as she also observed that he talked to her not in the least in a patronising way, reminding himself of her youth and simplicity, but quite as if she could understand everything. He was careful only to be kind—he was as kind as he had been to Isabel herself at Gardencourt. A girl might well be touched by that; she remembered how she herself had been touched, and said to herself that if she had been as simple as Pansy, the impression would have been deeper still. She had not been simple when she refused him; that operation had been as complicated, as, later, her acceptance of Osmond. Pansy, however, in spite of her simplicity, really did understand, and was glad that Lord Warburton should talk to her, not about her partners and bouquets,

but about the state of Italy, the condition of the peasantry, the famous grist-tax, the *pellagra*, his impressions of Roman society. She looked at him as she drew her needle through her tapestry, with sweet, attentive eyes, and when she lowered them she gave little quiet oblique glances at his person, his hands, his feet, his clothes, as if she were considering him. Even his person, Isabel might have reminded her, was better than Mr. Rosier's. But Isabel contented herself at such moments with wondering where this gentleman was; he came no more at all to the Piazza Roccanera. It was surprising, as I say, to hold it had taken of her—the idea of assisting her husband to be pleased.

It was surprising for a variety of reasons, which I shall presently touch upon. On the evening I speak of, while Lord Warburton sat there, she had been on the point of taking the great step of going out of the room and leaving her companions alone. I say the great step, because it was in this light that Gilbert Osmond would have regarded it, and Isabel was trying as much as possible to take her husband's view. She succeeded after a fashion, but she did not succeed in coming to the point I mention. After all, she couldn't; something held her and made it impossible. It was not exactly that it would be base, insidious; for women as a general thing practise such manœuvres with a perfectly good conscience, and Isabel had all the qualities of her sex. It was a vague doubt that interposed—a sense that she was not quite sure. So she remained in the drawing-room, and after a while Lord Warburton went off to his party, of which he promised to give Pansy a full account on the morrow. After he had gone, Isabel asked herself whether she had prevented something which would have happened if she had absented herself for a quarter of an hour; and then she exclaimed—always mentally—that when Lord Warburton wished her to go away he would easily find means

to let her know it. Pansy said nothing whatever about him after he had gone, and Isabel said nothing, as she had taken a vow of reserve until after he should have declared himself. He was a little longer in coming to this than might seem to accord with the description he had given Isabel of his feelings. Pansy went to bed, and Isabel had to admit that she could not now guess what her step-daughter was thinking of. Her transparent little companion was for the moment rather opaque.

Isabel remained alone, looking at the fire, until, at the end of half an hour, her husband came in. He moved about a while in silence, and then sat down, looking at the fire like herself. But Isabel now had transferred her eyes from the flickering flame in the chimney to Osmond's face, and she watched him while he sat silent. Covert observation had become a habit with her; an instinct, of which it is not an exaggeration to say that it was allied to that of self-defence, had made it habitual. She wished as much as possible to know his thoughts, to know what he would say, beforehand, so that she might prepare her answer. Preparing answers had not been her strong point of old; she had rarely in this respect got further than thinking afterwards of clever things she might have said. But she had learned caution—learned it in a measure from her husband's very countenance. It was the same face she had looked into with eyes equally earnest perhaps, but less penetrating, on the terrace of a Florentine villa; except that Osmond had grown a little stouter since his marriage. He still, however, looked very distinguished.

"Has Lord Warburton been here?" he presently asked.

"Yes, he stayed for half an hour."

"Did he see Pansy?"

"Yes; he sat on the sofa beside her."

"Did he talk with her much?"

"He talked almost only to her."

"It seems to me he's attentive. Isn't that what you call it?"

"I don't call it anything," said Isabel; "I have waited for you to give it a name."

"That's a consideration you don't always show," Osmond answered, after a moment.

"I have determined, this time, to try and act as you would like. I have so often failed in that."

Osmond turned his head, slowly, looking at her.

"Are you trying to quarrel with me?"

"No, I am trying to live at peace."

"Nothing is more easy; you know I don't quarrel myself."

"What do you call it when you try to make me angry?" Isabel asked.

"I don't try; if I have done so, it has been the most natural thing in the world. Moreover, I am not in the least trying now."

Isabel smiled. "It doesn't matter. I have determined never to be angry again."

"That's an excellent resolve. Your temper isn't good."

"No—it's not good." She pushed away the book she had been reading, and took up the band of tapestry that Pansy had left on the table.

"That's partly why I have not spoken to you about this business of my daughter's," Osmond said, designating Pansy in the manner that was most frequent with him. "I was afraid I should encounter opposition—that you too would have views on the subject. I have sent little Rosier about his business."

"You were afraid that I would plead for Mr. Rosier? Haven't you noticed that I have never spoken to you of him?"

"I have never given you a chance. We have so little conversation in these days. I know he was an old friend of yours."

"Yes; he's an old friend of mine." Isabel cared little more for him than for the tapestry that she held in her hand; but it was true that he was an old friend, and with her husband she felt a desire not to extenuate such

ties. He had a way of expressing contempt for them which fortified her loyalty to them, even when, as in the present case, they were in themselves insignificant. She sometimes felt a sort of passion of tenderness for memories which had no other merit than that they belonged to her unmarried life. "But as regards Pansy," she added in a moment, "I have given him no encouragement."

"That's fortunate," Osmond observed.

"Fortunate for me, I suppose you mean. For him it matters little."

"There is no use talking of him," Osmond said. "As I tell you, I have turned him out."

"Yes; but a lover outside is always a lover. He is sometimes even more of one. Mr. Rosier still has hope."

"He's welcome to the comfort of it! My daughter has only to sit still, to become Lady Warburton."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, with a simplicity which was not so affected as it may appear. She was resolved to assume nothing, for Osmond had a way of unexpectedly turning her assumptions against her. The intensity with which he would like his daughter to become Lady Warburton had been the very basis of her own recent reflections. But that was for herself; she would recognise nothing until Osmond should have put it into words; she would not take for granted with him that he thought Lord Warburton a prize worth an amount of effort that was unusual among the Osmonds. It was Gilbert's constant intimation that, for him, nothing was a prize; that he treated as from equal to equal with the most distinguished people in the world, and that his daughter had only to look about her to pick out a prince. It cost him therefore a lapse from consistency to say explicitly that he yearned for Lord Warburton, that if this nobleman should escape, his equivalent might not be found; and it was another of his customary implications that he was never incon-

sistent. He would have liked his wife to glide over the point. But strangely enough, now that she was face to face with him, though an hour before she had almost invented a scheme for pleasing him, Isabel was not accommodating, would not glide. And yet she knew exactly the effect on his mind of her question: it would operate as a humiliation. Never mind; he was terribly capable of humiliating her—all the more so that he was also capable of waiting for great opportunities and of showing, sometimes, an almost unaccountable indifference to small ones. Isabel perhaps took a small opportunity because she would not have availed herself of a great one.

Osmond at present acquitted himself very honourably. "I should like it extremely; it would be a great marriage. And then Lord Warburton has another advantage; he is an old friend of yours. It would be pleasant for him to come into the family. It is very singular that Pansy's admirers should all be your old friends."

"It is natural that they should come to see me. In coming to see me, they see Pansy. Seeing her, it is natural that they should fall in love with her."

"So I think. But you are not bound to do so."

"If she should marry Lord Warburton, I should be very glad," Isabel went on, frankly. "He's an excellent man. You say, however, that she has only to sit still. Perhaps she won't sit still; if she loses Mr. Rosier she may jump up!"

Osmond appeared to give no heed to this; he sat gazing at the fire. "Pansy would like to be a great lady," he remarked in a moment, with a certain tenderness of tone. "She wishes, above all, to please," he added.

"To please Mr. Rosier, perhaps."

"No, to please me."

"Me too a little, I think," said Isabel.

"Yes, she has a great opinion of you. But she will do what I like."

"If you are sure of that, it's very well," Isabel said.

"Meantime," said Osmond, "I should like our distinguished visitor to speak."

"He has spoken—to me. He has told me that it would be a great pleasure to him to believe she could care for him."

Osmond turned his head quickly; but at first he said nothing. Then—"Why didn't you tell me that?" he asked, quickly.

"There was no opportunity. You know how we live. I have taken the first chance that has offered."

"Did you speak to him of Rosier?"

"Oh yes, a little."

"That was hardly necessary."

"I thought it best he should know, so that, so that——" And Isabel paused.

"So that what?"

"So that he should act accordingly."

"So that he should back out, do you mean?"

"No, so that he should advance while there is yet time."

"That is not the effect it seems to have had."

"You should have patience," said Isabel. "You know Englishmen are shy."

"This one is not. He was not when he made love to you."

She had been afraid Osmond would speak of that; it was disagreeable to her. "I beg your pardon; he was extremely so," she said, simply.

He answered nothing for some time; he took up a book and turned over the pages, while Isabel sat silent, occupying herself with Pansy's tapestry. "You must have a great deal of influence with him," Osmond went on, at last. "The moment you really wish it, you can bring him to the point."

This was more disagreeable still; but Isabel felt it to be natural that her husband should say it, and it was after all something very much of the same sort that she had said to herself. "Why should I have influence?" she

asked. "What have I ever done to put him under an obligation to me?"

"You refused to marry him," said Osmond, with his eyes on his book.

"I mustn't presume too much on that," Isabel answered, gently.

He threw down the book presently, and got up, standing before the fire with his hands behind him. "Well," he said, "I hold that it lies in your hands. I shall leave it there. With a little good will you may manage it. Think that over and remember that I count upon you."

He waited a little, to give her time to answer; but she answered nothing, and he presently strolled out of the room.

XLI.

SHE answered nothing, because his words had put the situation before her, and she was absorbed in looking at it. There was something in them that suddenly opened the door to agitation, so that she was afraid to trust herself to speak. After Osmond had gone, she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes; and for a long time, far into the night, and still further, she sat in the silent drawing-room, given up to her meditation. A servant came in to attend to the fire, and she bade him bring fresh candles and then go to bed. Osmond had told her to think of what he had said; and she did so indeed, and of many other things. The suggestion, from another, that she had a peculiar influence on Lord Warburton, had given her the start that accompanies unexpected recognition. Was it true that there was something still between them that might be a handle to make him declare himself to Pansy—a susceptibility, on his part, to approval, a desire to do what would please her? Isabel had hitherto not asked herself the question, because she had not been forced; but now that it was directly presented to her, she saw the answer, and the answer frightened her. Yes, there was something—something on

Lord Warburton's part. When he first came to Rome she believed that the link which united them had completely snapped; but little by little she had been reminded that it still had a palpable existence. It was as thin as a hair, but there were moments when she seemed to hear it vibrate. For herself, nothing was changed; what she once thought of Lord Warburton she still thought; it was needless that feeling should change; on the contrary, it seemed to her a better feeling than ever. But he! had he still the idea that she might be more to him than other women? Had he the wish to profit by the memory of the few moments of intimacy through which they had once passed? Isabel knew that she had read some of the signs of such a disposition. But what were his hopes, his pretensions, and in what strange way were they mingled with his evidently very sincere appreciation of poor Pansy? Was he in love with Gilbert Osmond's wife, and if so, what comfort did he expect to derive from it? If he was in love with Pansy, he was not in love with her stepmother; and if he was in love with her stepmother, he was not in love with Pansy. Was she to cultivate the advantage she possessed, in order to make him commit himself to Pansy, knowing that he would do so for her sake, and not for the young girl's—was this the service her husband had asked of her? This at any rate was the duty with which Isabel found herself confronted from the moment that she admitted to herself that Lord Warburton had still an uneradicated predilection for her society. It was not an agreeable task; it was, in fact, a repulsive one. She asked herself with dismay whether Lord Warburton was pretending to be in love with Pansy in order to cultivate another satisfaction? Of this refinement of duplicity she presently acquitted him; she preferred to believe that he was in good faith. But if his admiration for Pansy was a delusion, this was scarcely

better than its being an affectation. Isabel wandered among these ugly possibilities until she completely lost her way; some of them, as she suddenly encountered them, seemed ugly enough. Then she broke out of the labyrinth, rubbing her eyes, and declared that her imagination surely did her little honour, and that her husband's did him even less. Lord Warburton was as disinterested as he need be, and she was no more to him than she need wish. She would rest upon this until the contrary should be proved; proved more effectually than by a cynical intimation of Osmond's.

Such a resolution, however, brought her this evening but little peace, for her soul was haunted with terrors which crowded to the foreground of thought as quickly as a place was made for them. What had suddenly set them into livelier motion she hardly knew, unless it were the strange impression she had received in the afternoon of her husband and Madame Merle being in more direct communication than she suspected. This impression came back to her from time to time, and now she wondered that it had never come before. Besides this, her short interview with Osmond, half an hour before, was a striking example of his faculty for making everything wither that he touched, spoiling everything for her that he looked at. It was very well to undertake to give him a proof of loyalty; the real fact was that the knowledge of his expecting a thing raised a presumption against it. It was as if he had had the evil eye; as if his presence were a blight and his favour a misfortune. Was the fault in himself, or only in the deep mistrust she had conceived for him? This mistrust was the clearest result of their short married life; a gulf had opened between them over which they looked at each other with eyes that were on either side a declaration of the deception suffered. It was a strange opposition, of the like of which she had never dreamed—an opposition in which

the vital principle of the one was a thing of contempt to the other. It was not her fault—she had practised no deception; she had only admired and believed. She had taken all the first steps in the purest confidence, and then she had suddenly found the infinite vista of a multiplied life to be a dark, narrow alley, with a dead wall at the end. Instead of leading to the high places of happiness, from which the world would seem to lie below one, so that one could look down with a sense of exaltation and advantage, and judge and choose and pity, it led rather downward and earthward, into realms of restriction and depression, where the sound of other lives, easier and freer, was heard as from above, and served to deepen the feeling of failure. It was her deep distrust of her husband—this was what darkened the world. That is a sentiment easily indicated, but not so easily explained, and so composite in its character that much time and still more suffering had been needed to bring it to its actual perfection. Suffering, with Isabel, was an active condition; it was not a chill, a stupor, a despair; it was a passion of thought, of speculation, of response to every pressure. She flattered herself, however, that she had kept her mistrust to herself—that no one suspected it but Osmond. Oh, he knew it, and there were times when she thought that he enjoyed it. It had come gradually—it was not till the first year of her marriage had closed that she had taken the alarm. Then the shadows began to gather; it was as if Osmond deliberately, almost malignantly, had put the lights out one by one. The dusk at first was vague and thin, and she could still see her way in it. But it steadily increased, and if here and there it had occasionally lifted, there were certain corners of her life that were impenetrably black. These shadows were not an emanation from her own mind; she was very sure of that; she had done her best to be just and temperate, to see only the truth.

They were a part of her husband's very presence. They were not his misdeeds, his turpitudes; she accused him of nothing—that is, of but one thing, which was not a crime. She knew of no wrong that he had done; he was not violent, he was not cruel; she simply believed that he hated her. That was all she accused him of, and the miserable part of it was precisely that it was not a crime, for against a crime she might have found redress. He had discovered that she was so different, that she was not what he had believed she would prove to be. He had thought at first he could change her, and she had done her best to be what he would like. But she was, after all, herself—she couldn't help that; and now there was no use pretending, playing a part, for he knew her and he had made up his mind. She was not afraid of him; she had no apprehension that he would hurt her; for the ill-will he bore her was not of that sort. He would, if possible, never give her a pretext, never put himself in the wrong. Isabel, scanning the future with dry, fixed eyes, saw that he would have the better of her there. She would give him many pretexts, she would often put herself in the wrong. There were times when she almost pitied him; for if she had not deceived him in intention she understood how completely she must have done so in fact. She had effaced herself, when he first knew her; she had made herself small, pretending there was less of her than there really was. It was because she had been under the extraordinary charm that he, on his side, had taken pains to put forth. He was not changed; he had not disguised himself, during the year of his courtship, any more than she. But she had seen only half his nature then, as one saw the disk of the moon when it was partly masked by the shadow of the earth. She saw the full moon now—she saw the whole man. She had kept still, as it were, so that he should have a free field, and yet in spite of this

she had mistaken a part for the whole.

Ah, she had him immensely under the charm! It had not passed away; it was there still; she still knew perfectly what it was that made Osmond delightful when he chose to be. He had wished to be when he made love to her, and as she had wished to be charmed it was not wonderful that he succeeded. He succeeded because he was sincere; it never occurred to her to deny him that. He admired her—he had told her why; because she was the most imaginative woman he had known. It might very well have been true; for during those months she had imagined a world of things that had no substance. She had a vision of him—she had not read him right. A certain combination of features had touched her, and in them she had seen the most striking of portraits. That he was poor and lonely, and yet that somehow he was noble—that was what interested her and seemed to give her her opportunity. There was an indefinable beauty about him—in his situation, in his mind, in his face. She had felt at the same time that he was helpless and ineffectual, but the feeling had taken the form of a tenderness which was the very flower of respect. He was like a sceptical voyager, strolling on the beach while he waited for the tide, looking seaward yet not putting to sea. It was in all this that she found her occasion. She would launch his boat for him; she would be his providence; it would be a good thing to love him. And she loved him—a good deal for what she found in him, but a good deal also for what she brought him. As she looked back at the passion of those weeks she perceived in it a kind of maternal strain—the happiness of a woman who felt that she was a contributor, that she came with full hands. But for her money, as she saw to-day, she wouldn't have done it. And then her mind wandered off to poor Mr. Touchett, sleeping under English turf,

the beneficent author of infinite woe! For this was a fact. At bottom her money had been a burden, had been on her mind, which was filled with the desire to transfer the weight of it to some other conscience. What would lighten her own conscience more effectually than to make it over to the man who had the best taste in the world? Unless she should give it to a hospital, there was nothing better she could do with it; and there was no charitable institution in which she was as much interested as in Gilbert Osmond. He would use her fortune in a way that would make her think better of it, and rub off a certain grossness which attached to the good luck of an unexpected inheritance. There had been nothing very delicate in inheriting seventy thousand pounds; the delicacy had been all in Mr. Touchett's leaving them to her. But to marry Gilbert Osmond and bring him such a portion—in that there would be delicacy for her as well. There would be less for him—that was true; but that was his affair, and if he loved her he would not object to her being rich. Had he not had the courage to say he was glad she was rich?

Isabel's cheek tingled when she asked herself if she had really married on a factitious theory, in order to do something finely appreciable with her money. But she was able to answer quickly enough that this was only half the story. It was because a certain feeling took possession of her—a sense of the earnestness of his affection and a delight in his personal qualities. He was better than any one else. This supreme conviction had filled her life for months, and enough of it still remained to prove to her that she could not have done otherwise. The finest individual she had ever known was hers; the simple knowledge was a sort of act of devotion. She had not been mistaken about the beauty of his mind; she knew that organ perfectly now. She had lived with it, she had lived in it almost—it appeared to have become

her habitation. If she had been captured it had taken a firm hand to do it; that reflection perhaps had some worth. A mind more ingenious, more subtle, more cultivated, more trained to admirable exercises, she had not encountered; and it was this exquisite instrument that she had now to reckon with. She lost herself in infinite dismay when she thought of the magnitude of *his* deception. It was a wonder, perhaps, in view of this, that he didn't hate her more. She remembered perfectly the first sign he had given of it—it had been like the bell that was to ring up the curtain upon the real drama of their life. He said to her one day that she had too many ideas, and that she must get rid of them. He had told her that already, before their marriage; but then she had not noticed it; it came back to her only afterwards. This time she might well notice it, because he had really meant it. The words were nothing, superficially; but when in the light of deepening experience she looked into them, they appeared portentous. He really meant it—he would have liked her to have nothing of her own but her pretty appearance. She knew she had too many ideas; she had more even than he supposed, many more than she had expressed to him when he asked her to marry him. Yes, she *had* been hypocritical; she liked him so much. She had too many ideas for herself; but that was just what one married for, to share them with some one else. One couldn't pluck them up by the roots, though of course one might suppress them, be careful not to utter them. It was not that, however, his objecting to her opinions; that was nothing. She had no opinions—none that she would not have been eager to sacrifice in the satisfaction of feeling herself loved for it. What he meant was the whole thing—her character, the way she felt, the way she judged. This was what she had kept in reserve; this was what he had not known until he found himself—with the door

closed behind, as it were—set down face to face with it. She had a certain way of looking at life which he took as a personal offence. Heaven knew that, now at least, it was a very humble, accommodating way! The strange thing was that she should not have suspected from the first that his own was so different. She had thought it so large, so enlightened, so perfectly that of an honest man and a gentleman. Had not he assured her that he had no superstitions, no dull limitations, no prejudices that had lost their freshness? Hadn't he all the appearance of a man living in the open air of the world, indifferent to small considerations, caring only for truth and knowledge, and believing that two intelligent people ought to look for them together, and whether they found them or not, to find at least some happiness in the search? He had told her that he loved the conventional; but there was a sense in which this seemed a noble declaration. In that sense, the love of harmony, and order, and decency, and all the stately offices of life, she went with him freely, and his warning had contained nothing ominous. But when, as the months elapsed, she followed him further and he led her into the mansion of his own habitation, then, then she had seen where she really was. She could live it over again, the incredulous terror with which she had taken the measure of her dwelling. Between those four walls she had lived ever since; they were to surround her for the rest of her life. It was the house of darkness, the house of dumbness, the house of suffocation. Osmond's beautiful mind gave it neither light nor air; Osmond's beautiful mind, indeed, seemed to peep down from a small high window and mock at her. Of course it was not physical suffering; for physical suffering there might have been a remedy. She could come and go; she had her liberty; her husband was perfectly polite. He took himself so seriously; it was something appalling.

Under all his culture, his cleverness, his amenity, under his good-nature, his facility, his knowledge of life, his egotism lay hidden like a serpent in a bank of flowers. She had taken him seriously, but she had not taken him so seriously as that. How could she—especially when she knew him better? She was to think of him as he thought of himself—as the first gentleman in Europe. So it was that she had thought of him at first, and that indeed was the reason she had married him. But when she began to see what it implied, she drew back; there was more in the bond than she had meant to put her name to. It implied a sovereign contempt for every one but some three or four very exalted people whom he envied, and for everything in the world but half a dozen ideas of his own. That was very well; she would have gone with him even there, a long distance; for he pointed out to her so much of the baseness and shabbiness of life, opened her eyes so wide to the stupidity, the depravity, the ignorance, of mankind, that she had been properly impressed with the infinite vulgarity of things, and of the virtue of keeping one's self unspotted by it. But this base, ignoble world, it appeared, was after all what one was to live for; one was to keep it for ever in one's eye, in order, not to enlighten, or convert, or redeem it, but to extract from it some recognition of one's own superiority. On the one hand it was despicable, but on the other it afforded a standard. Osmond had talked to Isabel about his renunciation, his indifference, the ease with which he dispensed with the usual aids to success; and all this had seemed to her admirable. She had thought it a noble indifference, an exquisite independence. But indifference was really the last of his qualities; she had never seen any one who thought so much of others. For herself, the world had always interested her, and the study of her fellow-creatures was her constant passion. She would have been willing, however,

to renounce all her curiosities and sympathies for the sake of a personal life, if the person concerned had only been able to make her believe it was a gain! This, at least, was her present conviction; and the thing certainly would have been easier than to care for society as Osmond cared for it.

He was unable to live without it, and she saw that he had never really done so; he had looked at it out of his window even when he appeared to be most detached from it. He had his ideal, just as she had tried to have hers; only it was strange that people should seek for justice in such different quarters. His ideal was a conception of high prosperity and propriety, of the aristocratic life, which she now saw that Osmond deemed himself always, in essence at least, to have led. He had never lapsed from it for an hour; he would never have recovered from the shame of doing so. That again was very well; here too she would have agreed; but they attached such different ideas, such different associations and desires, to the same formulas. Her notion of the aristocratic life was simply the union of great culture with great liberty; the culture would give one a sense of duty, and the liberty a sense of enjoyment. But for Osmond it was altogether a thing of forms, a conscious, calculated attitude. He was fond of the old, the consecrated, and transmitted; so was she, but she pretended to do what she chose with it. He had an immense esteem for tradition; he had told her once that the best thing in the world was to have it, but that if one was so unfortunate as not to have it, one must immediately proceed to make it. She knew that he meant by this that she hadn't it, but that he was better off; though where he had got his traditions she never learned. He had a very large collection of them, however; that was very certain; after a little she began to see. The great thing was to act in accordance with them; the great

thing not only for him but for her. Isabel had an undefined conviction that traditions must be of a thoroughly superior kind, to serve for another person than their proprietor; but she nevertheless assented to this intimation that she too must march to the stately music that floated down from unknown periods in her husband's past; she who of old had been so free of step, so desultory, so devious, so much the reverse of processional. There were certain things they must do, a certain posture they must take, certain people they must know and not know. When Isabel saw this rigid system closing about her, draped though it was in pictured tapestries, that sense of darkness and suffocation of which I have spoken took possession of her; she seemed to be shut up with an odour of mould and decay. She had resisted, of course; at first very humorously, ironically, tenderly; then as the situation grew more serious, eagerly, passionately, pleadingly. She had pleaded the cause of freedom, of doing as they chose, of not caring for the aspect and denomination of their life—the cause of other instincts and longings, of quite another ideal. Then it was that her husband's personality, touched as it never had been, stepped forth and stood erect. The things that she had said were answered only by his scorn, and she could see that he was ineffably ashamed of her. What did he think of her—that she was base, vulgar, ignoble? He at least knew now that she had no traditions! It had not been in his prevision of things that she should reveal such flatness; her sentiments were worthy of a radical newspaper or of a Unitarian preacher. The real offence, as she ultimately perceived, was her having a mind of her own at all. Her mind was to be his—attached to his own like a small garden-plot to a deer-park. He would rake the soil gently and water the flowers; he would weed the beds and gather an occasional nosegay. It would be a pretty piece of property for a proprietor

already far-reaching. He didn't wish her to be stupid. On the contrary, it was because she was clever that she had pleased him. But he expected her intelligence to operate altogether in his favour, and so far from desiring her mind to be a blank, he had flattered himself that it would be richly receptive. He had expected his wife to feel with him and for him, to enter into his opinions, his ambitions, his preferences; and Isabel was obliged to confess that this was no very unwarrantable demand on the part of a husband. But there were certain things she could never take in. To begin with, they were hideously unclean. She was not a daughter of the Puritans, but for all that she believed in such a thing as purity. It would appear that Osmond didn't; some of his traditions made her push back her skirts. Did all women have lovers? Did they all lie, and even the best have their price? Were there only three or four that didn't deceive their husbands? When Isabel heard such things she felt a greater scorn for them than for the gossip of a village-parlour—a scorn that kept its freshness in a very tainted air. There was the taint of her sister-in-law; did her husband judge only by the Countess Gemini? This lady very often lied, and she had practised deceptions which were not simply verbal. It was enough to find these facts assumed among Osmond's traditions, without giving them such a general extension. It was her scorn of his assumptions—it was that that made him draw himself up. He had plenty of contempt, and it was proper that his wife should be as well furnished; but that she should turn the hot light of her disdain upon his own conception of things—this was a danger he had not allowed for. He believed he should have regulated her emotions before she came to that; and Isabel could easily imagine how his ears scorched when he discovered that he had been too confident. When one had a wife who gave one that

sensation there was nothing left but to hate her!

She was morally certain now that this feeling of hatred, which at first had been a refuge and a refreshment, had become the occupation and comfort of Osmond's life. The feeling was deep, because it was sincere; he had had a revelation that, after all, she could dispense with him. If to herself the idea was startling, if it presented itself at first as a kind of infidelity, a capacity for pollution, what infinite effect might it not be expected to have had upon him? It was very simple; he despised her; she had no traditions, and the moral horizon of a Unitarian minister. Poor Isabel, who had never been able to understand Unitarianism! This was the conviction that she had been living with now for a time that she had ceased to measure. What was coming? what was before them? That was her constant question. What would he do—what ought she to do? When a man hated his wife, what did it lead to? She didn't hate him, that she was sure of, for every little while she felt a passionate wish to give him a pleasant surprise. Very often, however, she felt afraid, and it used to come over her, as I have intimated, that she had deceived him at the very first. They were strangely married, at all events, and it was an awful life. Until that morning he had scarcely spoken to her for a week; his manner was as dry as a burned-out fire. She knew there was a special reason; he was displeased at Ralph Touchett's staying on in Rome. He thought she saw too much of her cousin—he had told her a week before that it was indecent she should go to him at his hotel. He would have said more than this if Ralph's invalid state had not appeared to make it brutal to denounce him; but having to contain himself only deepened Osmond's disgust. Isabel read all this as she would have read the hour on the clock face; she was as perfectly aware that the sight of her interest in her cousin stirred

her husband's rage, as if Osmond had locked her into her bedroom—which she was sure he wanted to do. It was her honest belief that on the whole she was not defiant; but she certainly could not pretend to be indifferent to Ralph. She believed he was dying, at last, and that she should never see him again, and this gave her a tenderness for him that she had never known before. Nothing was a pleasure to her now; how could anything be a pleasure to a woman who knew that she had thrown away her life? There was an everlasting weight upon her heart—there was a livid light upon everything. But Ralph's little visit was a lamp in the darkness; for the hour that she sat with him her spirit rose. She felt to-day as if he had been her brother. She had never had a brother, but if she had, and she were in trouble, and he were dying, he would be dear to her as Ralph was. Ah yes, if Gilbert was jealous of her there was perhaps some reason; it didn't make Gilbert look better to sit for half an hour with Ralph. It was not that they talked of him—it was not that she complained. His name was never uttered between them. It was simply that Ralph was generous and that her husband was not. There was something in Ralph's talk, in his smile, in the mere fact of his being in Rome, that made the blasted circle round which she walked more spacious. He made her feel the good of the world; he made her feel what might have been. He was, after all, as intelligent as Osmond—quite apart from his being better. And thus it seemed to her an act of devotion to conceal her misery from him. She concealed it elaborately; in their talk she was perpetually hanging out curtains and arranging screens. It lived before her again—it had never had time to die—that morning in the garden at Florence, when he warned her against Osmond. She had only to close her eyes to see the place, to hear his voice, to feel the warm, sweet air. How could he have known? What a mystery!

what a wonder of wisdom! As intelligent as Gilbert! He was much more intelligent, to arrive at such a judgment as that. Gilbert had never been so deep, so just. She had told him then that from her at least he should never know if he were right; and this was what she was taking care of now. It gave her plenty to do; there was passion, exaltation, religion in it. Women find their religion sometimes in strange exercises, and Isabel, at present, in playing a part before her cousin, had an idea that she was doing him a kindness. It would have been a kindness, perhaps, if he had been for a single instant a dupe. As it was, the kindness consisted mainly in trying to make him believe that he had once wounded her greatly and that the event had put him to shame, but that as she was very generous and he was so ill, she bore him no grudge and even considerately forbore to flaunt her happiness in his face. Ralph smiled to himself, as he lay on his sofa, at this extraordinary form of consideration; but he forgave her for having forgiven him. She didn't wish him to have the pain of knowing she was unhappy; that was the great thing, and it didn't matter that such knowledge would rather have righted him.

For herself, she lingered in the soundless drawing-room long after the fire had gone out. There was no danger of her feeling the cold; she was in a fever. She heard the small hours strike, and then the great ones, but her vigil took no heed of time. Her mind, assailed by visions, was in a state of extraordinary activity, and her visions might as well come to her there, where she sat up to meet them, as on her pillow, to make a mockery of rest. As I have said, she believed she was not defiant, and what could be a better proof of it than that she should linger there half the night, trying to persuade herself that there was no reason why Pansy shouldn't be married as you would put a letter in the post-office? When the clock

struck four she got up; she was going to bed at last, for the lamp had long since gone out and the candles had burned down to their sockets. But even then she stopped again in the middle of the room, and stood there gazing at a remembered vision—that of her husband and Madame Merle, grouped unconsciously and familiarly.

XLII.

THREE nights after this she took Pansy to a great party, to which Osmond, who never went to dances, did not accompany them. Pansy was as ready for a dance as ever; she was not of a generalising turn, and she had not extended to other pleasures the interdict that she had seen placed on those of love. If she was biding her time or hoping to circumvent her father, she must have had a prevision of success. Isabel thought that this was not likely; it was much more likely that Pansy had simply determined to be a good girl. She had never had such a chance, and she had a proper esteem for chances. She carried herself no less attentively than usual, and kept no less anxious an eye upon her vaporous skirts; she held her bouquet very tight, and counted over the flowers for the twentieth time. She made Isabel feel old; it seemed so long since she had been in a flutter about a ball. Pansy, who was greatly admired, was never in want of partners, and very soon after their arrival she gave Isabel, who was not dancing, her bouquet to hold. Isabel had rendered this service for some minutes when she became aware that Edward Rosier was standing before her. He had lost his affable smile, and wore a look of almost military resolution; the change in his appearance would have made Isabel smile if she had not felt that at bottom his case was a hard one; he had always smelt so much more of heliotrope than of gunpowder. He looked at her a moment somewhat

fiercely, as if to notify her that he was dangerous, and then he dropped his eyes on her bouquet. After he had inspected it his glance softened, and he said quickly,

"It's all pansies; it must be hers!"

Isabel smiled kindly.

"Yes, it's hers; she gave it to me to hold."

"May I hold it a little, Mrs. Osmond?" the poor young man asked.

"No, I can't trust you; I am afraid you wouldn't give it back."

"I am not sure that I should; I should leave the house with it instantly. But may I not at least have a single flower?"

Isabel hesitated a moment, and then, smiling still, held out the bouquet.

"Choose one yourself. It's frightful what I am doing for you."

"Ah, if you do no more than this, Mrs. Osmond!" Rosier exclaimed, with his glass in one eye, carefully choosing his flower.

"Don't put it into your button-hole," she said. "Don't for the world!"

"I should like her to see it. She has refused to dance with me, but I wish to show her that I believe in her still."

"It's very well to show it to her, but it's out of place to show it to others. Her father has told her not to dance with you."

"And is that all *you* can do for me? I expected more from you, Mrs. Osmond," said the young man, in a tone of fine general reference. "You know that our acquaintance goes back very far—quite into the days of our innocent childhood."

"Don't make me out too old," Isabel answered, smiling. "You come back to that very often, and I have never denied it. But I must tell you that, old friends as we are, if you had done me the honour to ask me to marry you I should have refused you."

"Ah, you don't esteem me, then. Say at once that you think I'm a trifle!"

"I esteem you very much, but I'm not in love with you. What I mean by that, of course, is that I am not in love with you for Pansy."

"Very good; I see; you pity me, that's all."

And Edward Rosier looked all round, inconsequently, with his single glass. It was a revelation to him that people shouldn't be more pleased; but he was at least too proud to show that the movement struck him as general.

Isabel for a moment said nothing. His manner and appearance had not the dignity of the deepest tragedy; his little glass, among other things, was against that. But she suddenly felt touched; her own unhappiness, after all, had something in common with his, and it came over her, more than before, that here, in recognisable form, if not in romantic cast, was the most affecting thing in the world—
young love struggling with adversity.

"Would you really be very kind to her?" she said, in a low tone.

He dropped his eyes, devoutly, and raised the little flower which he held in his fingers to his lips. Then he looked at her. "You pity me; but don't you pity her a little?"

"I don't know; I am not sure. She will always enjoy life."

"It will depend on what you call life!" Rosier exclaimed. "She won't enjoy being tortured."

"There will be nothing of that."

"I am glad to hear it. She knows what she is about. You will see."

"I think she does, and she will never disobey her father. But she is coming back to me," Isabel added, "and I must beg you to go away."

Rosier lingered a moment, till Pansy came in sight, on the arm of her cavalier; he stood just long enough to look her in the face. Then he walked away, holding up his head; and the manner in which he achieved this sacrifice to expediency convinced Isabel that he was very much in love.

Pansy, who seldom got disarranged in dancing, and looked perfectly fresh and cool after this exercise, waited a moment and then took back her bouquet. Isabel watched her and saw that she was counting the flowers; whereupon she said to herself that, decidedly, there were deeper forces at play than she had recognised. Pansy had seen Rosier turn away, but she said nothing to Isabel about him; she talked only of her partner, after he had made his bow and retired; of the music, the floor, the rare misfortune of having already torn her dress. Isabel was sure, however, that she perceived that her lover had abstracted a flower; though this knowledge was not needed to account for the dutiful grace with which she responded to the appeal of her next partner. That perfect amenity under acute constraint was part of a larger system. She was again led forth by a flushed young man, this time carrying her bouquet; and she had not been absent many minutes when Isabel saw Lord Warburton advancing through the crowd. He presently drew near and bade her good evening; she had not seen him since the day before. He looked about him, and then—"Where is the little maid?" he asked. It was in this manner that he formed the harmless habit of alluding to Miss Osmond.

"She is dancing," said Isabel; "you will see her somewhere."

He looked among the dancers, and at last caught Pansy's eye. "She sees me, but she won't notice me," he then remarked. "Are you not dancing?"

"As you see, I'm a wall-flower."

"Won't you dance with me?"

"Thank you; I would rather you should dance with my little maid."

"One needn't prevent the other; especially as she is engaged."

"She is not engaged for everything, and you can reserve yourself. She dances very hard, and you will be the fresher."

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"She dances beautifully," said Lord Warburton, following her with his eyes. "Ah, at last," he added, "she has given me a smile." He stood there with his handsome, easy, important physiognomy; and as Isabel observed him it came over her, as it had done before, that it was strange a man of his importance should take an interest in a little maid. It struck her as a great incongruity; neither Pansy's small fascinations, nor his own kindness, his good-nature, not even his need for amusement, which was extreme and constant, were sufficient to account for it. "I shall like to dance with you," he went on in a moment, turning back to Isabel; "but I think I like even better to talk with you."

"Yes, it's better, and it's more worthy of your dignity. Great statesmen oughtn't to waltz."

"Don't be cruel. Why did you recommend me then to dance with Miss Osmond?"

"Ah, that's different. If you dance with her, it would look simply like a piece of kindness—as if you were doing it for her amusement. If you dance with me you will look as if you were doing it for your own."

"And pray haven't I a right to amuse myself?"

"No, not with the affairs of the British Empire on your hands."

"The British Empire be hanged! You are always laughing at it."

"Amuse yourself with talking to me," said Isabel.

"I am not sure that is a recreation. You are too pointed; I have always to be defending myself. And you strike me as more than usually dangerous to-night. Won't you really dance?"

"I can't leave my place, Pansy must find me here."

He was silent a moment. "You are wonderfully good to her," he said, suddenly.

Isabel stared a little, and smiled. "Can you imagine one's not being?"

"No, indeed. I know how I feel myself. But you must have done a great deal for her."

"I have taken her out with me," said Isabel, smiling still. "And I have seen that she has proper clothes."

"Your society must have been a great benefit to her. You have talked to her, advised her, helped her to develop."

"Ah, yes, if she isn't the rose, she has lived near it."

Isabel laughed, and her companion smiled; but there was a certain visible pre-occupation in his face which interfered with complete hilarity. "We all try to live as near it as we can," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

Isabel turned away; Pansy was about to be restored to her, and she welcomed the diversion. We know how much she liked Lord Warburton; she thought him delightful; there was something in his friendship which appeared a kind of resource in case of indefinite need; it was like having a large balance at the bank. She felt happier when he was in the room; there was something reassuring in his approach; the sound of his voice reminded her of the beneficence of nature. Yet for all that it did not please her that he should be too near to her, that he should take too much of her good-will for granted. She was afraid of that; she averted herself from it; she wished he wouldn't. She felt that if he should come too near, as it were, it was in her to flash out and bid him keep his distance. Pansy came back to Isabel with another rent in her skirt, which was the inevitable consequence of the first, and which she displayed to Isabel with serious eyes. There were too many gentlemen in uniform; they wore those dreadful spurs, which were fatal to the dresses of young girls. It hereupon became apparent that the resources of women are innumerable. Isabel devoted herself to Pansy's desecrated drapery; she fumbled for a

pin and repaired the injury; she smiled and listened to her account of her adventures. Her attention, her sympathy, were most active; and they were in direct proportion to a sentiment with which they were in no way connected—a lively conjecture as to whether Lord Warburton was trying to make love to her. It was not simply his words just then; it was others as well; it was the reference and the continuity. This was what she thought about while she pinned up Pansy's dress. If it were so, as she feared, he was of course unconscious; he himself had not taken account of his intention. But this made it none the more auspicious, made the situation none the less unacceptable. The sooner Lord Warburton should come to self-consciousness the better. He immediately began to talk to Pansy—on whom it was certainly mystifying to see that he dropped a smile of chastened devotion. Pansy replied as usual, with a little air of conscientious aspiration; he had to bend toward her a good deal in conversation, and her eyes, as usual, wandered up and down his robust person, as if he had offered it to her for exhibition. She always seemed a little frightened; yet her fright was not of the painful character that suggests dislike; on the contrary, she looked as if she knew that he knew that she liked him. Isabel left them together a little, and wandered toward a friend whom she saw near, and with whom she talked till the music of the following dance began, for which she knew that Pansy was also engaged. The young girl joined her presently, with a little fluttered look, and Isabel, who scrupulously took Osmond's view of his daughter's complete dependence, consigned her, as a precious and momentary loan, to her appointed partner. About all this matter she had her own imaginations, her own reserves; there were moments when Pansy's extreme adhesiveness made each of them, to her sense, look foolish. But Osmond

had given her a sort of tableau of her position as his daughter's duenna, which consisted of gracious alternation of concession and contraction; and there were directions of his which she liked to think that she obeyed to the letter. Perhaps, as regards some of them, it was because her doing so appeared to reduce them to the absurd.

After Pansy had been led away, Isabel found Lord Warburton drawing near her again. She rested her eyes on him, steadily; she wished she could sound his thoughts. But he had no appearance of confusion.

"She has promised to dance with me later," he said.

"I am glad of that. I suppose you have engaged her for the cotillion."

At this he looked a little awkward. "No, I didn't ask her for that. It's a quadrille."

"Ah, you are not clever!" said Isabel, almost angrily. "I told her to keep the cotillion, in case you should ask for it."

"Poor little maid, fancy that!" And Lord Warburton laughed frankly. "Of course I will if you like."

"If I like? Oh, if you dance with her only because I like it!"

"I am afraid I bore her. She seems to have a lot of young fellows on her book."

Isabel dropped her eyes, reflecting rapidly; Lord Warburton stood there looking at her and she felt his eyes on her face. ⁴Se felt much inclined to ask him to remove them. She did not do so, however; she only said to him, after a minute, looking up—"Please to let me understand."

"Understand what?"

"You told me ten days ago that you should like to marry my stepdaughter. You have not forgotten it?"

"Forgotten it? I wrote to Mr. Osmond about it this morning."

"Ah," said Isabel, "he didn't mention to me that he had heard from you."

Lord Warburton stammered a little.

"I—I didn't send my letter."

"Perhaps you forgot that."

"No, I wasn't satisfied with it. It's an awkward sort of letter to write, you know. But I shall send it to-night."

"At three o'clock in the morning?"

"I mean later, in the course of the day."

"Very good. You still wish, then, to marry her?"

"Very much indeed."

"Aren't you afraid that you will bore her? And as her companion stared at this inquiry, Isabel added—"If she can't dance with you for half-an hour, how will she be able to dance with you for life?"

"Ah," said Lord Warburton, readily, "I will let her dance with other people! About the cotillion, the fact is I thought that you—that you—"

"That I would dance with you? I told you I would dance nothing."

"Exactly; so that while it is going on I might find some quiet corner where we might sit down and talk."

"Oh," said Isabel gravely, "you are much too considerate of me."

When the cotillion came, Pansy was found to have engaged herself, thinking, in perfect humility, that Lord Warburton had no intentions. Isabel recommended him to seek another partner, but he assured her that he would dance with no one but herself. As, however, she had, in spite of the remonstrances of her hostess, declined other invitations on the ground that she was not dancing at all, it was not possible for her to make an exception in Lord Warburton's favour.

"After all, I don't care to dance," he said, "it's a barbarous amusement; I would much rather talk." And he intimated that he had discovered exactly the corner he had been looking for—a quiet nook in one of the smaller rooms, where the music would come to them faintly and not interfere with

conversation. Isabel had decided to let him carry out his idea; she wished to be satisfied. She wandered away from the ball-room with him, though she knew that her husband desired she should not lose sight of his daughter. It was with his daughter's *prétendant*, however; that would make it right for Osmond. On her way out of the ball-room she came upon Edward Rosier, who was standing in a doorway, with folded arms, looking at the dance, in the attitude of a young man without illusions. She stopped a moment and asked him if he were not dancing.

"Certainly not, if I can't dance with her!" he answered.

"You had better go away, then," said Isabel, with the manner of good counsel.

"I shall not go till she does!" And he let Lord Warburton pass, without giving him a look.

This nobleman, however, had noticed the melancholy youth, and he asked Isabel who her dismal friend was, remarking that he had seen him somewhere before.

"It's the young man I have told you about, who is in love with Pansy," said Isabel.

"Ah yes, I remember. He looks rather bad."

"He has reason. My husband won't listen to him."

"What's the matter with him?" Lord Warburton inquired. "He seems very harmless."

"He hasn't money enough, and he isn't very clever."

Lord Warburton listened with interest; he seemed struck with this account of Edward Rosier. "Dear me; he looked a gentlemanlike young fellow."

"So he is, but my husband is very particular."

"Oh, I see." And Lord Warburton paused a moment. "How much money has he got?" he then ventured to ask.

"Some forty thousand francs a year."

"Sixteen hundred pounds! Ah, but that's very good, you know."

"So I think. But my husband has larger ideas."

"Yes; I have noticed that your husband has very large ideas. Is he really an idiot, the young man?"

"An idiot? Not in the least; he's charming. When he was twelve years old I myself was in love with him."

"He doesn't look much more than twelve to-day," Lord Warburton rejoined, vaguely, looking about him. Then, with more point—"Don't you think we might sit here?" he asked.

"Wherever you please." The room was a sort of boudoir, pervaded by a subdued, rose-coloured light; a lady and gentleman moved out of it as our friends came in. "It's very kind of you to take such an interest in Mr. Rosier," Isabel said.

"He seems to me rather ill-treated. He had a face a yard long; I wondered what ailed him."

"You are a just man," said Isabel. "You have a kind thought even for a rival."

Lord Warburton turned, suddenly, with a stare. "A rival! Do you call him my rival?"

"Surely—if you both wish to marry the same person."

"Yes—but since he has no chance!"

"All the same, I like you for putting yourself in his place. It shows imagination."

"You like me for it?" And Lord Warburton looked at her with an uncertain eye. "I think you mean that you are laughing at me for it."

"Yes, I am laughing at you, a little. But I like you, too."

"Ah well, then, let me enter into his situation a little more. What do you suppose one could do for him?"

"Since I have been praising your imagination, I will leave you to imagine that yourself," Isabel said. "Pansy, too, would like you for that."

"Miss Osmond? Ah, she, I flatter myself, likes me already."

"Very much, I think."

He hesitated a little; he was still questioning her face. "Well, then, I don't understand you. You don't mean that she cares for him?"

"Surely, I have told you that I thought she did."

A sudden blush sprung to his face. "You told me that she would have no wish apart from her father's, and as I have gathered that he would favour me—" He paused a little, and then he added—"Don't you see?" suggestively, through his blush.

"Yes, I told you that she had an immense wish to please her father, and that it would probably take her very far."

"That seems to me a very proper feeling," said Lord Warburton.

"Certainly; it's a very proper feeling." Isabel remained silent for some moments; the room continued to be empty; the sound of the music reached them with its richness softened by the interposing apartments. Then at last she said—"But it hardly strikes me as the sort of feeling to which a man would wish to be indebted for a wife."

"I don't know; if the wife is a good one, and he thinks she does well!"

"Yes, of course you must think that."

"I do; I can't help it. You call that very British, of course."

"No, I don't. I think Pansy would do wonderfully well to marry you, and I don't know who should know it better than you. But you are not in love."

"Ah, yes I am, Mrs. Osmond!"

Isabel shook her head. "You like to think you are, while you sit here with me. But that's not how you strike me."

"I'm not like the young man in the doorway. I admit that. But what makes it so unnatural? Could anything in the world be more charming than Miss Osmond?"

"Nothing, possibly. But love has nothing to do with good reasons."

"I don't agree with you. I am delighted to have good reasons."

"Of course you are. If you were really in love you wouldn't care a straw for them."

"Ah, really in love—really in love!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, folding his arms, leaning back his head, and stretching himself a little. "You must remember that I am forty years old. I won't pretend that I am as I once was."

"Well, if you are sure," said Isabel, "it's all right."

He answered nothing; he sat there, with his head back, looking before him. Abruptly, however, he changed his position; he turned quickly to his companion. "Why, are you so unwilling, so sceptical?"

She met his eye, and for a moment they looked straight at each other. If she wished to be satisfied, she saw something that satisfied her; she saw in his eye the gleam of an idea that she was uneasy on her own account—that she was perhaps even frightened. It expressed a suspicion, not a hope, but such as it was it told her what she wished to know. Not for an instant should he suspect that she detected in his wish to marry her stepdaughter an implication of increased nearness to herself, or that if she did detect it, she thought it alarming or compromising. In that brief, extremely personal gaze, however, deeper meanings passed between them than they were conscious of at the moment.

"My dear Lord Warburton," she said, smiling, "you may do, as far as I am concerned, whatever comes into your head."

And with this she got up, and wandered into the adjoining room, where she encountered several acquaintances. While she talked with them she found herself regretting that she had moved; it looked a little like running away—all the more as Lord Warburton didn't follow her. She was glad of this, however, and,

at any rate, she was satisfied. She was so well satisfied that when in passing back into the ball-room, she found Edward Rosier still planted in the doorway, she stopped and spoke to him again.

"You did right not to go away. I have got some comfort for you."

"I need it," the young man murmured, "when I see you so awfully thick with *him*!"

"Don't speak of him, I will do what I can for you. I am afraid it won't be much, but what I can I will do."

He looked at her with gloomy obliqueness. "What has suddenly brought you round?"

"The sense that you are an inconvenience in the doorways!" she an-

swered, smiling, as she passed him. Half an hour later she took leave, with Pansy, and at the foot of the staircase the two ladies, with many other departing guests, waited a while for their carriage. Just as it approached, Lord Warburton came out of the house, and assisted them to reach their vehicle. He stood a moment at the door, asking Pansy if she had amused herself; and she, having answered him, fell back with a little air of fatigue. Then Isabel, at the window, detaining him by a movement of her finger, murmured gently—"Don't forget to send your letter to her father!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

A PEEP AT FRENCH SCHOOLS.

JOHN BULL is ceasing to be a good hater. The very Russians are no longer an abomination to him; and, in spite of Tunis, the very hero of Trafalgar could hardly persuade him to regard the French as "dangerous and even devilish individuals." Curiosity has conquered prejudice.

But, though it is now fashionable for us to gather honey from foreign weeds, the judgments we pass on the sweet spoil seem seldom to rise above a patriotic half-truth: "Our own institutions are the best for us; those of the French are 'good enough for them,'" the conclusive proof being that the first produce Englishmen and the second Frenchmen.

Read "schools" for "institutions," and no impartial jury could give us a verdict. Our own test fails us, for our schools do not always produce "Englishmen" in the best sense of the word. *Ubi qui post vota perierunt?* How many have been retarded by their school training, and how many have only made progress in spite of it? A nation like ours that has no national system of secondary schools to stand between its board schools and its universities is making the best blessings of civilization a matter of privilege. The word "national" does not apply either to Eton School or to Oxford University, in the same sense in which it applies to the Board and Church Schools of our primary system of education. Philanthropists may induce all School Boards to copy London, and found scholarships to carry the best boys from the lower schools to the secondary. But these are a favoured few; and the middle-class schools into which they are drafted are good or bad, according to the luck of the locality. For the masses, there is practically an infinite distance to

divide an Oxford College, or even a "public school," with its multitudinous fees and strait exclusiveness, from a city board school, with its nominal charges and indiscriminate admission of all comers. The Scotch College, which is too often a public school and a university in one unhappy combination, is by no means at an infinite distance from the Scotch peasant. It is still sufficiently democratic to be national, and simply needs to be "differentiated" in order to serve its purpose properly in the educational system. But in England, if we put ourselves in the position of a peasant's son leaving school and aspiring to higher things, we must feel that there are few facilities for him. His guidance ends in the board school; and, if he stands and sees and looks for the old paths to guide him farther, he finds their traces so indistinct that he can hardly guess whither they ever tended—was it to South Kensington or only to Dotheboys' Hall?

There is no such doubt about the public schools of the minority. They have strongly-marked features, unmistakably English, which give a sharp point to the contrast with their nearest French counterpart. The contrast applies to letter as well as to spirit. Dryasdust might discern the different genius of the French and English nations by their different ways of marking their school time. The Eton or Harrow boy goes as "the bell invites" him; the pupils of *Lycée St. Louis* or *Charlemagne* obey the tuck of drum. If this does not mean a different genius, it means at least a different history. The English public school rings the ecclesiastical bell in unconscious gratitude to its pious founders and benefactors, who were nothing if not churchmen. The French

lycée is the handiwork of a soldier, and fitly beats the martial drum. There is much crystallized history in the *lycée*. Napoleon's drum is by no means the only contribution which the past has made to the present in the making of it. The Revolution, the First Empire, and the irrepressible Jesuits have all left their mark here. It was Bonaparte who turned the Catholic colleges into "lyceums" in 1804, and plaited them into the network of his "University of France," in 1808. That grandiose body, which for half a century "monopolized education, in the same sense as the law courts monopolize justice, and the army monopolizes public force," was certainly of Napoleon's creating; but the general plan of his educational institutions had little originality in it. He paid a tacit compliment to the Jesuits by modelling his new *lycées* on their colleges, which had survived not only the exodus of their founders in 1764, but the Great Revolution of a generation later, and were little the worse for wear in the interval.

But besides the impress of priests and emperors, the *lycée* shows the footprints of democracy. By a kind of political irony, conservatism has guarded the results of that Revolution, which seemed to destroy all conservatism. The very Bourbons learned to preserve the substance of its changes, and forgot to restore the old landlords and the old privileges. If we wish, however, to see the influence of the Revolution on society, as well as on politics, we find it nowhere more conspicuous than at school. If an English public school is very apt to become a junior Conservative club, an average *lycée* will have the opposite tendency. Of course we do not need to go to France to find schoolboys who scoff at titles. The new-comer at Eton who boasted of his birth was rewarded with "one kick for your father the marquis, and another for your uncle the duke." French equality could not go farther. But there is more in a French *lycée* than a disregard

of titles, which seldom after all outlives school-life, either in England or elsewhere. There is a disregard of fortune. The instinctive English disrespect for a man who is as poor as a church-mouse is not entirely absent at English schools. The same boy who kicked the aristocratic new-comer would probably prefer his society to that of a plebeian new-comer out at elbows, even if he were the son of a Faraday or a Coleridge. It is indeed too probable that the threadbare person would be spared humiliation by being denied admission. But let a stranger visit a large Parisian school like *Lycée Fontanes* or *Charlemagne*, when the afternoon drum has released the boys and they are crowding to the entrance; he cannot shut his eyes to the fusion of ranks there. The most casual glance shows him the rich and the poor meeting together; and the masters will tell him there is a fusion of sects as well as of fortunes. There is perhaps only one single case in which a man's religion is known by his face; and the English spectator would soon pick out the boys of this recognisable "persuasion." But in addition he would find Protestant, Catholic, and nondescript, arm-in-arm. *Charlemagne* and *Fontanes* happen to be the only two day-schools among the *lycées* of Paris; they have no full boarders. Pupils come to them from families in the neighbourhood, and from the boarding-houses, clerical or otherwise, which send their boys during the day for secular teaching, and withdraw them at night, to provide for their other wants. The *lycées* of the commoner type is itself a boarding-house; and the religious needs of the boys are supplied by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chaplains (*aumôniers catholiques, ministres protestants et israélites*), who come for the purpose at stated hours. But, so long at least as they are in the class-room, the scholars are not reminded of their religious differences. They learn no lesson of religious animosity at school, however quickly they pick it up out of

doors. The Catholics are the large majority; but the toleration is said to be nearly perfect. The Revolution seems in this case to have made a very near approach in practice to that religious equality which it has always taught in theory. It is the greater pity that when the boys become men they unlearn this school lesson. It ought to be added that the occasional complaints made about the intolerance of teachers apply chiefly to the primary teachers in the country districts, where the temptations to abuse authority are stronger than in a Parisian *lycée*, the teachers being inferior men, and not equally under the eye of public opinion. After every excuse is made, it will still be very singular, and not altogether satisfactory, if equality, the prime gain of 1789, should be more honoured in the *lycées* of Napoleon than in Guizot's grammar schools.

Look again at the boys before they have left school. How much can physiognomy and "ocular inspection" tell us of their character? Not a great deal;—perhaps nothing more than the commonplace, "Boys will be boys." But it is refreshing to verify that ancient maxim in a country where all the boys are doomed to be soldiers, and where we might therefore expect them to pass all their school days subject to bondage, from fear of the drill sergeant. On the contrary, their games are hearty without being Spartan; and neither schoolmaster nor drill sergeant may test their endurance by the lash. The Revolution venerates the human person even in the "untamed animalism" of the boy, and strictly forbids birching. Reward and not punishment is the inducement to learn. Philosophers have long debated which is the stronger motive, the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. The English as a general rule adopt the first alternative, the French the second. "Courage," said the firemen to their dying comrade, pulled too late from the ruins of the *Magasin du Printemps*, "you will be

decorated," where the English consolation would have been, "You will escape dishonour." In the case of school-boys in particular, we have good means of comparing French rewards with English punishments. There are several able teachers in Paris and all over France, who have had experience of both systems; and they declare for the French. They profess to find the French boy more willing to work, more attentive in the class-room and more subject to discipline. There is certainly no lack of keenness in competition. Boy competes with boy in the same class, and the picked pupils of one *lycée* compete with the picked pupils of another. *Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam Præmia si tollas?* Cambridge itself does not apply this motto more confidently to education; and the doubtfully good result of ardent rivalry is said to go along with the undoubtedly good one of perfect discipline. We must accept the statement on faith; and our faith is apt to become scepticism when we look at the matter critically. We are puzzled, for example, by the unwillingness of the authorities of a school to admit strangers into the class-rooms during lesson. Every stranger who asks for this privilege in Paris must wonder at the difficulties put in his way, even when he is fortified with the all-important "*autorisation*" from the Rector of the Academy or the Prefect of the Seine. If he is so persevering as to gain his point, he may after all see no reason for the reluctance. But let him press the teachers to explain it, and they will in most cases confess that it was a question of discipline. If they can barely control the boys when they are alone with them, how can they do it when a stranger's presence lays the last straw? Fortunately the classes are never disturbed through any childish "taking of places" by physical locomotion; the superintendent of a *lycée* is not likely to allow a stranger to visit any class that is not under the tight control of its

teacher; and in Paris we may expect to find the best of teachers, and therefore the best of discipline.

Paris no doubt is not France; but in everything except morals it has probably the best of everything French. In schools as in dainties it has the first choice. Public opinion means something more powerful in Paris than it does in the provinces; it is more critical of public servants; and the eye of watchful boards and councils can scrutinize them with greater ease. It is the centre of the system of rewards as well as of all other machinery. To be called to London may not always be the highest possible promotion to the English teacher; but to be called to Paris is certainly so to the Frenchman. The Professor in a Parisian *lycée* has probably served many years in a provincial *lycée*, say at Lyons, Orleans, or Boulogne. He has the stamp of government upon him. He has suffered many things of many examiners. If he is teacher of Latin and Greek, it is probable that he became Bachelor of Letters when he was sixteen, this degree forming not the end but the beginning of a French University course, and perhaps most nearly corresponding to the matriculation of London University. Then he probably heard lectures for a year; and proceeded to pass the more difficult examination for the "licentiate-ship" in his special subject, thereby becoming qualified to serve his apprenticeship as a teacher. After three years of this apprenticeship he surmounted one more examination, the greatest trial of all, and became "Associate in Letters." All his examinations were thorough, so far as they went; and they would undoubtedly have kept him out had he been an incapable man, which is perhaps all the good that any examination can ever do. The last of his trials differed from the first chiefly in being far more minute and special; and it tried his nerves as well as his brains more severely than the rest. One part of it consisted in teaching

an imaginary class, in presence of his examiners. It was, moreover, a competitive examination; and our professor was perhaps one out of half-a-dozen "selected candidates," sifted out of a score or more. But this trial past, he had no more to fear. Once Associate, he was assured of an appointment "for life or for fault." He had gained the title and standing of a Professor in a government secondary school. The authoress of *Villette* has accustomed us to the wide continental use of the word "professor." Indeed, the schoolmasters who bear this name are the stuff out of which the university professors are made; and there are many of them, in Paris and out of it, whose lectures to their school pupils would do no discredit to any university. An Englishman wonders that so able and well-informed a body of men make so little of the *nexus* of cash payment, and are content with mere schoolmaster's work. But the position of a "professor" is independent. He has nothing to do with the boys after leaving the *lycée*, unless in the way of correcting their exercises. The internal arrangements of the boarding house are managed by the warden, proctor, and bursar, if one may so translate *provisieur*, *censeur*, and *économe*. The professor needs care for none of these things. As soon as the drum beats, at close of the afternoon, he goes on his way home, light of heart. The ushers (*répétiteurs*) will make the boys prepare their lessons for his class that evening; but he himself, if his pile of exercises be not too high, may be at his ease. He may follow the devices and desires of his own heart, whether they lead him to write a learned book, in order to get a professor's chair of another kind in a university faculty, or whether they lead him to eke out his salary by private lessons, and count the days till his sixtieth birthday, when the drum will dismiss him for the last time, and his salary will become a pension.

It may seem a paradox to add that

ot only French teachers, but most Frenchmen everywhere are content with "that position in life in which Providence has placed them"; but it is a truth. The same feeling that makes Frenchmen so reluctant to emigrate makes them willing to acquiesce in the inevitable, as the Turks in Kismet, murmuring their Job-like, "*Que voulez-vous ?*" "It can't be helped!" There is ambition everywhere; but the friction of competition seems to be less cruel than in England. There is a struggling crowd; but there is less damage to the sides and toes. When men have a good post, they are proud of it, and do not grumble that it is not better.

This feeling is not a mere listless conservatism. It may even tell in favour of reform. M. Paul Bert, the Forster of French education, was recently asked how he explained the apparent acquiescence of his Catholic countrymen in his sweeping educational reforms, involving, as they did, the establishment of at least two startling novelties, compulsory education and secular education. He replied: "They are accepting compulsory education because they are beginning to understand the blessings of education; and they are allowing us to take the schools out of the hands of the clergy, because they are indifferent on that subject. Fortunately for us, the majority of the people are rather hypocrites than fanatics." But he added (what is more to the present point) that the average Frenchman has such a habitual respect for law that he will quietly submit to a measure when it is an Act, even if he had disagreed with it when it was a Bill. Englishmen are wont to thank Heaven that they are not as other men are, who pay no respect to the law of the land; but, if M. Bert's analysis of this feeling is right, it is not wholly a feeling to thank Heaven for. In his own Catholic countrymen he thinks it means partly a dread of *gendarmerie*, partly a genuine reverence; and the genuine reverence means

that deep regard for authority which has been dyed into the people by centuries of Church training. It is possible that our own first lessons in discipline came in the same way, through the Church. But at least we can understand that our neighbours, from having been longer under the Roman schoolmistress, have more perfectly entered into the spirit of her lessons. The same explanation, on principles of "heredity," may account for the superior tractableness of French schoolboys. The notorious helplessness of French masters in an English schoolroom is not paralleled by any corresponding weakness of English masters in France, if reports are true.

There is abundant proof, however, that the French respect for law is due to a strength and not to a weakness in the national character, namely, to the national talent for organization. It is possible for a man to be singularly skilful in making rules, and reducing all his work to system and method, while at the same time he has ideas too great for execution, and is led from time to time to break the network of his system, in a vain attempt to force these ideas into it. In the same way it is possible for a nation, that possesses great powers of organization, to fall from time to time into political confusion by attempting too much at once. If the French lack anything, it is not at least the readiness to provide machinery, or the will to give it trial; and it is on these points that we may learn from them. Their system of public instruction, with its ramifications of primary, secondary, and superior, represented by parish school, *lycée*, and university faculties, is a tolerably complete machine, needing, it may be, improvement, but not reconstruction. Educational reformers in France—men like Bert, Gréard, Bréal—may be said to have only one end in view; and that is to make education more democratic. The "open career" must cease to be a figure; the *βλος τέλειος* must be possible to

every man. But, to secure this end, they say that three changes must be made in the French system. Primary education must be made compulsory, and therefore free and secular; secondary must be so connected with primary and superior that the poor man's son may be able to rise from the first to the third with the least possible difficulty; and in the third place the old narrow conservatism in regard to the subjects taught in the higher schools must be relaxed.

How is the son of a working man or of a farm labourer to reach the highest heights of learning? This question will inevitably meet us in England as soon as we have put our school boards in order and have time to look beyond the bare necessities of intellectual life. We know that in England it is hard for the labourer's son, handicapped by poverty, to scrape together enough Latin and Greek to win a scholarship at an English college; and the public schools are too dear for him. How do matters stand on the other side of the Channel? M. Paul Bert is fond of telling how, in a country walk, he picked up a peasant lad by the wayside, found out his talents, and made him use them in gaining a bursary, by means of which he is now studying in a provincial *lycée*, on his way to the university. On the whole, sheer merit counts for more in France than in England. But even in France the three systems of primary, secondary, and superior are not sufficiently connected, otherwise the intervention of such a special providence as M. Bert, would not have been needed to convey ploughboys to the university. The three systems have by no means been steps of one ladder. By an English standard the fees in a *lycée* are not high; even in Paris they are, for boarding and tuition, only about 4*l.* per pupil a month for the lowest, and 5*l.* for the highest classes; and the fees are frequently remitted, in the case of the poorer pupils. Still it is confessedly a rare thing for the very poor to rise from parish school

to *lycée*. The very programme of the *lycée* was formerly arranged on the assumption that such a thing could not happen. The *lycée* is not merely a secondary school. It is meant to give a boy all the education he needs from the time he leaves home to the time he goes to the university, the army, or the "school of arts." The paternal French government prescribes the work to be done in the eight or nine classes of a *lycée*, as our own lays down the code for the board school. The classes of a *lycée* are divided into three groups, the elementary division, the division of grammar, and the superior division. In the classes of the first group (IX., VIII., VII.) a boy will learn the three R.'s and something more. He will study his own language, and receive his first introductions to history and geography. In the division of grammar (classes VI., V., IV.) he will learn Latin, Greek, with English or German, while he continues to study the three R.'s and his own language. It is a virtue of all French schools that they train the scholar well in French. At the end of "grammar" a boy may, if he likes, pass an examination and receive a certificate in grammar, qualifying him, e.g. to begin his studies for some of the inferior medical appointments. But, if he thinks of the university, he goes on to the superior group of school classes (III., II., and I.), where he gains a minuter knowledge of ancient and modern languages, history, and geography, and adds a little philosophy. If he is not to be a man of law or of letters, he may substitute scientific studies for some of the advanced literary subjects of the programme; and the *lycée* is often connected with a "preparatory school" which gives a training for special professions.

This is the case, for example, with the Parisian *Lycée St. Louis*, from which most of the above features have been taken. But in truth a French *lycée*, whether it be in Paris, Lyons, or Boulogne, in Doubs, La

Vendée, or Algeria, is essentially the same institution, working after the same plan, and obeying the same rules. There is no "bazaar" of secondary schools in democratic France, as in aristocratic England; there is a single type. To understand how these schools are related to the "Faculties" of the university, we have only to think of the relation between the university and the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. Suppose the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to be elementary as well as secondary in their instruction; suppose boys to enter them at ten or eleven, and leave at eighteen or nineteen; suppose the discipline of school instead of the liberty of college-life; and lastly suppose the colleges to be scattered up and down the country and even over the colonies, instead of being congregated in one town;—that would be a near approach to the system of secondary education in France. The "Faculties" of the university, the several professors of law, language, philosophy, and science, throughout the country are the common Board of Examiners, who examine the pupils of the *lycées* for their Bachelor's, Licentiate's, Associate's, or Doctor's degree. The expression "University of France," has, it is true, a wide sense; it means rather an Education Department, the Department of Secondary Education, than a learned body; and, as such, it includes the *lycées* as well as the institutions which we in this country would call Universities. But, as there are *lycées* all over France, so there are "Faculties" of the University, groups of University professors, in all the chief towns. Their lectures are free as air; they are open to all, without distinction of age, sex, rank, fortune, or qualification. Luckily or unluckily, they have seldom any near bearing on a student's work for his degree, and he is under no necessity to attend them. It would be interesting to know what proportion of *bond-fide* students fill the lecture-room of M. Caro, M. Rénan, or M. Beaulieu. But it is well that those whose education has

been neglected in early life should have so pleasant an opportunity of remedying the neglect in their riper years. Knowledge cannot be made too cheap.

Let us, however, go down the ladder again, in order to see whether the poor man's son can ever make his way up to a university degree. The present authorities are removing one or two obstacles in his way. For the future, if he does not draw the Marshal's baton out of his knapsack, it is to be his own fault. Till very recently it was not possible for a boy to resume his studies, on entering the *lycée*, at the exact point where he had stopped them on leaving his own parish school. He learned no Latin at the parish school; and if he came to the *lycée* and wished to begin Latin from the beginning, he must be put back to the eighth class, which in all other subjects would be too elementary for him. The remedy has been found in the deferring of Latin till the fifth class of the *lycée*; and steps are being taken to develop the system of bursaries and scholarships, so that poor boys may have abundant facilities for passing from Board School to High School. Perhaps our English remedy would have been not to defer Latin in the *lycée*, but to introduce it in the elementary school. But the French draw a hard and fast line between primary and secondary education. No subject is taught in the primary schools that is not deemed absolutely necessary for all citizens; and all the subjects that are to be studied by a boy at school are introduced to him in his very first year. Reading, writing, arithmetic, French grammar, French history, and general geography, these six studies make up the entire literary programme. The child receives in his first year a sketch which he fills up in detail during the later years. The difference between the first and the third year is simply between an elementary and a complete way of treating the same subject. These main outlines are the code for all primary schools. Nothing

is fixed and rigid, however, except the main outlines. The primary system of education in France is on the whole a system of local self-government. Within the bounds of the general programme, each department may fix the books and subjects for its own schools in its own way. There is an *Organisation Pédagogique des Écoles Publiques du Département de la Seine*, and similar local codes for the other eighty-six departments of France. Our neighbours are at present in somewhat the same critical position in which we found ourselves in 1870, when Mr. Forster's Act was passed. They are adopting great changes in popular education, and they are fully alive to the difficulties of the question. Some of our English solutions they reject very emphatically. M. Buisson, the writer of a small pamphlet, *L'Instruction Primaire en Angleterre*, which caused some stir last year in educational circles, condemns our system of "grants" or "payment by results," as "encouraging both among teachers and among parents a mercenary spirit, little adapted to raise the intellectual level of the English masses." The French way of rewarding a good teacher is to promote him from a provincial school to a Parisian, or to make him an inspector. A more important difference at the present crisis is in the treatment of religion in the school. Till now, the French schools, primary and secondary, have been far more demonstratively religious than our own. Thousands of their teachers have been clerical; and the crucifix and the Virgin have been included, with tables, chairs, and clocks, as part of the ordinary furniture of a school. Only a few months ago M. Hérold, the Prefect of the Seine, gave general offence, and brought on Gambetta's Government a not undeserved censure from the Senate, by sweeping all these emblems out of the primary schools of Paris in a foolish fit of iconoclasm. But, "if that in the green tree, what in the dry?" The present change in the law

will go beyond M. Hérold; it will exclude even the English "time-table." The experiment of a purely secular education is about to be made by a nation which, unhappily, shows no great desire for anything beyond it. However un-Roman our creed, we cannot regard it as clear gain to France to have dismissed from her schools the enthusiasm and energy of her countless clerical teachers of both sexes. Our best consolation is, perhaps, to look at the enthusiasm of the lay teachers in Paris and Lyons, who conduct the nightly classes of the Association Philotechnique, the Association Polytechnique, or the Union Française de la Jeunesse. These are voluntary associations of educated people, many of them wealthy and in office, who do not grudge to transform themselves into unpaid amateur teachers of adult ignoramus. They have brought knowledge within the reach of thousands who were never on speaking terms with their school-master; and they are living proofs of the affinity between enlightenment and democracy. The societies themselves are the offspring of popular Revolutions. The political zeal of 1830, overflowing into an educational channel, produced the Association Polytechnique. The Philotechnique, which dates from 1848, and the Union Française, which dates from 1875, had a similar origin. It would be absurd to look on these simple societies as the salvation of France; but they are useful as pointing out where the hope may lie. They point to a store of humanitarian enthusiasm, which has survived the most extreme scepticism in theology, and preserved the essence of Christian charity. A nation whose "better classes" are of this mind has a heart as well as a head. Even if at present it seem to wish for no religion at all, it has the stuff out of which religion is made; and a time may come when it will be more guided by visions of goodness than by phantoms of glory.

JAMES BONAR.

A SUNFLOWER.

EARTH hides her secrets deep
 Down where the small seed lies,
 Hid from the air and skies
 Where first it sank to sleep.
 To grow, to blossom, and to die—
 Ah, who shall know her hidden alchemy?

Quick stirs the inner strife,
 Strong grow the powers of life,
 Forth from earth's mother breast,
 From her dark homes of rest,
 Forth as an essence rare
 Eager to meet the air
 Growth's very being, seen
 Here, in this tenderest green.

Drawn by the light above,
 Upward the life must move;
 Touched by the outward life
 Kindles anew the strife,
 Light seeks the dark's domain,
 Draws thence with quickening pain
 New store of substance rare,
 Back through each tingling vein
 Thrusts the new life again—
 Beauty unfolds in air.

So grows earth's changeling child,
 By light and air beguiled
 Out of her dreamless rest
 Safe in the mother breast.
 Impulses come to her,
 New hopes without a name
 Touch every leaf, and stir
 Colourless sap to flame;
 Quick through her pulses run
 Love's hidden mystic powers,
 She wakes in golden flowers
 Trembling to greet the sun.

What means this being new,
 Sweet pain she never knew
 Down in the quiet earth
 Ere hope had come to birth?

A Sunflower.

Golden he shines above,
Love wakes, and born of love
All her sweet flowers unfold
In rays of burning gold.
Life then means nought but this—
Trembling to wait his kiss,
Wake to emotion?
There where he glows she turns
All her gold flowers and burns
With her devotion.
Ah, but when day is done?
When he is gone, her sun,
King of her world and lover?
Low droops the faithful head
Where the brown earth is spread
Waiting once more to cover
Dead hopes and blossoms over.

Earthborn to earth must pass—
Spirits of leaf and grass
Touched by the sun and air
Break into colours rare,
Blossom in love and flowers.
Theirs are the golden fruits—
Earth clings around the roots,
She whispers through the hours,
“I will enfold again
Life's being; love and pain.
Back to the mother breast
Fall as the falling dew,
Once more to pass anew
Into the dreamless rest.”

M. P.

January 5, 1881.

"OTHELLO" AT THE LYCEUM.

THE very successful issue of Mr. Irving's recent venture seems rather to discount a remark which some of us may have lately read in *Punch*, to the effect that "there was just one thing Shakespeare could not do, write a tolerable play for a nineteenth-century audience." Of course in considering this sentence, rather startling perhaps at first, one must have regard to two things—that we are not intended to take quite seriously any expression of opinion in a paper that is avowedly nothing if not humorous; and again, that it is obviously not *Punch's* cue to be much impressed with tragedy, or to expatiate very feelingly on its beauties. Still, his verdict may be taken to represent, with more or less completeness, a considerable balance of English taste. Many people, as we all know—cultured and intelligent people—while professing, doubtless in all honesty, to find in Shakespeare the great pleasure and solace of their studious hours, have yet been of opinion that he cuts but a dull figure on the stage. This opinion was rather widely held a few years ago, and the observation quoted from *Punch*, a final sentence pronounced *ex cathedra* after a careful revision of the matter, shows that it still holds its ground in certain quarters. On the other hand, Mr. Irving has not less conclusively proved, nor in this instance only, that there are a considerable number of people who think differently. It is tolerably clear that Shakespeare is no longer found to spell ruin in our theatres, as he was averred to spell it some years ago by one who spoke certainly with experience, but was himself perhaps not quite aware how many different ways there are in which the poet's own name may be spelled. Mr. Irving has evidently found the right way, or at least the way which we are at present agreed

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shall be right. And on this so many of us as are disposed to do so may surely congratulate ourselves without any suspicion of selfishness.

"Such and so various are the tastes of men."

And when one remembers how very large London is, how bountifully supplied with theatres, how greatly of late years the stock of playgoers has increased, it really seems as though the rival muses of *Punch* and Shakespeare should find room to disport themselves without treading on each other's skirts. As the late Lord Lytton has pertinently remarked, when deprecating a too illiberal vein he found in Hazlitt's method of criticism, "no man if he would praise a racehorse thinks it necessary to abuse a lion." And surely, grateful as we all must be to *Punch* for his brilliant and untiring efforts to lighten "the weary load of human kind," it seems as though there should be other and more obvious ways of doing this than to point the finger of scorn at Shakespeare because he did not write farces for the nineteenth century.

Merely to say of a play that it is successful, stands for very little now when so many paths lie open to theatrical success. The relations between an actor and his audience have now grown so much more personal and intimate; we are so quick to merge the actor in the man, to approve our friendship rather than our judgment; that almost every theatre can rely on its own immediate circle of clients for at least a temporary measure of patronage and applause. Indeed, a theatre has only to be in the vogue, to contain one or two popular favourites, to command, as one may say, success without invariable reference to its present deserts. Hence, in assuming the almost universal favour that *Othello* has met with to be a tri-

umphant refutation of Shakespeare's alleged inability to satisfy a modern audience, certain allowances have to be made. Mr. Irving's very great and sustained popularity, for example; Miss Terry's popularity; Mr. Booth's popularity, and a certain sense of national courtesy as well; the curiosity to see these two representative actors, as they may be styled, on the same stage; the inborn taste for comparison which animates every human breast, and is really so much less odious than is traditionally supposed—can indeed, when properly employed, be made of real and lasting value as well as the amusement of an hour: all these feelings, very natural and proper as they are, must be taken into account before we can really arrive at the share borne by the actual merit of the performance in the great sum of success which it has achieved. But when these deductions have been made—and they must be made if we would get to the heart of the matter, see what it really means, how much of permanent and true interest it has for us; if we would satisfy ourselves, in short, whether we have been doing anything more than

"Snatch a turbid inspiration
From some transient earthly sun:"

when the last echo of applause has died from out our ears, and the glare of the footlights passed from off our eyes; when we sit down calmly to consider what it really is that we have gone out to see,—then, and not till then, we find we may really take some comfort; that our much abused and derided theatre has really produced something to which, without vanity, we may point as a proof that this nineteenth century of ours, despite the jibes of *Punch*, is not wholly unworthy to enjoy the heritage of Shakespeare. Many of us can doubtless still remember how desperate a blow was struck at a great reputation when the stately eulogy pronounced by Macaulay on the various and splendid work of English literature—that eulogy which most of us at the time read with such

a conscious glow of triumph, and accepted in such simple honesty—was declared to be in truth both "vulgar" and "retarding." Self-conceit, we were then reminded, and the laziness coming from self-conceit, are the two great banes of humanity. It is therefore with the utmost trepidation that we hazard the doubt whether, even in the happiest days of the poetic drama, in the golden prime of our theatre, where-soever that mystic age should be placed, this noble play can ever have been as a whole much more satisfactorily presented; more completely and intelligently placed upon the stage, with a better distribution of parts, or a more careful observance of detail—of those details which, trivial as they may separately seem to careless eyes, are yet, as we are happily growing to see more and more clearly, of such inestimable value to the thorough perfecting of all theatric work.

Perhaps the first idea one gets from this *Othello* is how well, to use a cant term of the theatre, the part of *Iago* plays itself. The villainy of the man is so supreme and triumphant; he takes us into his confidence so unreservedly, flatters us with a sort of consciousness of intellectual superiority in not being as these others are, his dupes; he puts us on good terms with ourselves—establishes, as it were, a sort of chain of intelligence, a bond of sympathy. He is the great master-mind of the piece; he can sound them all, these Othellos, Roderigos, Cassios, "from the lowest note to the top of the compass," and all the while we are in his secret. Thus he claims our attention from the first by the most infallible of all charms, the charm of personal confidence; and having once got our ear, he deepens the impression, draws us yet closer to him by a mysterious fascination that has almost as much of admiration as of horror in it; a feeling, as Hazlitt rightly points out, akin to that which leads us always to read the accounts in the newspapers of dreadful fires and shocking murders, leads so many of us to frequent

executions (it is Hazlitt who speaks) and trials. We marvel at the genius who could create Othello, but for the man himself we really feel not much more perhaps than a half-familiar, half-contemptuous pity. We may shudder at his rage, we may weep at his agony; yet in our hearts the while we cannot but feel a touch of scorn for the man so easily gulled, as we wiser souls see him to be. But it is Iago himself who interests us, the very man; in his presence we forget Shakespeare for a time. Again, that part of him which he bears "in compliment extern," is so clear and obvious; his shrewd tongue, his rough honesty, his good fellowship; all these superficial points—superficial only as being on the surface—could hardly fail to commend themselves, to go home to the dullest comprehension. To master the text, and to deliver it in such manner as to be intelligible to the audience, and to impress the fact that it is intelligible to the speaker—really if an actor did this, one might almost be content that he should do no more. Good Iagos and bad there are, of course, and always will be; but the bad can be bad, one thinks, only by comparison: a positively bad Iago seems almost an impossible thing; it is difficult to conceive any actor, the poorest and baldest, as altogether failing to interest in this character. Again, there are so many ways in which the character interests; there are so many points from which it may be viewed, so many different interpretations of it—different, that is, in degree—all possible evolutions of the text, and all, from their own point of view, interesting. Take, for example, the Iagos of Mr. Booth and Mr. Irving; no two presentments of the same character could well be more different, yet how interesting are both.

This character, as understood and presented by these two actors, very clearly marks the distinguishing quality of their respective styles. The American Iago, clear, cool and pre-

cise, admirably thought out, never deviating a hairsbreadth from the preconceived plan; design and execution marching hand in hand with ordered step from the first scene to the last; a performance of marvellous balance and regularity, polished to the very finger-nail. The Englishman's, startling, picturesque, irregular, brilliant sometimes, sometimes less brilliant than bizarre, but always fresh and suggestive, always bearing that peculiar stamp of personality which has so often saved the actor in his sorest straits. Mr. Irving's performance one carries away with one and thinks about; Mr. Booth's, too, one thinks about—when reminded of it. Nevertheless, as a work of art, an artistic whole, self-contained and complete, to the latter's must, in our judgment, be assigned the palm. Mr. Irving's is marred throughout by one great fault, the fault which is so commonly reckoned to him as a virtue, from which indeed he has often contrived to extract virtue, but which, call it fault or virtue, yet remains one of the most dangerous qualities an actor can have—a perpetual striving after something new. He is never content to do as others have done, to find the same meaning in words that others have found, to read human nature as others read it. It has been truly said of Mr. Irving that he is never commonplace; but it should also be remembered that this freedom from commonplace may sometimes be purchased at the expense of common sense. Merely to be unlike others is not necessarily to be superior to others, though undoubtedly this is a form of superiority very highly prized in these days. Some of Mr. Irving's best work, his most valuable work, as well as his most popular, has certainly been inspired by this quality; but no less certainly has it pricked him on not unfrequently to some very daring and extravagant flights. The more sober of his admirers have, of course, long ago discriminated these two phases: seen when and how he was original because

he had really originated some new point of the character he was portraying, brought into fresh light some feature of his author hitherto unrecognised or disregarded; and when he was original only in the form he gave to his inability to cope with the matter in hand. Take the soliloquies, for example, in this very character. No actor, or none at least with whose style we ourselves happen to be familiar, has ever delivered soliloquies in this manner before; no actor, one feels, but Mr. Irving would dare so to deliver them, with so supreme a defiance of all conventional rules. Other actors *act* them, declaim them, hurl them, so to speak, at our heads, as though arguing with us and not with their own conscience. But though in this instance, as in others, of which all who have ever seen the actor can doubtless recall one or more, this quality has proved of the greatest value to him, it has also sometimes proved of very doubtful value, sometimes even distinctly hurtful. If we take his Iago as a whole, the conception of the character, and the form given to the conception, we find not an "ancient," a poor soldier of fortune, but a splendid triumphant cavalier, wearing far costlier garments than his superior officer, and ruffling it so bravely, that in truth it were rather him than the gentle Desdemona Cassio should call "our great captain's captain." Cassio himself he throws completely in the shade, and stands on the same footing with Othello: he is always the dominant figure in the scene, the one whom the eye first singles out and rests on longest. How much of this arises from his idea of the character, how much from that fatal law of theatrical etiquette which ordains the first actor in the theatre to be the alpha and the omega of every play, it would be difficult to say; but the fact remains. The effect is fine, no doubt, sometimes very fine, yet we cannot but think it is a false effect. In Mr. Booth's Iago there is no touch of this; there the actor is always in proportion,

always in his proper place and perspective.

Mr. Irving has been greatly praised for sundry little "touches of nature," as they are somewhat recklessly called, with which he is in the habit of adorning and enlivening all his characters; little acts, gestures, movements, postures, and changes of posture, such as no other actor ever employs, or would probably conceive the idea of employing. Sometimes these are very happy; answering their purpose most felicitously, really bringing out and marking the nature of the character and the circumstances of the scene. Sometimes they strike only as excrescences, as the offspring only of nervousness—a restlessness born of that unconquerable desire to be always doing something, and to be doing that something differently from every one else. Of this latter phase there are many instances in his Iago: he is never for an instant still, always playing with his cap, or his dress, or his moustachios, slapping Roderigo on the back, throwing his arm round his neck, walking here, leaning there, now sitting on a table, now leaning against a pillar. At first this perpetual movement no doubt strikes the eye and pleases the sense, gives an air of homeliness and nature to the character, removes it from the stage into real life, as it were; but after a time it wearies: before this paper is printed very possibly it has wearied Mr. Irving himself. Two instances seem particularly to have taken the public fancy; one when Mr. Irving, soliloquising, picks his teeth with his dagger and afterwards wipes it on his sleeve; the other where, while Cassio talks with Desdemona awaiting Othello's landing, Mr. Irving carelessly plucks and eats a bunch of grapes. Now of the first of these it is not in itself an elegant action, neither does it in any way assist the character, bring out any salient feature, or point any particular phrase; on the contrary, though it might be an action native enough to the leather-jerkined buff-booted

"ancient" one is accustomed to, it scarcely harmonises with this very splendid Iago. Of the second, though the action is easy and natural enough, yet how much less really natural to the character than Mr. Booth's still, respectful attitude, leaning against the sun-dial, alert to execute any command, seeming careless what goes on so long as he is ready when wanted, yet ever watching his prey with sly, sleepless vigilance. No doubt Mr. Irving greatly heightens by this behaviour the contrasts of this wonderful character; by thus emphasising and accentuating its ease, gaiety and natural freedom of manner, he deepens the tremendousness of its villainy. But these contrasts want no heightening, this villainy no deepening. Here no actor can hope to improve on Shakespeare, if he may ever hope to do so. Iago is no unnatural monster, no chaos of irreconcilable opposites; he is a man, and a natural man enough, if one looks carefully at his character, not as this actor or that may have conceived it, but as Shakespeare has drawn it—though of course the warranty for his conduct is greatly weakened by the unfortunate custom, apparently a law of our stage, of assigning Emilia to a lady old enough to be Desdemona's mother, nor scarcely likely to awaken jealousy in the most suspicious breast. This delight in violent and abnormal contrasts is one of the worst qualities of Mr. Irving's style. He has too little sense of proportion, too little skill in blending the lights and shades of his characters; with him there is no shade but the blackness of night, no light but the whiteness of the lily. Yet with all these deficiencies—and many of them in a less interesting and instructive actor would be little worth noting—his Iago must always remain a singularly brilliant and picturesque performance, more striking to the eye than Mr. Booth's; at first more alluring to the sense, but less so, as we cannot but think, on reflection.

Iago, as we have said, there are so many ways of playing; so many sides from which his character may be viewed, from each of which something of value and interest may be extracted even by the least brilliant of actors. But with Othello this is not so. We have ventured to express our belief that almost any actor, if certain conditions were granted, could play Iago tolerably well; we will now venture further, and express a doubt whether any actor ever did or ever will play Othello entirely and completely well. We have all of us read, of course, of Edmund Kean in this character; of his passion and energy, the magnificent pathos with which he delivered certain passages, the beautiful apostrophe, "Then, oh, farewell," &c, for instance, in which, according to Hazlitt, his voice "struck on the heart like the swelling notes of some divine music, like the sound of years of departed happiness." But the same critic, surely no ungenerous or cold one to Kean, complains that he was *all* passion and energy, "too uniformly on the verge of extravagance, too constantly on the rack." And he goes on, "This does very well in certain characters, as Zanga or Bajazet, where there is merely a physical passion, a boiling of the blood to be expressed, but it is not so in the lofty-minded and generous Moor." He missed too often in Kean, though glimpses of it he allows were to be caught, what he rightly marks as the true note of this magnificent work of human genius, "the noble tide of deep and sustained passion." It is true the late George Lewes, a very shrewd critic of the stage, as of most things, has praised Kean more roundly; but then he criticised, as he himself allows, from memory, very many years after Kean had left the scene of his great triumphs, in those later days when we begin to

"hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to us from the fields of sleep;"

when we begin to feel, or to think we feel

"That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

We get a curious instance of this in one of his sayings, which he notes as a particular impression that his memory has left him of Kean. "Kean," says Lewes, "vigilantly and patiently rehearsed every detail, trying the tones until his ear was satisfied; practising looks and gestures until his artistic sense was satisfied; *and having once regulated these he never changed them.*" But Hazlitt, writing of Kean's Othello, after seeing it again six years after its greatness had first struck him, says, "*he played it with variations, and therefore necessarily worse.*" But indeed one has only to read through Mr. Lewes's observations on Charles Matthews, on Fechter, on Salvini, to detect the difference; to mark where the writer is criticising the living present, and where he is criticising the memory of the past. Another thing, too, we may note; Mr. Lewes seems to have read the character somewhat differently from Hazlitt. In one and the same breath he declares Othello, which he justly names as the most trying of all Shakespeare's parts, to have been Kean's masterpiece, and Kean himself to have been wholly unable to be calmly dignified, to have been nothing if not passionate. May we not rather say Othello can be nothing if not calmly dignified? Passionate, of course, he must be, but it must be with that terrible passion of a calm, majestic soul, "of one not easily moved, but who, being moved, is stirred to the very depths." An Othello who impresses us from the first with a sense of passion, and of passion only, is unable really to stir and terrify when the proper moment for passion comes. A *fierce* Othello is a monstrosity.

"Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment
collied,
Assays to lead the way."

But if Othello never shows us these safer guides, this best judgment? These are not the words of a fierce, passionate nature, but rather of one, capable indeed of great depths of passion, but knowing how to restrain and temper them with judgment; of one, let us say again, *not easily moved, but who, being moved, is stirred to the very depths.*

"Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest;
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known
it
Without a prompter."

This is the true "noble Moor."

Both Mr. Booth and Mr. Irving fail in this essential quality, though not both in the same degree, nor both quite from the same causes. Both, indeed, show glimpses of it, but neither can keep hold of it. Mr. Booth's voice and presence are against him here; his accent, though certainly much less conspicuous than one might expect, yet ever and again jars painfully on English ears; and though mere smallness of stature signifies little—Kean, we know, was a small man, and so is Salvini, whose bearing is yet very stately and imposing—there is something in Mr. Booth's presence, with all its grace and agility, that seems to forbid true nobility and majesty of demeanour. Yet, as we have said, he shows glimpses of it sometimes, notably in the speech, "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them," and again in the passage just quoted, "Hold your hands," &c. But in the later scenes he loses sight of it altogether; in these he is tumultuous, fierce, passionate, but never grand, never terrible. Such, indeed, as it seems to us, it is beyond his power to be; he is essentially an actor of intellect, not of feeling. When he strives to express the latter he is compelled to fall back on that emptiest, and alas, commonest resource of the actor's art—on noise. One of the shrewdest and sanest of our modern critics of the theatre has recently, in treating of this very performance,

hazarded a doubt whether it is possible for Othello not to rant. "When his moments of frenzy arrive," he says, "when he is required to exclaim, 'Whip me, ye devils!' 'Roast me in sulphur!' and so on, I think his listeners must prepare to hear from him something very like ranting. Othello is fairly mad at last, should he not rave? I have little doubt that Edmund Kean's Othello raved and ranted very freely indeed." Precisely so; and it is just because Edmund Kean's Othello raved and ranted so freely that he failed to satisfy the acute and clear-seeing intelligence of Hazlitt. No doubt, as the writer observes, "the ear of our playgoers is unaccustomed to oratory; and still more certainly Othello is not to be played as a comedy by the late Mr. Robertson is treated upon the stage." Anything which rises above the colloquial drawl of the modern stage is too apt to be called ranting; but between that drawl and real undisguised ranting there are many varieties of speech, and it is one among these varieties that the true Othello should, we think, employ. Sound and fury there must be, but it is when that sound and fury signify nothing that we get *ranting*. The phrase is regarded as so peculiarly offensive, one of the lowest almost that can be applied to an actor's style, that one is loth to apply it to so intelligent and cultured a performer as Mr. Booth; but certainly in the "torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of *his* passion," there is but little to recall the noble and lofty-minded Moor. One speech in particular is so thoroughly unworthy of his intelligence, that we would especially note it; this is the last speech, that magnificent farewell speech, which surely, in the place and circumstance of its delivery, is one of the most affecting passages in the whole domain of poetry, ancient and modern:

"Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know 't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your
letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must
you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being
wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose
hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose
subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus."

One can imagine Othello standing erect beside the bed with its "tragic loading," giving voice to these beautiful words with the settled calm of a despair, a hopelessness more terrible, more touching, than all "the sobbing Phrygian strains" in the world, piercing the ears, but leaving the heart cold and unstirred. Yet Mr. Booth, as did Edmund Kean, *acts* this speech, with violent gestures and disordered voice, as though the frenzy of passion had still hold of his mind. He who can so misconceive this passage can never truly realise Othello.

Mr. Irving gets nearer, we think, to the true man. In the tumult and fury of his passion he gets, indeed, farther away from him, for in such scenes Mr. Irving gets altogether away from humanity. That strange and inexplicable method of speech and action which he has chosen to adopt as proper to the expression of the highest tragedy, in such scenes so overmasters and transforms him, that criticism is completely baffled. It is true that he has of late considerably modified these unfortunate vagaries—in his Iago, indeed, they are for the most part conspicuous only by their absence; but there of course there is not the same scope for them, for there there is no high passion; still in this Othello they are much less obtrusive than they were in the Othello of his earlier days. But they are still to be seen, and so long

as they are to be seen, so long will Mr. Irving remain unable, in the greatest scenes of tragedy, to satisfy all but those who love these unlovely things for their own sake. An actor must express his author's conception as well as understand it; merely to show that he understands it, without being able to give that understanding its proper form and colour, is but the smallest part of his business. True it is that in our modern theatre this fact is most sadly overlooked. True it is, and in this truth lies the most fatal weakness of our stage, that in these days the actor is paramount, the author nothing, a mere necessary appanage of the theatre, like the carpenter, the scene-shifter, or the call-boy. He is but one of the many satellites of the great Joves of our theatrical galaxy. It is the power of the actor only that we recognise now; it is his intellect, his personality, his style, that we admire—even his peculiarities, so long as they are his own; without any heed of the effect they may have on the creations of the author, without whom these objects of our admiration could not exist. And thus it is we use so complacently that most empty phrase that we have borrowed, together with so many other empty things, from the French theatre, talking rapturously of the brilliant actor who "creates" a part, without a thought of the poor author who has spun, as Bacon says, "out of his own entrails," the web of this actor's fame. With more justice, really with how much more justice, might we talk of a printer, or a publisher, "creating" a book! To such thoughtless critics, how aptly comes the reproach which the wise Ulysses cast on Achilles and his flatterers.

"They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
ForeSTALL prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental
parts—
That do contrive how many hands shall
strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by
measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-
war;
So that the ram that batters down the
wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his
poise,
They place before his hand that made the
engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their
souls
By reason guide his execution."¹

But so long as this is so, so long as plays are made to measure, and the actor is the first figure in our drama, so long will that drama remain the same poor abortive growth it is now; so long shall we have the same thin and slovenly work moving for ever in the same false and narrow lines; so long shall we have such remarks as that which we quoted at the beginning of this paper, "that Shakespeare could not write a tolerable play for a nineteenth-century audience."

Such a sentiment as this it is which has fostered and encouraged Mr. Irving into the extravagances of style which often disfigure even his soundest and most brilliant work. And it is because one gets such work from him that one truly feels the pity of that foolish unthinking admiration which has done so much, is every day doing so much, to debase our art, whether in the theatre, the painting-room, or the study. And had Mr. Irving, when first he moved into the higher regions of his own art, been rescued from this baneful and enervating influence into a clearer and keener atmosphere, it is impossible to doubt that one of his energy and intelligence would not have resolved to put away these childish vanities from him—would not have resolved and have succeeded.

Yet despite these grave defects, the gravest an actor can have—for what obstacle can be more serious to an actor than that he has not learned to speak the language in which he acts, has not mastered the medium by which he must stamp upon the world the impress of his art?—in spite of these,

¹ *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i. Sc. 3.

Mr. Irving still, to our mind, more truly understands the noble Moor than does Mr. Booth. One hardly likes to say he more truly realises him, for that is a phrase may hardly be applied to either; but he more truly understands him. He is more dignified, more grand, more noble; he is a *greater personality*. It is the method he has adopted to give the impress of this personality which is so retarding. His extreme deliberation of speech, his waywardness of emphasis, his strange pronunciation which no known system of orthography can justify, his ungainly habit of movement: such are the barriers which in his immaturer days he himself placed in his onward path; it is the struggle to emancipate himself from these which so often and so sadly mars his finest work. Yet behind this unlovely veil one gets ever and again a glimpse of the god; the true conception, we think, is there. If he would consent to be natural—not natural in the sense that some people talk of Robertson's comedies as natural—not commonplace, colloquial, vulgar; but if, by loosing his art from those barbaric fetters in which he once chose to imprison it, he would allow himself the strength and freedom to deal with that conception as, by showing that he understands it he has shown that he should be able to deal with it—then, it might be, we should at last get sight of the real Othello, the generous, the high-minded; the man not of physical passion only, but of lofty soul and resolute will; the Moor noble, as well as valiant.

Much else too there is in this presentation one would gladly linger over; the Desdemona, the Cassio, the Roderigo, the Brabantio. But time and space are inexorable now as in the days of the elder Scriblerus. Othello, too, and Iago must still be first and paramount; well played or ill, they must, amid all the other characters, "stand up and take the morning." Yet the others, how they all contribute, each according to its own degree, to this supreme and glorious whole!

And here it may be noted with what strange blindness we have all agreed to expunge Bianca from our stage. The mistake of an Emilia, "declined into the vale of years," who has left behind her the fatal gift of beauty, has been already touched upon; yet surely this oversight is graver still. It is through Cassio's mistress that the last proof is supplied; by her comes the voice denouncing doom to the gentle Desdemona. Read the first scene of the fourth act through; take away the scene between Iago and Cassio, which Othello sees but hears not:

"As he shall smile Othello shall go mad,
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light
behaviour
Quite in the wrong."

Really if this scene be taken away it seems as though even Othello should stop short of murder. Surely, as the poison now works—he is somewhat too easily moved.

But of the others. Limited as is Miss Terry's range, wayward and uneven as she herself so often is within that range, yet within it and at her best no living actress of our stage can stand beside her. Of all our actresses, accomplished as so many of them are, and some at least greater artists than Miss Terry, she alone has that rare and precious gift of charm, that gift to which the dullest of us can never be insensible, which the cleverest can never analyse nor define; like the "grand style" it can be only spiritually discerned. In parts like Desdemona and Ophelia, and, to come lower down in the scale, Olivia, in Mr. Wills's version of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, we get this inestimable quality in its highest and purest form. In the earnest tenderness of her appeal to the Duke, that pretty conflict between her "divided duty"; in the playful tenderness of her pleading for Cassio; in the deep yet simple pathos of her appeal to Iago, "What shall I do to

win my lord again?" of her answer to his greeting:

"Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good
faith,
I am a child to chiding:"

we get what none other of her contemporaries can give; much they can give which she can not; but this is hers alone, this seeming simple tenderness and grace, these "tears in the voice," as the French say—in a word, this charm, for there is indeed no other word that can so fitly denote this rare and delicate quality. It has been objected to her that in the scene with Iago she is something too familiar, forgets too far the distinction between the captain's wife and the poor ancient. But surely this is not so. She has been in a manner entrusted to Iago's keeping from the first; his wife is her companion and confidant; she has the utmost faith in his honesty and kindness; surely it is not unnatural that in the sudden shock and pressure of this stunning blow she should turn for comfort and protection to the stoutest shelter near her.

For Cassio there is Mr. Terriss, a very promising young actor, of pleasing

presence and appearance, and who does not seem inclined, as some young actors are apt to seem, to rely solely on these aids to distinction. His Cassio is a very spirited and agreeable performance, soldierly and yet well-bred, as of one equally at home in camp and court. Alone, of all the Cassios our later stage has seen, he remains a gentleman in his cups; such an one as, one can truly see, would never hold with Iago that the offence of a bodily wound is greater than the offence of a lost reputation. The solemn, yet never tedious, gravity of Mr. Meade's Brabantio, his stately anger, and no less stately tenderness; the clear and polished elocution of Mr. Beaumont as the Duke; the foolishness of Mr. Pinero's Roderigo, never degenerating into buffoonery—he is quite as earnest in his way as Iago himself—all these are well worthy of note; all tending, each in its own degree, to give that proper finish and proportion to the whole which is so greatly to be desired in all such work; and which is, perhaps, a more distinctive and a more valuable feature of this presentation than even the individual merits of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, or the happy meeting of two such distinguished actors on one stage.

WORKHOUSE INFIRMARIES.¹

THE quality which most perplexes the foreign student of British character is usually the reverential attachment which the Englishman entertains for the institutions of his country. In itself the attachment is not astonishing, but when it is found how exceedingly slight is the ordinary Briton's acquaintance with the practical working of these institutions, his devoted affection for them becomes a legitimate subject for critical contemplation. Only a limited minority have any knowledge of ordinary parliamentary procedure, and by the vast majority the late difficulties of carrying on business in the Lower House must have been very imperfectly comprehended. But there are subjects worse known than the regular course of a bill in the House of Commons. Not to insist upon the general ignorance of the ordinary process of the law, a much simpler and more important branch of investigation presents itself in the Poor Law administration. How many of us connect any definite idea with the little paragraph which appears every week in our morning newspapers?—

"Last week the total number of paupers in the metropolis was 102,390, of whom 53,813 were in workhouses, and 48,567 received out-door relief."

How many of us have turned over

¹ *Ninth Annual Report of the Local Government Board, 1879-1880.*

Recollections of Workhouse Visiting and Management during Twenty-five Years. By L. Twining. (C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.)

First Report of the Association for Promoting Trained Nursing in Workhouse Infirmarys. 44, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, 1880.

the pages of that most instructive volume the *Report of the Local Government Board*? We should be sorry to inquire how many Honourable Members, who receive it by right, have looked beyond the cover. The profound indifference with which most of us view the administration of the Poor Law may be gathered from the number of ratepayers who pay any attention to the election of guardians. We are constantly listening to every variety of vilification of the guardians of this Union or that, but we never care to remember that the remedy lies in our own hands, and that if the guardians do not do their duty it is our business to set them right at the next election. The schedule of candidates proceeds from our letter-box to our waste-paper basket; we do not take the trouble to find out what manner of men these are who propose to govern our poor; we drop the notice into the fire, and then begin a memorial on the maladministration of the poor-rates! We do not even concern ourselves enough to pay a visit to the building in which two-thirds of our rates are applied to their uses. Probably not one reader in fifty of this article has ever been inside a workhouse, except perhaps at Christmastide to sing carols and serve tea and cake to neat rows of beds occupied by tidy old women. To inspect the workhouse he helps to maintain does not appear to the ratepayer a part of his duty as a citizen. He is content with a perpetual growl over the rates.

There is one division of the Poor Law administration which one would

imagine might claim some share of public interest. We have instituted a day of succour for the great voluntary hospitals of London, and no one can grudge the money that is thus given for the healing of the sick and suffering. But why have we no warm corner of the heart for the workhouse infirmaries that fulfil the same high mission of healing towards a far vaster and more helpless multitude of sick poor? Do people realize that there are ten thousand poor stretched on the beds of workhouse infirmaries in the London district alone at this moment—a sick town within our great city? Let us not dismiss these ten thousand suffering men and women and children from a place in our sympathy because they are “paupers,” nor flatter ourselves that only hopeless chronic disease, the decrepitude of age, and small ailments of no moment, are found in these infirmaries. The patients are not universally paupers in perpetuity, or taken from pauper classes—though it is hard to see why their poverty should deprive them of our pity—but frequently consist of respectable working men temporarily incapacitated and impoverished and compelled to accept the assistance afforded by the Poor Law infirmaries. Even people of the middle class and professional men have been reduced by stress of circumstances to a bed in one of these institutions. And although the most serious and difficult cases are taken to the hospitals, many acute cases requiring great skill and care are received into workhouse infirmaries.¹

¹ A trained nurse's report, now before me, of some cases under her charge during a few months at a metropolitan workhouse infirmary, fully bears out this statement. One case was a frightful ulcer in the leg, with erysipelas up to the thigh, requiring the most skilful and assiduous treatment to avoid the necessity of amputation. Consumption, acute bronchitis, scalp wounds with erysipelas, fractured limbs, and other ailments demanding good nursing, came under the care of this nurse, and it may safely be said that many of them would have been aggravated, and might have ended

Mr. T. Holmes, senior surgeon to St. George's Hospital, speaking at the first annual meeting of the Association for Trained Nursing in Workhouse Infirmaries, said very justly: “I can conceive no objects more worthy, and in the present state of the infirmaries more absolutely needed, than those of your Association. The hospitals of London do not, and cannot, provide for the medical attendance of the sick of this great city. It is utterly impossible. They are lost in an ocean of poverty with which they struggle in vain. The hospitals are not really intended to provide for the sickness of the metropolis. On the contrary, they are to give medical and surgical relief in certain exceptional cases; and for the bulk of the sickness of the metropolis, for the poorest class, there are these infirmaries. There are rising up in every part of London enormous buildings—larger a great deal than the hospitals, admirably constructed and officered—buildings in all respects fitted for the cure of disease. The patients contained in these institutions are by no means entirely paupers. Any member of a Board of Guardians will bear me out in that. There are working men and women, paupers for the moment, perhaps, who immediately on recovery lose that pauperism entirely, and go back to their work. They are in the same condition as patients in hospitals, and in point of fact the same persons. Neither the classes, nor even the class, of disease, differ so much as you may imagine. There is a great proportion of moderately acute cases which require a great deal of nursing—not merely chronic cases slowly dying in the infirmary wards—and also a large class of persons who are really sick, and require very careful and good nursing.”²

fatally, if she had not received a proper surgical training.

² *Annual Report, Association for Trained Nursing*, p. 11.

Mr. T. M. Dolan, the medical officer of the Halifax Union Infirmaries, confirms this statement. "Our patients," he says, "are not composed *in toto* of the improvident, the dissolute, the extravagant, or the vicious; the majority are the victims of circumstances, deserving poor, whom illness alone has led on the downward step to pauperism. Thus we find in our wards the pensionless discharged soldier with aortic aneurism; the would-be thrifty mechanic with phthisis; the baker, bronchitic from the result of his employment; the out-door labourer with rheumatism or pneumonia, the sequence of exposure to cold and wet; and the representatives of all trades and classes, suffering from various diseases which have first drained their private resources, and then prevented them from earning a living. When all other sources of charity are dried up, the workhouse infirmaries alone remain for them as their haven of refuge."¹

If then workhouse infirmaries stand in so close a relation with the voluntary hospitals which have long received a large measure of public sympathy and support, is it not worth while to examine as far as we can the present provision for the ten thousand sick poor who depend for their cure upon these institutions? We shall find three classes of infirmaries:—

1. Infirmaries belonging to separate unions.
2. Sick Asylums, *i.e.* infirmaries to which several Unions conjointly send their sick.
3. Sick wards reserved within the workhouse itself.

Of the separate infirmaries there are seventeen open in the London district. The number of beds provided in each varies from about 200 to 1,000. The following is a list of these institutions, with the number of beds, beginning

with St. Saviour's, the largest in London, and one of the largest in the world (we wish we could say the best managed):—

St. Saviour's, Walworth (including St. George the Martyr, Southwark, and St. Mary, Newington, parishes) . . .	1,010
St. George's (including St. George's, Hanover Square, and St. Margaret's and St. John's, Westminster) . . .	776
Whitechapel	689
City of London	645
Lambeth	622
Holborn	600
Islington	540
Shoreditch	476
Wandsworth and Clapham	400
St. Olave's (including Bermondsey and Rotherhithe)	388
Kensington	372
Hackney	322
St. George's-in-the-East	309
Chelsea	272
Greenwich	247
Camberwell	210
Woolwich	160

St. Marylebone has built an infirmary for 750 patients at a cost of 120,000*l.*, which has just been opened.

The sick asylums are three in number:—Highgate, with its offshoot in Cleveland Street, containing 523 and 281 beds respectively, for the sick of St. Giles and St. George, Bloomsbury, St. Pancras, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the Strand, and part of Westminster; and Poplar sick asylum at Bromley, for the sick of the Poplar and Stepney Unions, containing 586 beds.

Six unions or parishes still keep their sick in the mixed workhouses—Bethnal Green, Hampstead, Lewisham, Paddington, Fulham, and Mile End Old Town; but the last three are making arrangements for separate infirmaries.²

² *Ninth Annual Report of the Local Government Board*, 1880, p. xxxii. This Report is not so detailed on the subject of infirmaries as that of 1879; and in both there are serious omissions. There are no statistics of the aggregate sick in the metropolitan infirmaries, nor of the average in each institution. Salaries of officers, proportion of nurses to patients, returns of deaths, nature of cases and diseases, and many other important subjects, are left unnoticed.

¹ *Some Remarks on Workhouse Hospitals*, by T. M. Dolan, F.R.C.S. Ed., (Leeds, 1879).

Such is the space allotted to the 10,000 sick. Any one who has read the reports of Dr. Smith and Mr. Farnall to the Poor Law Board before the Metropolitan Poor Act of 1867, or Miss Twining's admirable record of her long experience in workhouse visiting, will appreciate the immense improvement represented by the statistics given above. Much however remains to be done in the matter of building. The unions which still keep their sick in workhouse wards must have separate infirmaries under a properly trained superintendent. Any one who has visited the sick ward within a workhouse knows the importance of effectually severing the infirmary from the workhouse in management as well as locality. But besides this obvious change the existing separate infirmaries are not roomy enough. It is not infrequent to see two patients in one bed for want of adequate accommodation, and the overflow of the infirmary is often consigned to a common ward in the workhouse, under the control, not of the infirmary matron, but of the matron of the workhouse. Additions to several infirmaries are thus urgently needed. The sick poor who for want of an infirmary, want of room, or other reasons, are kept in sick wards in the common workhouse, are principally found in the following unions:—St. Pancras, St. Giles, Westminster (Poland Street), Paddington, Bethnal Green, Hampstead, Lambeth, Fulham, Lewisham, and (for the present) St. Marylebone. At Kensington the accommodation in the infirmary has been found inadequate, and wards in the workhouse have been used for the overflow.

The list of infirmaries given above excludes those set apart for infectious diseases and the insane and imbecile. But by themselves they represent a very considerable outlay. An institution of the class now demanded costs about 100,000*l.* to erect and fit; and the annual expenditure on one such

infirmary has been known to reach the sum of 25,000*l.* The whole annual expenditure on the twenty infirmaries and sick asylums may be reckoned at something over 300,000*l.*, giving an average of 15,000*l.* each.

The new infirmaries required, and the additions to those already built, are therefore expensive *desiderata*, though not the less essential. But sick people have other requisites besides breathing space. They require skilled medical attendance and careful nursing. In these important departments the smallness of the present expenditure contrasts curiously with the magnificence of the building funds. It is difficult to see why the surgeon of a workhouse should be paid only half the salary drawn by the surgeon of a prison. In spite of the inadequacy of their salaries, the class of medical officers in whom the supreme control of the infirmaries, under the Board of Guardians, is vested, is one deserving the highest respect. In their absence, however, the nurses have entire authority. It is the system of appointing and managing nurses that most needs investigation and revision.

So much has been said and written on the evils of pauper-nursing, that it is not necessary to descant here upon the miserable condition of those sick persons who depend for their care and cure upon women taken from the workhouse attached to the infirmary. Pauper-nursing was legally abolished in the Metropolis by the Act of 1867, and is generally supposed to be extinct. The Local Government Board Report for 1878-9 complacently remarks that "in all the sick asylums and separate infirmaries the system of employing pauper inmates in the practical work of the sick wards, leaving to the paid nurses merely the work of general supervision, has been now entirely superseded by the employment of paid nurses."¹ The facts, however, are not so. Pauper-nursing is not

¹ *Local Government Board, Eighth Annual Report, 1879, p. xxxviii.*

abolished, and never will be abolished, unless the matter is taken up by the public, and strict obedience to the law of 1867 enforced in all workhouse infirmaries. It is one thing to make a practice illegal, and altogether another thing to make it non-existent. The Act ordains that all nurses in workhouse infirmaries shall have had a year's experience in some institution for the sick. It is easy to see how the spirit of this law may be evaded whilst the letter is observed. A woman who has scrubbed the floors or washed the clothes of an infirmary may be said to have had experience in some institution for the sick, and accordingly we frequently find such women appointed to the responsible position of nurse to perhaps twenty or thirty persons suffering from complaints, for the treatment of which laundry work or scrubbing affords certainly no preparatory training. In one county infirmary the post of sole paid nurse was almost given to the cook of one of the guardians, who wished for a change of occupation! Happily the Association for Trained Nurses interfered, and substituted a duly qualified nurse from the Liverpool Infirmary. In a large metropolitan infirmary, which is perhaps believed by the Local Government Board to be conducted according to the Act, one trained nurse has the charge of forty cases, many of them acute, and requiring constant skilled attention; and all the assistance she gets is from two pauper women taken from the neighbouring workhouse, who are not encouraged to do their duty by any additional pay, and if they are more than usually lazy and careless are merely sent back to the laundry or scrubbing—which is not harder work than is demanded in the sick ward—and two other paupers equally incompetent and idle are supplied in their place. The head nurse has no control whatever over such women, and it is hardly surprising that a conscientious woman, who

knows what should be done for the patients, and sees the impossibility of doing it with such assistance, should resign her post sooner than be a party to injustice and maladministration. The case is aggravated in this instance by the fact that the matron of the infirmary, who has had nothing but common workhouse experience, scouts the idea of assimilating infirmaries to hospitals, and openly states that she does not expect nurses to do the nursing themselves, but only to superintend the paupers. Another nurse has eighty patients under her charge, and only four pauper women to help her; and these have to clean the wards as well as to attend the sick! These pauper nurses are too often what numerous reports have described them—ignorant, immoral, idle, careless, and cruel. The small miseries their patients undergo are past telling. Nothing is done without some extortion levied upon the little store brought to the sick-bed by relatives. The bed will not be made without a fee. The patient is wholly at the mercy of the pauper nurse, who uses her power without scruple. Canon Erskine Clarke, himself the chairman of a large union, with an infirmary of 400 beds constantly occupied, says, "I am extremely thankful to find the work of nursing the sick in our infirmaries becoming attractive to skilled nurses. Hitherto it has not been so. The guardians can get commonplace nurses without any particular amount of culture. The result is that they themselves being under no higher special influences drop down in the scale and think of very little except of what they eat and drink, and get into the way of enforcing black mail. When friends visit the patients on visiting day, the nurses take care that some share of the things that are brought for the inmates shall go to themselves. You can see how absolutely miserable, in a quiet way, an unkind nurse can make her patients; and it is very difficult for us, as

guardians, to ascertain from the poor people what their sufferings can be. They won't complain until they are safe out of it and not coming back again."¹

We have mentioned one London infirmary where pauper-nursing still survives; the same may be said of many others where the staff of paid nurses is insufficient for the number of patients. But if we include the country infirmaries the case becomes still worse. Almost all provincial infirmaries are nursed by paupers under the control—or not under the control—of one paid nurse, who is herself under the authority of the ignorant matron of the workhouse. The number of nurses is wholly inadequate. Mr. Dolan states that at the Halifax Union Infirmary there is but one nurse to a hundred patients; and this is not an exceptional instance. In one populous town the infirmary consists of twenty wards, holding about 150 sick people. One matron manages the infirmary and the workhouse together. Under her are two paid nurses, assisted by pauper women, who are described as of more or less bad character, and commonly unable to read or write; and there is no paid supervision at night. To this institution all the incurables from the town and county hospital are sent to wear away their painful days in neglect and misery, dependent for every necessary help upon pauper nurses whose attention is directly proportionate to the amount of bribe they can get. One need not go far from London to find an instance of mismanagement in the sick wards of workhouses. In a rich suburb the patients are kept in the workhouse itself—there is no separate infirmary—and there is not a single trained nurse in the establishment. Pauper women are selected for nursing by the matron, and all the pay they receive is some beer, and occasionally half-a-crown a week. The master

observes that he can manage this sort of women much better than trained nurses, as they are wholly dependent upon his will, and his power over them is despotic. Each of these ignorant women has charge of a ward of from ten to fourteen patients, some suffering from acute complaints.

It is imperatively necessary that the public should take this matter into their own hands. If influential people would visit the infirmaries of their own unions and insist on the employment of trained nurses and the expulsion of pauper nurses, the evil would speedily disappear. If it be objected that trained nurses would add to the cost of the infirmaries it is not hard to expose the false economy of the objection. It is surely cheaper in the end to cure a patient and relieve the poor-rate of the charge for his maintenance and medicine, than to let him linger on at the public expense for want of duly qualified nursing. The expense of good nursing is a foolish argument. The difficulty of getting trained nurses is a much more serious obstacle. Mr. Holmes of St. George's complains of the difficulty of obtaining trained nurses for hospitals; the case is much stronger with respect to workhouse infirmaries, where the work is often very discouraging, the management inefficient and indifferent, and the staff inadequate. Good nurses have not hitherto been attracted to this class of work, though we are glad to learn that at length they are coming forward. But apart from the prejudice against nursing in workhouse infirmaries, there is the fact to be considered that the provision for training nurses is not equal to the demand for them. It is true that the last fifteen years have witnessed great improvements both in nursing and in training nurses. The Nightingale Fund School of St. Thomas's Hospital had the honour of beginning the reform, and the excellent Infirmary of Liverpool, now providing for 1,200 patients, was reformed in 1865 by Agnes Jones, a Nightingale

¹ *First Report, Association for Trained Nurses*, p. 10.

nurse, aided by twelve others from the same school. The new Highgate Central Sick Asylum was also placed under the control of a staff consisting entirely of Nightingale nurses in 1870, and an almost ideal degree of excellence was attained. The Liverpool Infirmary, and the great Infirmary at Crumpsall near Manchester, with its 1,400 beds, are not only admirably managed, but have undertaken to enlarge their useful work by training probationers. These institutions will furnish much of what is needed, but they cannot meet the large demand which a really satisfactory reform of workhouse nursing would make upon them. The low salary of the infirmary nurses (20*l.* a year) is suitable for a class of women socially inferior to the ladies who would volunteer if the remuneration were higher. The women required have not as a rule the means of paying for their training—which costs from 10*l.* a year at Crumpsall to about 30*l.* in London hospitals—and some help from outside is necessary if the requisite number and quality of nurses are to be secured. Besides this, some organisation is needful both to scrutinise the management of the infirmaries and to bring the guardians and the trained nurses *en rapport*. The guardians ought to know where trained nurses are to be obtained, and then they would not be compelled to fall back upon the common material supplied by the workhouse itself.

With these two objects an association for promoting trained nursing in workhouse infirmaries has been recently organised under the presidency of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, ever zealous for good works. This association places probationers, so far as its funds permit, at the infirmaries where nurses are trained, scatters nurses among the wards of the metropolitan infirmaries, and puts itself in communication with the Boards of Guardians, twenty of

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which have already applied for nurses. But the Association has another object which includes the rest. It is certain that although every effort should be made to put trained nurses in the place of untrained women, the work of the trained nurse can never be satisfactory until the matron is taken from a higher class. Whilst we provide for a properly trained and educated medical superintendent, we content ourselves with any old housekeeper as matron of the infirmary. An untrained nurse from the old sick wards of the workhouse sometimes finds favour in the guardians' eyes, and is chosen matron of the new infirmary, with the charge of several hundred sick people. Good nurses will not stay under a woman of this kind, who baulks their every endeavour for improvement. Bad nurses will become worse under such a matron. It is essential that the matron of a workhouse infirmary shall not only be a trained nurse, but also a lady of high moral influence, capable of raising the tone of the whole institution placed in her charge—such a lady as the late Miss Hill of Highgate, who made the Central Sick Asylum the despair of other institutions. The fine influence of a lady at the head of an infirmary has also been exemplified at Kensington, where a thorough change for the better has followed a good appointment. There can be no doubt that the first thing to be aimed at is to fill every matron's post, as it becomes vacant, with a highly-educated, medically-trained lady, who shall not act merely as the housekeeper of the institution (there is a matron's assistant who can fill that office), but shall be the controlling and purifying influence in the sick wards, the protector not the persecutor of the sick, the director not the accomplice of the nurses, and the cordial co-operator, not the opponent, of the medical officer. When a duly qualified lady is appointed to the head of each infirmary, the rest follows as a matter of course. A fit matron will

only have fit nurses under her, and the pauper system will have received its death-blow. We do not doubt that there will be candidates for this important post. Few nobler fields of work are open to women than the care of the sick and distressed, and no one person can exercise a wider influence for good or ill among the poor than the matron of a workhouse infirmary. We are glad that the Local Government Board and many of the Boards of Guardians are disposed to co-operate with the new Association. No election of matron should henceforward take place without its advice; and guardians will do well to consider

its offer of trained nurses before the public takes it into its own hands to demand a thorough investigation into the conditions of nursing, not merely of the ten thousand sick who lie in the infirmary wards of London, but of the sick poor of all the kingdom. Let it be remembered that the present evils of workhouse nursing are not by law established—that a little inspection and representation would remove many of these evils—and that the influence of a true lady at the head of each infirmary would probably meet every requirement.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

DWELT a certain poor man in his day,
 Near at hand to Hilda's holy house,
 Learning's lighthouse, blessed beacon, built
 High o'er sea and river, on the head,
Streameshalch in Anglo-Saxon speech,
Whitby, after, by the Norsemen named.
 Cædmon was he call'd; he came and went,
 Doing humble duties for the monks,
 Helping with the horses at behest;
 Modest, meek, unmemorable man,
 Moving slowly into middle age,
 Toiling on,—twelve hundred years ago.

Still and silent, Cædmon sometimes sat
 With the serfs at lower end of hall;
 There he marvell'd much to hear the monks
 Singing sweetly hymns unto their harp,
 Handing it from each to each in turn,
 Till his heart-strings trembled. Otherwhile,
 When the serfs were merry with themselves,
 Sung their folk-songs upon festal nights,
 Handing round the harp to each in turn,
 Cædmon, though he loved not lighter songs,
 Long'd to sing,—but he could never sing.

Sad and silent would he creep away,
 Wander forth alone, he wist not why,
 Watch the sky and water, stars or clouds
 Climbing from the sea; and in his soul
 Shadows mounted up and mystic lights,
 Echoes vague and vast return'd the voice
 Of the rushing river, roaring waves,
 Twilight's windy whisper from the fells,
 Howl of brindled wolf, and cry of bird;
 Every sight and sound of solitude
 Ever mingling in a master thought,
 Glorious, terrible, of the Mighty One
 Who made all things. As the Book declared
'In the Beginning He made Heaven and Earth.'

Thus lived Cædmon, quiet year by year;
 Listen'd, learn'd a little, as he could;
 Worked, and mused, and prayed, and held his peace.

Toward the end of harvest time, the hinds
 Held a feast, and sung their festal songs,
 Handing round the harp from each to each.
 But before it came where Cædmon sat,
 Sadly, silently, he stole away,

Wander'd to the stable-yard and wept,
 Weeping laid him low among the straw,
 Fell asleep at last. And in his sleep
 Came a Stranger, calling him by name :
 "Cædmon, sing to me!" "I cannot sing.
 Wherefore—wo is me!—I left the house."
 "Sing, I bid thee!" "What then shall I sing?"
 "Sing the Making of the World." Whereon
 Cædmon sung: and when he woke from sleep
 Still the verses stay'd with him, and more
 Sprang like fountain-water from a rock
 Fed from never-failing secret springs.

Praising Heaven most high, but nothing proud,
 Cædmon sought the Steward and told his tale,
 Who to Holy Hilda led him in,
 Pious Princess Hilda, pure of heart,
 Ruling Mother, royal Edwin's niece.
 Cædmon at her bidding boldly sang
 Of the Making of the World, in words
 Wondrous; whereupon they wotted well
 'Twas an Angel taught him, and his gift
 Came direct from God: and glad were they.

Thenceforth Holy Hilda greeted him
 Brother of the brotherhood. He grew
 Famedest monk of all the monastery;
 Singing many high and holy songs
 Folk were fain to hear, and loved him for:
 Till his death-day came, that comes to all.

Cædmon bode that evening in his bed,
 He at peace with men and men with him;
 Wrapt in comfort of the Eucharist;
 Weak and silent. "Soon our Brethren sing
 Evensong?" he whisper'd. "Brother, yea."
 "Let us wait for that," he said; and soon
 Sweetly sounded up the solemn chant.
 Cædmon smiled and listen'd; when it lull'd,
 Sidelong turn'd to sleep his old white head,
 Shut his eyes, and gave his soul to God,
 Maker of the World.

Twelve hundred years
 Since are past and gone, nor he forgot,
 Earliest Poet of the English Race.
 Rude and simple were his days and thoughts.
 Wisely speaketh no man, howso learn'd,
 Of the making of this wondrous World,
 Save a Poet, with a reverent soul.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

NOTE.—This alliterative metre is not at all an imitation, but in some degree a reminiscence of the old English poetry.

IN WYOMING.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after landing in New York, my preparations for a journey to the far west were completed, and I found myself looking out from the windows of a Pullman car that rapidly swept past the blue reaches of the Hudson. A project which had been little more than a dream for many years was now at last actually realised. Let me briefly explain this project, that the purport of the journey, and of the following notes, may be understood.

And first I would give the reader due warning that the object of the expedition was not sport or adventure, but science. My companion and I were not, indeed, wholly unarmed. To go without at least revolvers into these western wildernesses, would, we were told, be sheer folly. My weapon disappeared, however, in an early part of our travels, but my friend's did occasional service upon a badger or prairie hen. All the sport that was done consisted in the slaughter of the antelope or elk that was needed for food. Nevertheless, from first to last, the journey was full of interest, and in a quiet way, even of excitement. We had game of our own to hunt, and we pursued it with such measure of success as at least amply to justify our own expectations, and to reward us for the enterprise.

Everybody now knows the kind of evidence from which it has been established that the present surface of the dry land has once been in a wholly different condition. In all parts of the world this evidence obtrudes itself, often so conspicuously as from earliest times to have arrested the attention of mankind, and to have suggested, or at least coloured, mythology and local superstition. In many places, for example, as soon as the layer of soil or subsoil has been re-

moved, the rock below, with its imbedded shells or corals, or other remains of marine life, is at once seen to have been the bottom of the sea. At other points we find traces of rivers which must have had their sources in mountains that have long since disappeared, and which fed lakes or watered woodlands and plains that for ages have been buried out of sight. Or, again, we come upon the earth and stones left by vanished glaciers, upon the limestone spread out by springs long ago dried up, upon the sheets of lava or heaps of ashes thrown out by volcanoes that have been extinct and effaced for ages. It is manifest, therefore, that the present surface of the land, so far from being aboriginal, is only the latest phase of a long succession of geographical revolutions, the uppermost leaf, as it were, of a series of volumes that lie beneath it. Mountains and hills, valleys and plains, instead of standing out as parts of the primeval architecture of the globe, can be shown to belong to many different epochs of the earth's long history.

But the question remains, how these familiar features have come to be impressed on the surface of the land. Granted that the solid materials out of which a mountain or table-land has been built were originally accumulated as sediment on the floor of the sea, how has this hardened sediment been fashioned into the well-known lineaments of the land? The solution of this question aroused some years ago a keen discussion, and has given rise to a portentous mass of geological literature. The combatants, as in most warfares, scientific or other, ranged themselves into two camps. There were the Convulsionists, or believers in the paramount efficacy of subterranean movement, who, starting

from the universally admitted proofs of upheaval, crumpling, and fracture, sought an explanation of the present inequalities of the land in unequal disturbance from below. On the other hand, there were the Erosionists, or upholders of the efficacy of superficial waste, who maintained that besides the elevations due to subterranean causes, mountains, valleys, and all the other features of a landscape have been gradually carved into their present shapes by the slow abrasion of the air, rain, rivers, frosts, and the other agents of subaërial erosion. The contest, which was keen enough some years ago, has for a while almost ceased among us, though an occasional shot from younger combatants, fired with the old enthusiasm, serves to keep alive the memory of the campaign.

Having long ago attached myself to the camp of the Erosionists, though by no means inclined to do battle under the extreme "quietest" banners of some of its champions, I have been led, in the course of my wanderings over this country and the Continent, to look at scenery with a peculiar interest. I have long been convinced, however, that for the proper discussion of the real efficacy of superficial erosion in the development of a terrestrial surface, the geologists of Europe have been at great disadvantage. The rocks in these regions have undoubtedly been subjected to so many changes—squeezed, crumpled, fractured, upheaved, and depressed—that the effects of unequal erosion upon their surface has been masked by those of subterranean disturbance. The problem has thus become much more complicated than, with simpler geological structure, it would have been. Its solution has demanded an amount of knowledge of geological structure which can hardly be acquired without long and laborious training, the want of which on the part of many who have taken part in the controversy, has led to the calling in question or denial of facts, about the reality and

meaning of which there should never have been any doubt at all. That, in spite of these obstacles, observers in this country should have been able to brush aside the accidental or adventitious difficulties, and get at the real gist of the matter, as I am certain they have done, seems to me a lasting proof of their scientific prowess.

Now, it is unquestionably true that had the birthplace of geology lain on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, this controversy would never have arisen. The efficacy of denudation, instead of evoking doubt, discussion, or denial, would have been one of the first obvious principles of the science, established on the most irrefragable basis of patent and most impressive facts. Over thousands of square miles the strata remain practically unchanged from their original horizontal position, so that the effects of surface erosion can at once be detected upon their flat parallel layers. The country has not been under the sea for a vast succession of geological periods. It has not been buried, like so much of northern Europe, and north-eastern America, under a thick cover of ice-borne clays and gravels. Its level platforms of sandstone, shale, clay, or limestone, lie at the surface, bare to the wind and rain, and their lines can be followed mile after mile, as if the whole region were one vast geological model to which the world should come to learn the fundamental laws of denudation.

For the exploration of these western territories, the enlightened enterprise of various departments under the American Government has already done a great deal. During the last ten or fifteen years, various surveys of different portions of the region have been carried on, and a voluminous series of maps and reports has been issued embodying the results of the explorations. Through the courteous liberality of these departments, for which on all occasions I am anxious to express my gratitude and admiration, I had received copies

of most of their publications. The descriptions of King, Hayden, Powell, Gilbert, Dutton, Emmons, Hague, Marvin, Endlich, and others; and the remarkable drawings of Holmes had made me in some respects familiar with the general aspects of the scenery and geological structure of the regions. From these works it was evident that questions over which we had been fighting so long in Europe, were finally settled by Nature herself in America, after a fashion admitting of no more cavil. It was well worth while to make a journey to the far west to see with one's own eyes the demonstration for which one had longed on this side of the Atlantic. And this was what I now had determined to do, with the companionship of an old friend of kindred tastes, Mr. Henry Drummond, of the New College, Glasgow, who from first to last shared in the work and smoothed the little privations of the journey.

Of the travelling westward, now made so familiar and comparatively easy by the various rival railroad companies, little need be said here. There is an early and late feature of it, however, to which reference may be made, partly in the hope that every renewed protest against an abuse, as offensive to many of our cousins on the other side as to a visitor from the old country, may help towards its ultimate suppression. Hardly is the traveller out of New York than he notices that every natural rock, islet, or surface of any kind that will hold paint is disfigured with advertisements in huge letters. The ice-worn bosses of gneiss which, rising out of the Hudson, would in themselves be such attractive objects in the landscape, are rendered hideous by being made the groundwork on which some kind of tobacco, or tooth-wash, or stove-polish is recommended to the notice of the multitude. All the way west to the Pacific, along the railway route, the same barbarous practice has been employed, with an ingenuity and perseverance worthy of a better cause.

Some of the most picturesque cañons on the route have had their walls turned into advertising boards—for the spoilers have travelled with ladders as well as paint-pots, and have carefully inscribed their wares on precipices which would ordinarily be inaccessible. Oil-paint lasts for many years; so that even if the sacrilege be soon suppressed it will be long before the record of it has wholly disappeared.

Not many years ago Chicago lay at the extreme verge of advancing civilisation. One who had been so far west could boast that he had reached the limits of settlements, and had looked on the great plains haunted by wild red men and buffaloes. Now, however, the network of railways has spread far beyond Chicago, which is become one of the chief marts of the Union, having free communication alike by water and land with the eastern seaboard of the continent. I was making some such natural reflections as the train slowed in approaching Chicago station, when a noise as of broken glass came from the other unoccupied end of the car. The crash was loud enough to startle everybody for a moment, but the conversation and packing up of bags were immediately resumed. On going to the spot I found that two window-panes of the car had been pierced, at about the same height, by two successive bullets from a revolver. One of the balls had made a clean, sharp hole in the plate glass, and would no doubt have continued its journey through the body of any unfortunate occupant of the seat. This was our first experience of "Western life." We looked next morning in the papers for an account of the "outrage," as it would have been termed by our penny-a-liners at home. It was not mentioned at all. We found, however, records of so many successful shootings that the non-insertion of our episode was easily to be explained. The incident impressed me with a sense of recklessness in the use of firearms and disregard of life—an impres-

sion that was not effaced by the rest of the journey.

We crossed the Mississippi at night, and having some time to wait at the Quincy junction, walked down to the banks of the river and reverently dipped our hands in the great "Father of Waters." Lights gleamed from the further side, heightening the effect of vastness and mystery. Behind us, too, gleamed the much brighter lights of rival drinking saloons, from which, before resuming the journey, we were enabled to enlarge our rapidly growing vocabulary of American drinks. The Missouri river at Kansas City is the muddiest, most tumultuous flood of rolling water I ever saw. Yet it was now the month of August, and there had been a long course of previous dry weather. The train carried us slowly across a creaking wooden bridge over the boiling sea below, past some cliffs of old alluvium, into a station full of negroes, of whom there had been a large influx from the South in search of a proposed settlement in Kansas. There being now some kind of pic-nic or holiday afoot, they were a merry, noisy crowd, dressed out and bedizened as only niggers can be. One seldom realises what an extraordinary variety of tint there may be in a coloured population. Some of the excursionists were of the most perfect coal-black shade, from which every gradation could be noted till the crisp hair and characteristic features remained as almost the only traces of negro blood. Westward still, through endless monotonous miles of maize and yet unbroken land, the train moved wearily, hour after hour, until on getting up in the morning we found ourselves unmistakably on the great prairie at last. Perhaps no type of scenery so closely fulfils a previous mental picture of it as the western prairie of North America. Seen after a hot summer, it spreads out as a vast treeless, arid expanse, covered with a short and sparse grass, which though green and flowery in spring, becomes parched by drought into a kind of

hay, through which the baked soil everywhere peeps. For hundreds of miles together the undulations never rise into hills nor sink into valleys. A sluggish streamlet, depressed a few feet or yards beneath the general level, winds here and there in lazy curves till it joins some sluggish and muddy tributary of the Missouri, that creeps along a level plain, bounded by low bluffs. But ere autumn comes many of these watercourses have been reduced to groups of stagnant pools.

At proper intervals stations have been built, with means for supplying the engines with water and fuel. It was at one of these halting places that we were able to set foot for the first time on the prairie. The brief halt enabled us to make some observations that served materially to beguile the tedium of this railway journey, and to invest the featureless prairie with a new interest. Every traveller across the continent has remarked the incredible number of ant-hills and burrows of the prairie-dog and gopher by which the flat, bare surface of the plains is marked. The ground appears to be in a constant state of cutaneous eruption. So leisurely does the train move along, however, that for some hours after daylight we sat looking out on this singular scene before an opportunity came of getting down to have a closer view of it. We noticed that though the general colour of the soil is a dirty yellowish grey or drab, the ant-hills have a somewhat pinkish tint. Our first halt revealed the curious fact that this difference arises from the choice which the ants make of their building materials. With infinite labour they pick up from the surface of the prairie the small broken crystals of flesh-coloured felspar that are sparsely strewn there. The rocks underneath are various sandstones, clays, and limestones, the decomposition of which could never have furnished this felspar detritus. I examined a good many ant-hills, and found the same kind of fragments on all of them. The felspar grains were

most abundant, but there occurred also small pieces of quartz and other minerals of crystalline rocks, and here and there some black glistening specks of coal. There seemed to be a thin crust or veneering of this kind of fine detritus over the drab-tinted soil, not thick enough to be readily observable, but yet sufficiently persistent to supply the materials so patiently gathered together into these little mounds.

No warning bell gives the traveller notice to resume his place in the cars, and we had just time after hearing the "All aboard!" of the conductor to regain the train, more puzzled than ever by the prairie ant-hills. The source of this fine felspar drift, and the cause of its being spread so thinly over the many hundreds of square miles it evidently covered, were questions in the history of the prairies which we could not answer, but to which we were able to return with more light and increased interest on the homeward journey. At last, on the far western horizon the first summits of the Rocky Mountains rose like blue islets out of the sea. Hour after hour, as the train ground its dusty way over the plain, these islets rose higher, till at last they united into the long noble range of the snow-streaked Colorado Alps, with Pike's Peak, Long's Peak, and a host of other broad-based cones towering far up into the clear air.

It was no part of our programme to linger among these mountains. Yet we must have a peep into them in passing. Curious and interesting that peep proved to be. The first few hours showed us on what a different plan these mountains had been constructed from that which is more familiar in the old world. Approaching the Alps, for instance, you cross a succession of parallel minor ranges, or foot-hills, like the Jura, which flank the more colossal ramparts behind them. But these Colorado mountains tower straight out of the plain. For hundreds of miles to the east the Cretaceous or Tertiary strata underlying

the prairie seem to be nearly flat, or only very slightly undulating, though there is a steady rise of the ground westwards. But at the foot of the mountains they are at once abruptly pitched up on end. So sharp and sudden is the bend that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that you might sit on the flat beds and lean your back on the vertical ones. From some points of view the solid sheets of rock make a magnificent curve from the plains up into the line of serrated crags which their broken edges present against the sky. The meaning of this structure is soon apparent when the traveller ascends one of the numerous deep gorges or cañons into which the flanks of the mountains have been trenched by the erosion of the escaping drainage. In the course of a brief space he finds that he has crossed the uptilted formations, and has reached the ancient granitic and crystalline rocks, which have been driven up like a huge wedge through the younger strata of the prairies, and now form the axis of the Colorado mountains. But for the protrusion of this wedge the "Centennial State" would have been a quiet pastoral or agricultural territory like the region to the eastward. The rise of the granitic axis, however, has brought up with it that incredible mineral wealth which in a few years has converted the loneliest mountain solitudes into busy hives of industry. Places that a few years ago were haunted only by wild beasts, and probably hardly ever saw even a red man, now count their population by thousands. Mining camps have grown into cities, with important public buildings, hotels, and many of the luxuries as well as vices of modern city life. There is a feverish rush westward. Advertisements placarded all over the Union by rival railroad companies show the cheapest and quickest route to the new El Dorado of Colorado, and hold out tempting prospects of rapidly acquiring a fortune there. We found ourselves unwittingly moving west-

wards on this wave of emigration. It was tacitly assumed that we, too, were bound for a "claim" somewhere.

After a glimpse at the cañons and camp-life of these uplands, we skirted their eastern slopes, amid mounds of *débris* which renewed our interest in the problem that had been started by the prairie ant-hills. Without halting at that time, however, but pursuing our way westward by the Union Pacific Railroad, we made no stop till we came within sight of the Uintah Mountains in Wyoming. This long journey is marked in the recollection of a traveller by the complete demolition of his previous mental picture of the "Rocky Mountains." Misled by the absurd and utterly false system, still far from extinct, of representing a watershed on a map by a continuous range of mountain chain, most people have grown up in the belief that the backbone of North America consists of a colossal rampart of mountains, which traverses the continent as a continuous range running in a nearly north and south direction; and so extraordinarily rugged as to have deserved the special appellation of "Rocky." No conception could well be further from the reality. To depict the American watershed in this way is nearly as erroneous as it would be to draw a lofty mountain chain from the Pyrenees across the heart of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Russia, as indicative of the watershed of Europe. Such is the force of habit engendered by the long use of faulty maps, that though we knew what the true structure of the country had been shown to be, it was yet with a feeling almost of incredulity that we looked out upon the scene on either side of the railroad track as the train approached the summit of the route. The Colorado Alps had sunk down into a series of low ridges, though we could still see in the far distance some of their more notable peaks. Northward the tops of some distant hills in Wyoming loomed up on the horizon, but all round us not only were there

no mountains, but hardly anything that deserved to be called a hill—certainly nothing that for a moment suggested the crest of a mountain range. The railway company, with a laudable desire for the diffusion of correct geographical knowledge, has had a board inscribed "Summit of the Rocky Mountains," and placed at the highest level of their line. One looks round with a feeling of disappointment for the peaks and crests that ought to have been there. Instead of these, there is the same long smooth prairie-like slope, out of which rise numerous quaint knobs of pink granite. The central wedge, not having been driven so far upward here, forms no conspicuous feature at the surface. Yet it has carried up the same red sandstones on its eastern flank that rise in vertical bands among the cañons north of Denver. From the plain of the Missouri the prairie, there about 1,000 feet above sea-level, rises slowly in elevation westwards, till at Cheyenne, a distance of rather more than 500 miles, its surface has an average elevation of about 6,000 feet. In the next eighteen miles, however, it makes a more rapid slope, for it mounts to an elevation of 8,271 feet above the sea. The loss of the cherished delusion about the aspect of the Rocky Mountains was in some small measure compensated by a glimpse we had of the source whence the prairies have derived their fine detritus and the ante their favourite pink building materials. The granite of this elevated plateau is a bright flesh-coloured rock, crumbling into sand, the grains of which are mainly of pink cleavable orthoclase felspar. Exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather at so great an altitude, the rock readily disintegrates. Every shower of rain washes down some of its detritus, which is further carried far over the plains by wind. It was no doubt from such a rock as this that the widespread felspar drift of the prairie had been derived, and this very ridge had probably furnished a due amount of it.

After crossing the summit, the railroad track descends slowly into the elevated plateau known as the Laramie Plains, which still drain eastward into the Atlantic. Not until the train has crossed this dreary region for some 150 miles or more, does it reach the true watershed of the country. And then, instead of a colossal rampart of rugged mountains, we find still the same monotonous plains on which the few names that have been affixed to localities—Red Desert, Bitter Creek, Salt Wells, and others—sufficiently denote the sterile character of the region. We were now among the head waters of the great Colorado River on the Pacific slope of the continent. But of visible slope there is for a long way no trace. It is a bare, treeless, verdureless waste, crumbling under the fierce glare of a cloudless sky, and the hot blast of a parching wind. Yet for long ages these deserts were the site of a succession of lakes, vaster in size than any now existing on the American continent. The water has disappeared, and out of the hardened clay and marl of the lake bottoms, the elements are carving some of the weirdest scenery on the face of the earth. Every mile of the dusty journey now brought with it new and still stranger proofs of this marvellous erosion. At one moment we were looking out on what might have been taken for the bastions of a fort that had stood a long siege. Another curve of the line brought into view seemingly the mouldering battlements and decayed acropolis of some early heroic city; at the next turn the array of rock-forms could find no adequate parallel in human architecture. Scenery more indescribable can hardly be conceived. As yet, indeed, all we could see or know of these "Bad Lands" was from the windows of the car. But we saw clearly enough by their level lines of stratification that their forms had been sculptured out of horizontal rocks by surface agents. League after league this lesson of utterly inconceivable waste rose out impressively on either

side, until at last, when we reached Carter Station, we almost felt that we had seen about as much as our faculties could very well assimilate. But much more was in store for us.

Thanks to the thoughtful kindness of my friends, Dr. F. V. Hayden, to whom the geology of western America owes so much, and Dr. Joseph Leidy, the revered Nestor of American comparative anatomy, Judge Carter was waiting our arrival, and soon carried us off, bag and baggage, to his hospitable home at Fort Bridger. In former days, before railway communication was opened across the continent, Fort Bridger was an important station on the emigrant road to Salt Lake and the Pacific Coast. It is now no longer a military post, and being at a distance from the present highway of traffic, some of its disused buildings are falling into disrepair. But Judge Carter, who used to be the patriarch of the district, still lives at his post, combining in his own worthy person the offices of postmaster, merchant, farmer, cattle-owner, judge, and general benefactor of all who claim his hospitality. His well-known probity has gained him the respect and goodwill of white man and red man alike, and we found his name a kind of household word all through the west. So rapidly and completely have things been changed on this route by the formation of the railway, that in listening to Judge Carter's stories of the olden time, one could hardly realise that some of the most startling of them did not go further back than fifteen or twenty years. Horse-stealing would appear to have been the one unpardonable sin in these quarters. You might kill a man outright, and it might be nobody's affair either to avenge him or to see you brought to justice for the murder. But to steal his horse was to leave him to perish on the plains; and if you stole his horse this week you might return and steal mine next. So the best method of preventing that mishap was to put it out of your power ever to steal again. Killing you was consequently not murder; it was merely

punishing effectually an offence that could not be reached by any ordinary legal means, in a region where criminals were many and police were none. Judge Carter had had many experiences of horse-stealers. On one occasion, travelling eastward across the prairie with his wife and family, he found next morning the horses stolen. Such a position resembles that of a ship at sea, without masts or sails. There was no station at which provisions could be procured, so that the loss of the means of transport meant starvation and death. Fortunately the Judge succeeded in recovering his animals. On another occasion, having tried and convicted a horse-stealer, he sent him in custody to the court in Utah. The man was chained hands and feet, and in the course of the journey succeeded in breaking his foot-chain, and though still manacled, tried to escape. He was of course speedily shot by the two men who had been entrusted with the mission, and who were probably a couple of dare-devils no whit better than himself. They consulted as to their next step, and finding in their writ that they were "to deliver the body of the prisoner" to the sheriff at Salt Lake city, they took the instructions in their literal sense, stowed the body into the stage-coach, and delivered it duly at its destination.

From Fort Bridger the Judge carried us to see the "*Mauvaises Terres*," or "*Bad Lands*" of Wyoming. This expressive name has been given to some of the strangest, and, in many respects, most repulsive scenery in the world. They are tracts of irreclaimable barrenness, blasted and left for ever lifeless and hideous. To understand their peculiar features, it is needful to bear in mind that they lie on the sites of some of the old lakes already referred to, and that they have been carved out of flat sheets of sandstone, clay, marl, or limestone that accumulated on the floors of these lakes. Everywhere, therefore, horizontal lines of stratification meet the eye, giving alternate stripes of buff, yellow, white, or red,

with here and there a strange verdigris-like green. These strata extend nearly horizontally for hundreds of square miles. But they have been most unequally eroded. Here and there isolated flat-topped eminences or "*buttes*," as they are styled in the west, rise from the plain in front of a line of bluff or cliff to a height of several hundred feet. On examination, each of these hills is found to be built up of horizontal strata, and the same beds reappear in lines of terraced cliff along the margin of the plain. A butte is only a remnant of the original deep mass of horizontal strata that once stretched far across the plain. Its sides and the fronts of the terraced cliffs, utterly verdureless and bare, have been scarped into recesses and projecting buttresses. These have been further cut down into a labyrinth of peaks and columns, clefts and ravines, now strangely monumental, now uncouthly irregular, till the eye grows weary with the endless variety and novelty of the forms. Yet beneath all this chaos of outlines there can be traced everywhere the level parallel bars of the strata. The same band of rock, originally one of the successive floors of the old lake, can be followed without bend or break from chasm to chasm, and pinnacle to pinnacle. Tumultuous as the surface may be, it has no relation to underground disturbances, for the rocks are as level and unbroken as when they were laid down. It owes its ruggedness entirely to erosion.

But there is a further feature which crowns the repulsiveness of the *Bad Lands*. There are no springs or streams. Into the soil, parched by the fierce heats of a torrid summer, the moisture of the sub-soil ascends by capillary attraction, carrying with it the saline solutions it has extracted from the rocks. At the surface it is at once evaporated, leaving behind a white crust or efflorescence, which covers the bare ground and encrusts the pebbles strewn thereon. Vegetation wholly fails, save here and there a bunch of

salt-weed or a bush of the ubiquitous sage-brush, the parched livid green of which serves only to increase the desolation of the desert.

How, then, has this strange type of landscape been produced? The rainfall is exceedingly small, though from time to time come heavy showers that no doubt do much to furrow the crumbling sides of the cliffs and "buttes," and sweep down the detritus to lower ground. The main instrument of destruction, however, is not rain. In the clear dry air of these western regions the daily range of temperature is astonishingly great. In my own experience the thermometer rose sometimes to 90° in the shade, and fell at night to 19° Fahr. But this daily range of 71° is much exceeded. Exposed during the day to the expansion caused by such heat, and during the night to contraction from such rapid chilling, the surface of the friable strata is in a constant state of strain, under which it exfoliates and crumbles into sand. The sultry air during the earlier part of the day remains motionless. Again and again we saw mirage across the plains. The isolated buttes and projecting cliffs were broken up into clumps like trees, beneath which lay what seemed the sheen of a placid lake, though really a parched sage-brush plain, or a burning expanse of sand and alkali soil. But in the afternoon a wind always rose and swept across the country. Fortunately, during our exploration, we escaped its horrors. But it was not difficult to realise what these must be in the full blaze of summer, when the hot air, like the breath of a simoon, rushes along the desert, lifting up clouds of sand and of the fine white efflorescent dust. The powdery surface of the crumbling rocks is blown away. Wastes of loose sand, here piled into shifting dunes, there dispersed far and wide over the desert, are continually augmented by fresh supplies of material from the same source. Every pebble that projects above the ground acquires, under the

action of the ceaseless sand-drift, a curiously polished and channelled surface. And the same erosive action no doubt affects the mouldering precipices of the Bad Lands. The rocks are actually ground down by their own detritus, driven against them by the wind.

To the south of the Bad Lands lie the Uintah Mountains, one of the most interesting ranges in North America; for, instead of following the usual north and south direction, it runs nearly east and west, and, in place of a central crystalline wedge driven through the younger formations, it consists of a vast flat arch of nearly horizontal strata that plunge steeply down into the plains on either side. We made an excursion from Fort Bridger into these mountains. From the arid plains the change was pleasant to the densely forest-clad flanks of the chain. We had, as guide, from the Judge, an old trapper who had long hunted in the mountains, and who had a good wallet of stories for the camp-fire at night. We shall not soon forget our first day's experience of an American forest. Starting early with the view of getting above the timber-line, and having a general bird's-eye view of the interior of the mountains, we rode for several hours through the forest, making for a far peak that rose high above the dense forest of pine. Probably the first remark of a novice from the Old World, when he enters the forests of the New, is suggested by the slimness and height of the trees; they look like huge poles, feathered at top, and stuck irregularly into the ground—sometimes so near each other that one cannot force one's way between two trunks. Rarely, even in the opener glades, does he meet with a really handsome, well-grown stem, throwing its branches out freely all the way up. His next subject of astonishment is the variety of stages of growth among the timber. The tiny sapling, not long enough for a walking-stick, may be seen springing up beside the mouldering prostrate

stem of a departed patriarch of the forest. Between these extremes every gradation may be seen at any place where one chooses to look, giving an impression of calm undisturbed nature and venerable antiquity. Another novelty, and perhaps the most striking of all, is the sight of so much fallen timber. Many trees die and decay, but yet remain erect, either because their roots hold, or because their stems are kept in place by the support of their still living neighbours. Others loose their stability, and topple over upon those next them. Every angle of inclination among these decaying stems may be observed. You can ride below some of them, though with the risk of having your hat switched off by some unobserved branch. Others you may walk your horse over, and an animal accustomed to the work acquires wonderful dexterity in surmounting these obstacles. But when the trunks approach the ground, or when they lie piled across each other, as they so continually do, you must ride round them; so that in those parts of the forest where fallen timber is plentiful your progress becomes provokingly slow and laborious. To us, however, everything was fresh. We rode on, hour after hour, in a kind of new world, gradually ascending till we found ourselves on the crest of a wide valley filled with pine-forest up to the brim, yet with stripes of green meadow peeping out here and there along its centre. From the further side of this great depression rose the fine snow-streaked summits of the chain. The descent was less easy than the ascent had been, for the trees had fallen thickly down the steep declivity, which was further roughened by rocky ledges and fallen crags that would have been easy enough to surmount with free hands and feet, but which acquired in our eyes a novel importance from the difficulty of getting a horse over them. Nevertheless, every obstacle was successfully overcome. We climbed the opposite side of the valley, as far as it was practicable to take the

horses, and then, leaving them in charge of "Dan," scaled the crags and steep slopes of *débris*. We were soon above the limit of tree-growth, and emerged at last on a broad bare plateau between 11,000 and 12,000 feet above the sea.

The structure of the Uintah Mountains has been investigated by several surveying parties under the Engineer and Interior Departments. Having read the reports of the Hayden, Powell, and King surveys, I was now able to take in with comparative ease the general aspect and meaning of the magnificent panorama around us. The broad central mass of the range is constructed of a flat arch of dull-red sandstones. The isolated peaks and ranges of buttressed cliffs along this part of the mountains reveal everywhere the horizontality of their component strata. Like the Bad Lands, but on a far more magnificent scale, they have been cut into their present forms by atmospheric sculpturing. Originally the rocks stretched in an unbroken sheet across the mountains; but in the course of ages this continuous mantle has been enormously eroded. Deep and wide valleys, vast amphitheatres, lofty terraced alcoves, and profound gorges, fretted with an infinite array of peaks, buttresses, pinnacles, columns, obelisks, and endless forms which defy the observer to find properly descriptive names for them, have gradually been carved out of these rocks. Isolated cones, with singularly majestic architectural forms, have been left standing in the midst of the denudation as monuments of its greatness. The world can show few more impressive memorials of the efficacy of subaërial erosion than the Uintah Mountains. There are no structureless crystalline rocks here to deceive us with their ruggedness. Every peak and crest, valley and cañon, bears witness to superficial sculpture. Wherever the eye turns it detects the same long lines of horizontal stratification that serve as a base from which the reality and amount of the erosion may be

measured. To gain such a vivid impression of the importance of subaërial waste in the evolution of mountain-forms was worth all the long journey in itself. Yet to the south of these mountains in the high plateaux of Utah and the great basin of the Colorado, the proofs of enormous superficial waste rise to such a gigantic scale as wholly to baffle every observer who has yet attempted to describe them.

A little below the summit which we had gained we found some bushes in fruit that recalled the wild gooseberry of home; near these a few stunted Douglas pines struggled for life. But of animal life at these heights we neither saw nor heard any sign, though bears, deer, and other large game haunt the surrounding forests. Re-joining the horses and then descending as rapidly as possible, we passed on the way some little tarns filling high recesses of the mountain, but so thickly wooded round that we failed to find the ice-worn sides that were no doubt there to mark the presence of a former glacier; for no sooner had we reached the valley-bottom than abundant traces of vanished glaciers made their appearance in the form of perfect crescent-shaped moraine mounds thrown across the valley. On these were strewn huge blocks of red sandstone, borne of old on the surface of the ice from far crags on the sky-line. Each mound of rubbish had served as a more or less effective barrier in the pathway of the stream, ponding back its waters into a lake that had eventually been converted into a meadow. But far more effective than the dams of the glaciers had been those of the beaver. The extent to which the valley bottoms in this and the other mountain ranges of western North America have been changed by the operations of this animal is almost incredible. In a single valley, for example, hundreds of acres are gradually submerged, and their cotton-wood or other tree-growth is killed. In this way the floor of the valley is cleared of timber. The beaver-ponds, eventually silting up, become first marshes and

then by degrees fine meadows. Riding along the stream we passed on its banks several groups of short stakes thrust into the ground and tied together so as to form a framework, as if for low huts or wigwams. They were quite deserted, and had been so for some time. Dan told us they were constructed by the Indians for bathing purposes. Each of them is large enough to hold only one person at a time. When in use they are covered with skins, a fire is kindled inside and kept burning until a few stones placed in it are thoroughly warmed. The Indian or his squaw then creeps in, remains until perspiration has been induced, and finally dashes out into the stream below. It was curious to find this simple form of the sudatorium and frigidarium among the Utes in the wilds of the far west.

It was now afternoon. We rested near an old beaver-dam, caught a few trout for supper, and crossing the valley began the ascent of its further side. The point at which we recrossed the stream was considerably lower than that by which we had made our way in the morning. But I had taken my bearings when we were clear of the timber, and had no doubt we should strike into our previous route. The ascent was steeper, rougher, and more impeded with fallen timber than anything we had yet come to. By the time we reached the summit the golden sunlight was playing in level beams among the tall pines of the crest, and we knew it would be dark in little more than a hour. Pushing on through the forest, our guide kept more and more towards the right hand; away from the line which I felt sure was that of my bearings from the mountain. We should have reached our camp, or at least the valley leading to it, but there was no sign of either. Nothing all round us but a forest that was growing every minute darker and more hopeless. At last Dan, who would not admit that he had lost his way, consented, but with some show of reluctance, to wheel round to the left.

Night was now descending fast. Here and there we emerged from the gloom of the pines into an open space where there had been a forest fire. Seen in the dim light of departing day, the tall trunks blackened by the fire, others bleached white by the loss of their scorched barks, rose up like a company of spectres, swinging their gaunt arms against the sky, as if to warn us not to pass them into the darkness beyond. After such opener intervals the forest, as we re-entered it, became more sombre than ever. The trees seemed to close all around and over us. The fallen timber increased in confusion, the horses stumbled on, and we could no longer see to guide them. Reaching at last a little glade above which we could see the stars, we resolved to pass the night there. Dan took charge of the horses, and we groped our way to where we hoped to find water. Our search proved successful, and as we were tired and thirsty we drank heartily from some pools which we could not see, and only discovered by getting into them. On our return we found that Dan had kindled a fire, which was blazing and crackling merrily. This was nearly all the comfort that could be had in the circumstances. For we had no food with us except the trout caught in the afternoon, and no covering for the night save the saddle-cloths of the horses. There was no help for it, however; so the trout were duly roasted and eaten, and each donned his saddle-cloth as bed and bedding combined. Before long, however, it was evident that, choosing his fireplace in the dark, our guide had placed it in rather perilous proximity to a quantity of dried brushwood and fallen timber. And, indeed, before we could do anything to prevent them, the flames spread onward till a venerable pine caught fire, and was soon a sheet of coruscating fireworks. His neighbours followed his example, and in a few minutes it was evident that the forest was on fire. The flames rushed

along the branches, mounting higher and higher far up into the lofty crests of the pines, whence showers of sparks flew out and fell in long lines through the profoundly calm air. Tree after tree joined the conflagration, till the reports of the exploding branches, the hiss of the leaping flames, and the crash of the falling firebrands, with the ghastly glare, that now died down almost to darkness and anon shot forth into renewed brightness, made sleep unwelcome even had it been willing to come. Fortunately the fire eventually spent its fury on the trees that stood round the open spot we had selected. It had died down before morning. The presence of so much heat around us did little to modify the cold of the night air, and our thin saddle-cloths were not of much more service. My friend and I huddled as close together as possible, and lay looking up at the quiet stars as they slowly sailed across our little space of sky, yet keeping an eye, too, on the progress of the conflagration, lest by any chance the flames should spread and surround us. The stones underneath us seemed somehow to grow harder and more prominent before morning. I got up more than once and removed an offending block, but its place was soon taken by another. At last the first faint blush of dawn appeared beyond the pine tops. As soon as daylight returned, the horses, which had been labouring wearily all night to find a meal among the brushwood, were harnessed, and we resumed the march. It was a glorious morning. Not a breath of air was yet astir. Long wreaths of blue smoke from our conflagration lay at rest among the pine-trees, like streaks of cloud asleep on a mountain. We followed the same line that we had been pursuing when darkness came down the evening before. We had gone scarcely half a mile when we found ourselves at the edge of an open valley, and there in front stood our tent, gleaming white in the morning sunlight.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XLIII.

THE Countess Gemini was often extremely bored—bored, in her own phrase, to extinction. She had not been extinguished, however, and she struggled bravely enough with her destiny, which had been to marry an unaccommodating Florentine, who insisted upon living in his native town, where he enjoyed such consideration as might attach to a gentleman whose talent for losing at cards had not the merit of being incidental to an obliging disposition. The Count Gemini was not liked even by those who won from him; and he bore a name which, having a measurable value in Florence, was, like the local coin of the old Italian states, without currency in other parts of the peninsula. In Rome he was simply a very dull Florentine, and it is not remarkable that he should not have cared to pay frequent visits to a city where, to carry it off, his dulness needed more explanation than was convenient. The Countess lived with her eyes upon Rome, and it was the constant grievance of her life that she had not a habitation there. She was ashamed to say how seldom she had been allowed to go there; it scarcely made the matter better that there were other members of the Florentine nobility who never had been there at

all. She went whenever she could; that was all she could say. Or rather, not all; but all she said she could say. In fact, she had much more to say about it, and had often set forth the reasons why she hated Florence, and had wished to end her days in the shadow of St. Peter's. They are reasons, however, which do not closely concern us, and were usually summed up in the declaration that Rome, in short, was the Eternal City, and that Florence was simply a pretty little place like any other. The Countess apparently needed to connect the idea of eternity with her amusements. She was convinced that society was infinitely more interesting in Rome, where you met celebrities all winter at evening parties. At Florence there were no celebrities; none at least she had heard of. Since her brother's marriage her impatience had greatly increased; she was so sure that his wife had a more brilliant life than herself. She was not so intellectual as Isabel, but she was intellectual enough to do justice to Rome—not to the ruins and the catacombs, not even perhaps to the church-ceremonies and the sceneries; but certainly to all the rest. She heard a great deal about her sister-in-law, and knew perfectly that Isabel was having a beautiful time. She had indeed seen it for her-

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

self on the only occasion on which she had enjoyed the hospitality of the Palazzo Roccanera. She had spent a week there during the first winter of her brother's marriage; but she had not been encouraged to renew this satisfaction. Osmond didn't want her—that she was perfectly aware of; but she would have gone all the same, for after all she didn't care two straws about Osmond. But her husband wouldn't let her, and the money-question was always a trouble. Isabel had been very nice; the Countess, who had liked her sister-in-law from the first, had not been blinded by envy to Isabel's personal merits. She had always observed that she got on better with clever women than with silly ones, like herself; the silly ones could never understand her wisdom, whereas the clever ones—the really clever ones—always understood her silliness. It appeared to her that, different as they were in appearance and general style, Isabel and she had a patch of common ground somewhere, which they would set their feet upon at last. It was not very large, but it was firm, and they would both know it when once they touched it. And then she lived, with Mrs. Osmond, under the influence of a pleasant surprise; she was constantly expecting that Isabel would "look down" upon her, and she as constantly saw this operation postponed. She asked herself when it would begin; not that she cared much; but she wondered what kept it in abeyance. Her sister-in-law regarded her with none but level glances, and expressed for the poor Countess as little contempt as admiration. In reality, Isabel would as soon have thought of despising her as of passing a moral judgment on a cockatoo. She was not indifferent to her husband's sister, however; she was rather a little afraid of her. She wondered at her; she thought her very extraordinary. The Countess seemed to her to have no soul; she was like a bright shell, with a polished surface, in which something would

rattle when you shook it. This rattle was apparently the Countess's spiritual principle; a little loose nut that tumbled about inside of her. She was too odd for disdain, too anomalous for comparisons. Isabel would have invited her again (there was no question of inviting the Count); but Osmond, after his marriage, had not scrupled to say frankly that Amy was a fool of the worst species—a fool whose folly was irrepressible, like genius. He said at another time that she had no heart; and he added in a moment that she had given it all away—in small pieces, like a wedding-cake. The fact of not having been asked was of course another obstacle to the Countess's going again to Rome; but at the period with which this history has now to deal, she was in receipt of an invitation to spend several weeks at the Palazzo Roccanera. The proposal had come from Osmond himself, who wrote to his sister that she must be prepared to be very quiet. Whether or no she found in this phrase all the meaning he had put into it, I am unable to say; but she accepted the invitation on any terms. She was curious, moreover; for one of the impressions of her former visit had been that her brother had found his match. Before the marriage she had been sorry for Isabel, so sorry as to have had serious thoughts—if any of the Countess's thoughts were serious—of putting her on her guard. But she had let that pass, and after a little she was reassured. Osmond was as lofty as ever, but his wife would not be an easy victim. The Countess was not very exact at measurements; but it seemed to her that if Isabel should draw herself up she would be the taller spirit of the two. What she wanted to learn now was whether Isabel had drawn herself up; it would give her immense pleasure to see Osmond overtopped.

Several days before she was to start for Rome a servant brought her the card of a visitor—a card with the simple superscription, "Henrietta C.

Stackpole." The Countess pressed her finger-tips to her forehead; she did not remember to have known any such Henrietta as that. The servant then remarked that the lady had requested him to say that if the Countess should not recognise her name, she would know her well enough on seeing her. By the time she appeared before her visitor, she had in fact reminded herself that there was once a literary lady at Mrs. Touchett's; the only woman of letters she had ever encountered. That is, the only modern one, for she was the daughter of a defunct poetess. She recognised Miss Stackpole immediately; the more so that Miss Stackpole seemed perfectly unchanged; and the Countess, who was thoroughly good-natured, thought it rather fine to be called on by a person of that sort of distinction. She wondered whether Miss Stackpole had come on account of her mother—whether she had heard of the American Corinne. Her mother was not at all like Isabel's friend; the Countess could see at a glance that this lady was much more modern; and she received an impression of the improvements that were taking place—chiefly in distant countries—in the character (the professional character) of literary ladies. Her mother used to wear a Roman scarf thrown over a pair of bare shoulders, and a gold laurel-wreath set upon a multitude of glossy ringlets. She spoke softly and vaguely, with a kind of Southern accent; she sighed a great deal, and was not at all enterprising. But Henrietta, the Countess could see, was always closely buttoned and compactly braided; there was something brisk and business-like in her appearance, and her manner was almost conscientiously familiar. The Countess could not but feel that the correspondent of the *Interviewer* was much more efficient than the American Corinne.

Henrietta explained that she had come to see the Countess because she was the only person she knew in Florence, and that when she visited

a foreign city she liked to see something more than superficial travellers. She knew Mrs. Touchett, but Mrs. Touchett was in America, and even if she had been in Florence Henrietta would not have gone to see her, for Mrs. Touchett was not one of her admirations.

"Do you mean by that that I am?" the Countess asked, smiling graciously.

"Well, I like you better than I do her," said Miss Stackpole. "I seem to remember that when I saw you before you were very interesting. I don't know whether it was an accident, or whether it is your usual style. At any rate, I was a good deal struck with what you said. I made use of it afterwards in print."

"Dear me!" cried the Countess, staring and half-alarmed; "I had no idea I ever said anything remarkable! I wish I had known it."

"It was about the position of women in this city," Miss Stackpole remarked. "You threw a good deal of light upon it."

"The position of women is very uncomfortable. Is that what you mean? And you wrote it down and published it?" the Countess went on. "Ah, do let me see it!"

"I will write to them to send you the paper if you like," Henrietta said. "I didn't mention your name; I only said a lady of high rank. And then I quoted your views."

The Countess threw herself hastily backward, tossing up her clasped hands.

"Do you know I am rather sorry you didn't mention my name? I should have rather liked to see my name in the papers. I forget what my views were; I have so many! But I am not ashamed of them. I am not at all like my brother—I suppose you know my brother? He thinks it a kind of disgrace to be put into the papers; if you were to quote him he would never forgive you."

"He needn't be afraid; I shall never refer to him," said Miss Stackpole, with soft dryness. "That's

another reason," she added, "why I wanted to come and see you. You know Mr. Osmond married my dearest friend."

"Ah, yes; you were a friend of Isabel's. I was trying to think what I knew about you."

"I am quite willing to be known by that," Henrietta declared. "But that isn't what your brother likes to know me by. He has tried to break up my relations with Isabel."

"Don't permit it," said the Countess.

"That's what I want to talk about. I am going to Rome."

"So am I!" the Countess cried. "We will go together."

"With great pleasure. And when I write about my journey I will mention you by name, as my companion."

The Countess sprang from her chair and came and sat on the sofa beside her visitor.

"Ah, you must send me the paper! My husband won't like it; but he need never see it. Besides, he doesn't know how to read."

Henrietta's large eyes became immense.

"Doesn't know how to read? May I put that in my letter?"

"In your letter?"

"In the *Interviewer*. That's my paper."

"Oh yes, if you like; with his name. Are you going to stay with Isabel?"

Henrietta held up her head, gazing a little in silence at her hostess.

"She has not asked me. I wrote to her I was coming, and she answered that she would engage a room for me at a *pension*."

The Countess listened with extreme interest.

"That's Osmond," she remarked, pregnantly.

"Isabel ought to resist," said Miss Stackpole. "I am afraid she has changed a great deal. I told her she would!"

"I am sorry to hear it; I hoped

she would have her own way. Why doesn't my brother like you?" the Countess added, ingenuously.

"I don't know, and I don't care. He is perfectly welcome not to like me; I don't want every one to like me; I should think less of myself if some people did. A journalist can't hope to do much good unless he gets a good deal hated; that's the way he knows how his work goes on. And it's just the same for a lady. But I didn't expect it of Isabel."

"Do you mean that she hates you?" the Countess inquired.

"I don't know; I want to see. That's what I am going to Rome for."

"Dear me, what a tiresome errand!" the Countess exclaimed.

"She doesn't write to me in the same way; it's easy to see there's a difference. If you know anything," Miss Stackpole went on, "I should like to hear it beforehand, so as to decide on the line I shall take."

The Countess thrust out her under lip and gave a gradual shrug.

"I know very little; I see and hear very little of Osmond. He doesn't like me any better than he appears to like you."

"Yet you are not a lady-correspondent," said Henrietta, thoughtfully.

"Oh, he has plenty of reasons. Nevertheless they have invited me—I am to stay in the house!" And the Countess smiled almost fiercely; her exultation, for the moment, took little account of Miss Stackpole's disappointment.

This lady, however, regarded it very placidly.

"I should not have gone if she had asked me. That is, I think I should not; and I am glad I hadn't to make up my mind. It would have been a very difficult question. I should not have liked to turn away from her, and yet I should not have been happy under her roof. A *pension* will suit me very well. But that is not all."

"Rome is very good just now," said

the Countess ; "there are all sorts of smart people. Did you ever hear of Lord Warburton?"

"Hear of him? I know him very well. Do you consider him very smart?" Henrietta inquired.

"I don't know him, but I am told he is extremely *grand seigneur*. He is making love to Isabel."

"Making love to her?"

"So I'm told; I don't know the details," said the Countess lightly. "But Isabel is pretty safe."

Henrietta gazed earnestly at her companion; for a moment she said nothing.

"When do you go to Rome?" she inquired, abruptly.

"Not for a week, I am afraid."

"I shall go to-morrow," Henrietta said. "I think I had better not wait."

"Dear me, I am sorry; I am having some dresses made. I am told Isabel receives immensely. But I shall see you there; I shall call on you at your *pension*." Henrietta sat still — she was lost in thought; and suddenly the Countess cried, "Ah, but if you don't go with me you can't describe our journey!"

Miss Stackpole seemed unmoved by this consideration; she was thinking of something else, and she presently expressed it.

"I am not sure that I understand you about Lord Warburton."

"Understand me? I mean he's very nice, that's all."

"Do you consider it nice to make love to married women?" Henrietta inquired, softly.

The Countess stared, and then, with a little violent laugh—

"It's certain that all the nice men do it. Get married and you'll see!" she added.

"That idea would be enough to prevent me," said Miss Stackpole. "I should want my own husband; I shouldn't want any one else's. Do you mean that Isabel is guilty—is guilty—" and she paused a little, choosing her expression.

"Do I mean she's guilty? Oh dear no, not yet, I hope. I only mean that Osmond is very tiresome, and that Lord Warburton is, as I hear, a great deal at the house. I'm afraid you are scandalized."

"No, I am very anxious," Henrietta said.

"Ah, you are not very complimentary to Isabel! You should have more confidence. I tell you," the Countess added quickly, "if it will be a comfort to you I will engage to draw him off."

Miss Stackpole answered at first only with the deeper solemnity of her eyes.

"You don't understand me," she said after a while. "I haven't the idea that you seem to suppose. I am not afraid for Isabel—in that way. I am only afraid she is unhappy—that's what I want to get at."

The Countess gave a dozen turns of the head; she looked impatient and sarcastic.

"That may very well be; for my part I should like to know whether Osmond is."

Miss Stackpole had begun to bore her a little.

"If she is really changed that must be at the bottom of it," Henrietta went on.

"You will see; she will tell you," said the Countess.

"Ah, she may not tell me—that's what I am afraid of!"

"Well, if Osmond isn't enjoying himself I flatter myself I shall discover it," the Countess rejoined.

"I don't care for that," said Henrietta.

"I do immensely! If Isabel is unhappy I am very sorry for her, but I can't help it. I might tell her something that would make her worse, but I can't tell her anything that would console her. What did she go and marry him for? If she had listened to me she would have got rid of him. I will forgive her, however, if I find she has made things hot for him! If she has simply allowed him to trample upon her I don't know that I shall

even pity her. But I don't think that's very likely. I count upon finding that if she is miserable she has at least made him so."

Henrietta got up; these seemed to her, naturally, very dreadful expectations. She honestly believed that she had no desire to see Mr. Osmond unhappy; and indeed he could not be for her the subject of a flight of fancy. She was on the whole rather disappointed in the Countess, whose mind moved in a narrower circle than she had imagined.

"It will be better if they love each other," she said, gravely.

"They can't. He can't love any one."

"I presumed that was the case. But it only increases my fear for Isabel. I shall positively start to-morrow."

"Isabel certainly has devotees," said the Countess, smiling very vividly.

"I declare I don't pity her."

"It may be that I can't assist her," said Miss Stackpole, as if it were well not to have illusions.

"You can have wanted to, at any rate, that's something. I believe that's what you came from America for," the Countess suddenly added.

"Yes, I wanted to look after her," Henrietta said, serenely.

Her hostess stood there smiling at her, with her small bright eyes and her eager-looking nose; a flush had come into each of her cheeks.

"Ah, that's very pretty—*c'est bien gentil!*" she said. "Isn't that what they call friendship?"

"I don't know what they call it. I thought I had better come."

"She is very happy—she is very fortunate," the Countess went on. "She has others besides." And then she broke out, passionately. "She is more fortunate than I! I am as unhappy as she—I have a very bad husband; he is a great deal worse than Osmond. And I have no friends! I thought I had, but they are gone! No one would do for me what you have done for her."

Henrietta was touched; there was nature in this bitter effusion. She gazed at her companion a moment, and then—

"Look here, Countess, I will do anything for you that you like. I will wait over and travel with you!"

"Never mind," the Countess answered, with a quick change of tone; "only describe me in the newspaper!"

Henrietta, before leaving her, however, was obliged to make her understand that she could not give a fictitious representation of her journey to Rome. Miss Stackpole was a strictly veracious reporter.

On quitting the Countess she took her way to the Lung' Arno, the sunny quay beside the river, where the bright-faced hotels familiar to tourists stand all in a row. She had learned her way before this through the streets of Florence (she was very quick in such matters) and was therefore able to turn with great decision of step out of the little square which forms the approach to the bridge of the Holy Trinity. She proceeded to the left, towards the Ponte Vecchio, and stopped in front of one of the hotels which overlook that structure. Here she drew forth a small pocket-book, took from it a card and a pencil, and, after meditating a moment, wrote a few words. It is our privilege to look over her shoulder, and if we exercise it we may read the brief query:—"Could I see you this evening for a few moments on a very important matter?" Henrietta added that she should start on the morrow for Rome. Armed with this little document she approached the porter, who now had taken up his station in the doorway, and asked if Mr. Goodwood were at home. The porter replied, as porters always reply, that he had gone out half an hour before; whereupon Henrietta presented her card and begged it might be handed to him on his return. She left the inn and took her course along the river to the severe portico

of the Uffizzi, through which she presently reached the entrance of the famous gallery of paintings. Making her way in, she ascended the high staircase which leads to the upper chambers. The long corridor, glazed on one side and decorated with antique busts, which gives admission to these apartments, presented an empty vista, in which the bright winter light twinkled upon the marble floor. The gallery is very cold, and during the midwinter weeks is but scantily visited. Miss Stackpole may appear more ardent in her quest of artistic beauty than she has hitherto struck us as being, but she had after all her preferences and admirations. One of the latter was the little Correggio of the Tribune—the Virgin kneeling down before the sacred infant, who lies in a litter of straw, and clapping her hands to him while he delightedly laughs and crows. Henrietta had taken a great fancy to this intimate scene—she thought it the most beautiful picture in the world. On her way, at present, from New York to Rome, she was spending but three days in Florence, but she had reminded herself that they must not elapse without her paying another visit to her favourite work of art. She had a great sense of beauty in all ways, and it implied a good many intellectual obligations. She was about to turn into the Tribune when a gentleman came out of it; whereupon she gave a little exclamation and stood before Caspar Goodwood.

"I have just been at your hotel," she said. "I left a card for you."

"I am very much honoured," Caspar Goodwood answered, as if he really meant it.

"It was not to honour you I did it; I have called on you before, and I know you don't like it. It was to talk to you a little about something."

He looked for a moment at the buckle in her hat. "I shall be very glad to hear what you wish to say."

"You don't like to talk with me," said Henrietta. "But I don't care for

that; I don't talk for your amusement. I wrote a word to ask you to come and see me; but since I have met you here this will do as well."

"I was just going away," Goodwood said; "but of course I will stop." He was civil, but he was not enthusiastic.

Henrietta, however, never looked for great professions, and she was so much in earnest that she was thankful he would listen to her on any terms. She asked him first, however, if he had seen all the pictures.

"All I want to. I have been here an hour."

"I wonder if you have seen my Correggio," said Henrietta. "I came up on purpose to have a look at it." She went into the Tribune, and he slowly accompanied her.

"I suppose I have seen it, but I didn't know it was yours. I don't remember pictures—especially that sort." She had pointed out her favourite work; and he asked her if it was about Correggio that she wished to talk with him.

"No," said Henrietta, "it's about something less harmonious!" They had the small, brilliant room, a splendid cabinet of treasures, to themselves; there was only a custode hovering about the Medicean Venus. "I want you to do me a favour," Miss Stackpole went on.

Caspar Goodwood frowned a little, but he expressed no embarrassment at the sense of not looking eager. His face was that of a much older man than our earlier friend. "I'm sure it's something I sha'n't like," he said, rather loud.

"No, I don't think you will like it. If you did, it would be no favour."

"Well, let us hear it," he said, in the tone of a man quite conscious of his own reasonableness.

"You may say there is no particular reason why you should do me a favour. Indeed, I only know of one: the fact that if you would let me I would gladly do you one." Her soft, exact tone, in which there was no attempt at effect, had an extreme

sincerity; and her companion, though he presented rather a hard surface, could not help being touched by it. When he was touched he rarely showed it, however, by the usual signs; he neither blushed, nor looked away, nor looked conscious. He only fixed his attention more directly; he seemed to consider with added firmness. Henrietta went on therefore disinterestedly, without the sense of an advantage. "I may say now, indeed—it seems a good time—that if I have ever annoyed you (and I think sometimes that I have), it is because I know that I was willing to suffer annoyance for you. I have troubled you—doubtless. But I would take trouble for you."

Goodwood hesitated. "You are taking trouble now."

"Yes, I am, some. I want you to consider whether it is better on the whole that you should go to Rome."

"I thought you were going to say that!" Goodwood exclaimed, rather artlessly.

"You *have* considered it, then?"

"Of course I have, very carefully. I have looked all round it. Otherwise I shouldn't have come as far as this. That's what I staid in Paris two months for; I was thinking it over."

"I am afraid you decided as you liked. You decided it was best, because you were so much attracted."

"Best for whom, do you mean?" Goodwood inquired.

"Well, for yourself first. For Mrs. Osmond next."

"Oh, it won't do her any good! I don't flatter myself that."

"Won't it do her harm?—that's the question."

"I don't see what it will matter to her. I am nothing to Mrs. Osmond. But if you want to know, I do want to see her myself."

"Yes, and that's why you go."

"Of course it is. Could there be a better reason?"

"How will it help you? that's what I want to know," said Miss Stackpole.

"That's just what I can't tell you; it's just what I was thinking about in Paris."

"It will make you more discontented."

"Why do you say more so?" Goodwood asked, rather sternly. "How do you know I am discontented?"

"Well," said Henrietta, hesitating a little—"you seem never to have cared for another."

"How do you know what I care for?" he cried, with a big blush. "Just now I care to go to Rome."

Henrietta looked at him in silence, with a sad yet luminous expression. "Well," she observed, at last, "I only wanted to tell you what I think; I had it on my mind. Of course you think it's none of my business. But nothing is any one's business, on that principle."

"It's very kind of you; I am greatly obliged to you for your interest," said Caspar Goodwood. "I shall go to Rome, and I sha'n't hurt Mrs. Osmond."

"You won't hurt her, perhaps. But will you help her?—that is the question."

"Is she in need of help?" he asked, slowly, with a penetrating look.

"Most women always are," said Henrietta, with conscientious evasiveness, and generalising less hopefully than usual. "If you go to Rome," she added, "I hope you will be a true friend—not a selfish one!" And she turned away and began to look at the pictures.

Caspar Goodwood let her go, and stood watching her while she wandered round the room; then, after a moment, he rejoined her. "You have heard something about her here," he said in a moment. "I should like to know what you have heard."

Henrietta had never prevaricated in her life, and though on this occasion there might have been a fitness in doing so, she decided, after a moment's hesitation, to make no superficial exception. "Yes, I have heard," she

answered; "but as I don't want you to go to Rome I won't tell you."

"Just as you please. I shall see for myself," said Goodwood. Then, inconsistently—for him, "You have heard she is unhappy!" he added.

"Oh, you won't see that!" Henrietta exclaimed.

"I hope not. When do you start?"

"To-morrow, by the evening train. And you?"

Goodwood hesitated; he had no desire to make his journey to Rome in Miss Stackpole's company. His indifference to this advantage was not of the same character as Gilbert Osmond's, but it had at this moment an equal distinctness. It was rather a tribute to Miss Stackpole's virtues than a reference to her faults. He thought her very remarkable, very brilliant, and he had, in theory, no objection to the class to which she belonged. Lady-correspondents appeared to him a part of the natural scheme of things in a progressive country, and though he never read their letters he supposed that they ministered somehow to social progress. But it was this very eminence of their position that made him wish that Miss Stackpole did not take so much for granted. She took for granted that he was always ready for some allusion to Mrs. Osmond; she had done so when they met in Paris, six weeks after his arrival in Europe, and she had repeated the assumption with every successive opportunity. He had no wish whatever to allude to Mrs. Osmond; he was *not* always thinking of her; he was perfectly sure of that. He was the most reserved, the least colloquial of men, and this inquiring authoress was constantly flashing her lantern into the quiet darkness of his soul. He wished she didn't care so much; he even wished, though it might seem rather brutal of him, that she would leave him alone. In spite of this, however, he just now made other reflections—which show how widely different, in effect, his ill-humour was from Gilbert Osmond's.

He wished to go immediately to Rome; he would have liked to go alone, in the night-train. He hated the European railway-carriages, in which one sat for hours in a vice, knee to knee and nose to nose with a foreigner to whom one presently found one's self objecting with all the added vehemence of one's wish to have the window open; and if they were worse at night even than by day, at least at night one could sleep and dream of an American saloon-car. But he could not take a night-train when Miss Stackpole was starting in the morning; it seemed to him that this would be an insult to an unprotected woman. Nor could he wait until after she had gone, unless he should wait longer than he had patience for. It would not do to start the next day. She worried him; she oppressed him; the idea of spending the day in a European railway-carriage with her offered a complication of irritations. Still, she was a lady travelling alone; it was his duty to put himself out for her. There could be no two questions about that; it was a perfectly clear necessity. He looked extremely grave for some moments, and then he said, without any of the richness of gallantry, but in a tone of extreme distinctness—"Of course, if you are going to-morrow, I will go too, as I may be of assistance to you."

"Well, Mr. Goodwood, I should hope so!" Henrietta remarked, serenely.

XLIV.

I HAVE already had reason to say that Isabel knew that her husband was displeased by the continuance of Ralph's visit to Rome. This knowledge was very present to her as she went to her cousin's hotel the day after she had invited Lord Warburton to give a tangible proof of his sincerity; and at this moment, as at others, she had a sufficient perception of the sources of Osmond's displeasure. He wished her to have no freedom of

mind, and he knew perfectly well that Ralph was an apostle of freedom. It was just because he was this, Isabel said to herself, that it was a refreshment to go and see him. It will be perceived that she partook of this refreshment in spite of her husband's disapproval; that is, she partook of it, as she flattered herself, discreetly. She had not as yet undertaken to act in direct opposition to Osmond's wishes; he was her master; she gazed at moments with a sort of incredulous blankness at this fact. It weighed upon her imagination, however; constantly present to her mind were all the traditional decencies and sanctities of marriage. The idea of violating them filled her with shame as well as with dread, for when she gave herself away she had lost sight of this contingency in the perfect belief that her husband's intentions were as generous as her own. She seemed to see, however, the rapid approach of the day when she should have to take back something that she had solemnly given. Such a ceremony would be odious and monstrous; she tried to shut her eyes to it meanwhile. Osmond would do nothing to help it by beginning first; he would put that burden upon her. He had not yet formally forbidden her to go and see Ralph; but she felt sure that unless Ralph should very soon depart this prohibition would come. How could poor Ralph depart? The weather as yet made it impossible. She could perfectly understand her husband's wish for the event; to be just, she didn't see how he could like her to be with her cousin. Ralph never said a word against him; but Osmond's objections were none the less founded. If Osmond should positively interpose, then she should have to decide, and that would not be easy. The prospect made her heart beat and her cheeks burn, as I say, in advance; there were moments when, in her wish to avoid an open rupture with her husband, she found herself wishing that Ralph would start even at a

risk. And it was of no use that when catching herself in this state of mind, she called herself a feeble spirit, a coward. It was not that she loved Ralph less, but that almost anything seemed preferable to repudiating the most serious act—the single sacred act—of her life. That appeared to make the whole future hideous. To break with Osmond once would be to break for ever; any open acknowledgment of irreconcilable needs would be an admission that their whole attempt had proved a failure. For them there could be no condonement, no compromise, no easy forgetfulness, no formal readjustment. They had attempted only one thing, but that one thing was to have been exquisite. Once they missed it, nothing else would do; there is no substitute for that success. For the moment, Isabel went to the Hôtel de Paris as often as she thought well; the measure of expediency resided in her moral consciousness. It had been very liberal to-day, for in addition to the general truth that she couldn't leave Ralph to die alone, she had something important to ask of him. This indeed was Gilbert's business as well as her own.

She came very soon to what she wished to speak of.

"I want you to answer me a question," she said. "It's about Lord Warburton."

"I think I know it," Ralph answered, from his armchair, out of which his thin legs protruded at greater length than ever.

"It's very possible," said Isabel. "Please then answer it."

"Oh, I don't say I can do that."

"You are intimate with him," said Isabel; "you have a great deal of observation of him."

"Very true. But think how he must dissimulate!"

"Why should he dissimulate? That's not his nature."

"Ah, you must remember that the circumstances are peculiar," said Ralph, with an air of private amusement.

"To a certain extent—yes. But is he really in love!"

"Very much, I think. I can make that out."

"Ah!" said Isabel, with a certain dryness.

Ralph looked at her a moment; a shade of perplexity mingled with his mild hilarity.

"You said that as if you were disappointed."

Isabel got up, slowly, smoothing her gloves, and eying them thoughtfully.

"It's after all no business of mine."

"You are very philosophic," said her cousin. And then in a moment—"May I inquire what you are talking about?"

Isabel stared a little. "I thought you knew. Lord Warburton tells me he desires to marry Pansy. I have told you that before, without eliciting a comment from you. You might risk one this morning, I think. Is it your belief that he really cares for her?"

"Ah, for Pansy, no!" cried Ralph, very positively.

"But you said just now that he did."

Ralph hesitated a moment. "That he cared for you, Mrs. Osmond."

Isabel shook her head, gravely. "That's nonsense, you know."

"Of course it is. But the nonsense is Warburton's, not mine."

"That would be very tiresome," Isabel said, speaking, as she flattered herself, with much subtlety.

"I ought to tell you indeed," Ralph went on, "that to me he has denied it."

"It's very good of you to talk about it together! Has he also told you that he is in love with Pansy?"

"He has spoken very well of her—very properly. He has let me know, of course, that he thinks she would do very well at Lockleigh."

"Does he really think it?"

"Ah, what Warburton really thinks——!" said Ralph.

Isabel fell to smoothing her gloves again; they were long, loose gloves upon which she could freely expend herself. Soon, however, she looked up, and then—

"Ah, Ralph, you give me no help!" she cried, abruptly, passionately.

It was the first time she had alluded to the need for help, and the words shook her cousin with their violence. He gave a long murmur of relief, of pity, of tenderness; it seemed to him that at last the gulf between them had been bridged. It was this that made him exclaim in a moment—

"How unhappy you must be!"

He had no sooner spoken than she recovered her self-possession, and the first use she made of it was to pretend she had not heard him.

"When I talk of your helping me, I talk great nonsense," she said, with a quick smile. "The idea of my troubling you with my domestic embarrassments! The matter is very simple; Lord Warburton must get on by himself. I can't undertake to help him."

"He ought to succeed easily," said Ralph.

Isabel hesitated a moment. "Yes—but he has not always succeeded."

"Very true. You know, however, how that always surprised me. Is Miss Osmond capable of giving us a surprise?"

"It will come from him, rather. I suspect that after all he will let the matter drop."

"He will do nothing dishonourable," said Ralph.

"I am very sure of that. Nothing can be more honourable than for him to leave the poor child alone. She cares for some one else, and it is cruel to attempt to bribe her by magnificent offers to give him up."

"Cruel to the other person perhaps—the one she cares for. But Warburton isn't obliged to mind that."

"No, cruel to her," said Isabel. "She would be very unhappy if she were to allow herself to be persuaded

to desert poor Mr. Rosier. That idea seems to amuse you ; of course you are not in love with him. He has the merit of being in love with her. She can see at a glance that Lord Warburton is not."

"He would be very good to her," said Ralph.

"He has been good to her already. Fortunately, however, he has not said a word to disturb her. He could come and bid her good-bye to-morrow with perfect propriety."

"How would your husband like that?"

"Not at all ; and he may be right in not liking it. Only he must obtain satisfaction himself."

"Has he commissioned you to obtain it?" Ralph ventured to ask.

"It was natural that as an old friend of Lord Warburton's—an older friend, that is, than Osmond—I should take an interest in his intentions."

"Take an interest in his renouncing them, you mean."

Isabel hesitated, frowning a little. "Let me understand. Are you pleading his cause?"

"Not in the least. I am very glad he should not become your step-daughter's husband. It makes such a very queer relation to you!" said Ralph, smiling. "But I'm rather nervous lest your husband should think you haven't pushed him enough."

Isabel found herself able to smile as well as he.

"He knows me well enough not to have expected me to push. He himself has no intention of pushing, I presume. I am not afraid I shall not be able to justify myself!" she said, lightly.

Her mask had dropped for an instant, but she had put it on again, to Ralph's infinite disappointment. He had caught a glimpse of her natural face, and he wished immensely to look into it. He had an almost savage desire to hear her complain of her husband—hear her say that she should be held accountable for Lord War-

burton's defection. Ralph was certain that this was her situation ; he knew by instinct, in advance, the form that in such an event Osmond's displeasure would take. It could only take the meanest and cruelest. He would have liked to warn Isabel of it—to let her see at least that he knew it. It little mattered that Isabel would know it much better ; it was for his own satisfaction more than for hers that he longed to show her that he was not deceived. He tried and tried again to make her betray Osmond ; he felt cold-blooded, cruel, dishonourable almost, in doing so. But it scarcely mattered, for he only failed. What had she come for then, and why did she seem almost to offer him a chance to violate their tacit convention ? Why did she ask him his advice, if she gave him no liberty to answer her ? How could they talk of her domestic embarrassments, as it pleased her humorously to designate them, if the principal factor was not to be mentioned ? These contradictions were themselves but an indication of her trouble, and her cry for help, just before, was the only thing he was bound to consider.

"You will be decidedly at variance, all the same," he said, in a moment. And as she answered nothing, looking as if she scarcely understood—"You will find yourselves thinking very differently," he continued.

"That may easily happen, among the most united couples !" She took up her parasol ; he saw that she was nervous, afraid of what he might say. "It's a matter we can hardly quarrel about, however," she added ; "for almost all the interest is on his side. That is very natural. Pansy is after all his daughter—not mine." And she put out her hand to wish him good-bye.

Ralph took an inward resolution that she should not leave him without his letting her know that he knew everything ; it seemed too great an opportunity to lose. "Do you know what his interest will make him say ?" he

asked, as he took her hand. She shook her head, rather dryly—not discouragingly—and he went on, “It will make him say that your want of zeal is owing to jealousy.” He stopped a moment; her face made him afraid.

“To jealousy?”

“To jealousy of his daughter.”

She blushed red and threw back her head.

“You are not kind,” she said, in a voice that he had never heard on her lips.

“Be frank with me, and you’ll see,” said Ralph.

But she made no answer; she only shook her hand out of his own, which he tried still to hold, and rapidly went out of the room. She made up her mind to speak to Pansy, and she took an occasion on the same day, going to the young girl’s room before dinner. Pansy was already dressed; she was always in advance of the time; it seemed to illustrate her pretty patience and the graceful stillness with which she could sit and wait. At present she was seated, in her fresh array, before the bedroom fire; she had blown out her candle on the completion of her toilet, in accordance with the economical habits in which she had been brought up and which she was now more careful than ever to observe; so that the room was lighted only by a couple of logs. The rooms in the Palazzo Roccanera were as spacious as they were numerous, and Pansy’s virginal bower was an immense chamber with a dark, heavily-timbered ceiling. Its diminutive mistress, in the midst of it, appeared but a speck of humanity, and as she got up, with quick propriety, to welcome Isabel, the latter was more than ever struck with her finished lowliness. Isabel had a difficult task—the only thing was to perform it as simply as possible. She felt bitter and angry, but she warned herself against betraying it to Pansy. She was afraid even of looking too grave, or at least too stern; she was afraid of frightening her. But Pansy seemed to have

guessed that she had come a little as a confessor; for after she had moved the chair in which she had been sitting a little nearer to the fire, and Isabel had taken her place in it, she knelt down on a cushion in front of her, looking up and resting her clasped hands on her stepmother’s knees. What Isabel wished to do was to hear from her own lips that her mind was not occupied with Lord Warburton; but if she desired the assurance, she felt herself by no means at liberty to provoke it. The girl’s father would have qualified this as rank treachery; and indeed Isabel knew that if Pansy should display the smallest germ of a disposition to encourage Lord Warburton, her own duty was to hold her tongue. It was difficult to interrogate without appearing to suggest; Pansy’s supreme simplicity, an innocence even more complete than Isabel had yet judged it, gave to the most tentative inquiry something of the effect of an admonition. As she knelt there in the vague firelight, with her pretty dress vaguely shining, her hands folded half in appeal and half in submission, her soft eyes, raised and fixed, full of the seriousness of the situation, she looked to Isabel like a childish martyr, decked out for sacrifice and scarcely presuming even to hope to avert it. When Isabel said to her that she had never yet spoken to her of what might have been going on in relation to her getting married, but that her silence had not been indifference or ignorance, had only been the desire to leave her at liberty, Pansy bent forward, raised her face nearer and nearer to Isabel’s, and with a little murmur, which evidently expressed a deep longing, answered that she had greatly wished her to speak, and that she begged her to advise her now.

“It’s difficult for me to advise you,” Isabel rejoined. “I don’t know how I can undertake that. That’s for your father; you must get his advice, and, above all, you must act upon it.”

At this Pansy dropped her eyes; for a moment she said nothing.

"I think I should like your advice better than papa's," she presently remarked.

"That's not as it should be," said Isabel, coldly. "I love you very much, but your father loves you better."

"It isn't because you love me—it's because you're a lady," Pansy answered, with the air of saying something very reasonable. "A lady can advise a young girl better than a man."

"I advise you, then, to pay the greatest respect to your father's wishes."

"Ah, yes," said Pansy, eagerly, "I must do that."

"But if I speak to you now about your getting married, it's not for your own sake, it's for mine," Isabel went on. "If I try to learn from you what you expect, what you desire, it is only that I may act accordingly."

Pansy stared, and then, very quickly—

"Will you do everything I desire?" she asked.

"Before I say yes, I must know what such things are."

Pansy presently told her that the only thing she wished in life was to marry Mr. Rosier. He had asked her, and she had told him that she would do so if her papa would allow it. Now her papa wouldn't allow it.

"Very well, then, it's impossible," said Isabel.

"Yes, it's impossible," said Pansy, without a sigh, and with the same extreme attention in her clear little face.

"You must think of something else," then," Isabel went on; but Pansy, sighing then, told her that she had attempted this feat without the least success.

"You think of those that think of you," she said, with a faint smile. "I know that Mr. Rosier thinks of me."

"He ought not to," said Isabel, loftily. "Your father has expressly requested he shouldn't."

"He can't help it, because he knows that I think of him."

"You shouldn't think of him. There is some excuse for him, perhaps; but there is none for you!"

"I wish you would try to find one," the girl exclaimed, as if she were praying to the Madonna.

"I should be very sorry to attempt it," said the Madonna, with unusual frigidity. "If you knew some one else was thinking of you, would you think of him?"

"No one can think of me as Mr. Rosier does; no one has the right."

"Ah, but I don't admit Mr. Rosier's right," Isabel cried, hypocritically.

Pansy only gazed at her; she was evidently deeply puzzled; and Isabel, taking advantage of it, began to represent to her the miserable consequences of disobeying her father. At this Pansy stopped her, with the assurance that she would never disobey him, would never marry without his consent. And she announced, in the serenest, simplest tone, that though she might never marry Mr. Rosier, she would never cease to think of him. She appeared to have accepted the idea of eternal singleness; but Isabel of course was free to reflect that she had no conception of its meaning. She was perfectly sincere; she was prepared to give up her lover. This might seem an important step toward taking another, but for Pansy, evidently, it did not lead in that direction. She felt no bitterness towards her father; there was no bitterness in her heart; there was only the sweetness of fidelity to Edward Rosier, and a strange, exquisite intimation that she could prove it better by remaining single than even by marrying him.

"Your father would like you to make a better marriage," said Isabel. "Mr. Rosier's fortune is not very large."

"How do you mean better—if that would be good enough? And I have very little money; why should I look for a fortune?"

"Your having so little is a reason for looking for more." Isabel was grateful for the dimness of the room; she felt as if her face were hideously insincere. She was doing this for Osmond; this was what one had to do for Osmond! Pansy's solemn eyes, fixed on her own, almost embarrassed her; she was ashamed to think that she had made so light of the girl's preference.

"What should you like me to do?" said Pansy, softly.

The question was a terrible one, and Isabel pusillanimously took refuge in a generalisation.

"To remember all the pleasure it is in your power to give your father."

"To marry some one else, you mean—if he should ask me?"

For a moment Isabel's answer caused itself to be waited for; then she heard herself utter it, in the stillness that Pansy's attention seemed to make.

"Yes—to marry some one else."

Pansy's eyes grew more penetrating; Isabel believed that she was doubting her sincerity, and the impression took force from her slowly getting up from her cushion. She stood there a moment, with her small hands unclasped, and then she said, with a timorous sigh—

"Well, I hope no one will ask me!"

"There has been a question of that. Some one else would have been ready to ask you."

"I don't think he can have been ready," said Pansy.

"It would appear so—if he had been sure that he would succeed."

"If he had been sure? Then he was not ready!"

Isabel thought this rather sharp; she also got up, and stood a moment, looking into the fire. "Lord Warburton has shown you great attention," she said; "of course you know it's of him I speak." She found herself, against her expectation, almost placed in the position of justifying herself; which led her to introduce this nobleman more crudely than she had intended.

"He has been very kind to me, and I like him very much. But if you mean that he will ask me to marry him, I think you are mistaken."

"Perhaps I am. But your father would like it extremely."

Pansy shook her head, with a little wise smile. "Lord Warburton won't ask me simply to please papa."

"Your father would like you to encourage him," Isabel went on, mechanically.

"How can I encourage him?"

"I don't know. Your father must tell you that."

Pansy said nothing for a moment; she only continued to smile as if she were in possession of a bright assurance. "There is no danger—no danger!" she declared at last.

There was a conviction in the way she said this, and a felicity in her believing it, which made Isabel feel very awkward. She felt accused of dishonesty, and the idea was disgusting. To repair her self-respect, she was on the point of saying that Lord Warburton had let her know that there *was* a danger. But she did not; she only said—in her embarrassment rather wide of the mark—that he surely had been most kind, most friendly.

"Yes, he has been very kind," Pansy answered. "That's what I like him for."

"Why then is the difficulty so great?"

"I have always felt sure that he knows that I don't want—what did you say I should do?—to encourage him. He knows I don't want to marry, and he wants me to know that he therefore won't trouble me. That's the meaning of his kindness. It's as if he said to me, 'I like you very much, but if it doesn't please you I will never say it again.' I think that is very kind, very noble," Pansy went on, with deepening positiveness. "That is all we have said to each other. And he doesn't care for me, either! Ah no, there is no danger!"

Isabel was touched with wonder at

the depths of perception of which this submissive little person was capable; she felt afraid of Pansy's wisdom—began almost to retreat before it. "You must tell your father that," she remarked, reservedly.

"I think I would rather not," Pansy answered.

"You ought not to let him have false hopes."

"Perhaps not; but it will be good for me that he should. So long as he believes that Lord Warburton intends anything of the kind you say, papa won't propose any one else. And that will be an advantage for me," said Pansy, very lucidly.

There was something brilliant in her lucidity, and it made Isabel draw a long breath. It relieved her of a heavy responsibility. Pansy had a sufficient illumination of her own, and Isabel felt that she herself just now had no light to spare from her small stock. Nevertheless it still clung to her that she must be loyal to Osmond, that she was on her honour in dealing with his daughter. Under the influence of this sentiment she threw out another suggestion before she retired—a suggestion with which it seemed to her that she should have done her utmost. "Your father takes for granted at least that you would like to marry a nobleman."

Pansy stood in the open doorway; she had drawn back the curtain for Isabel to pass. "I think Mr. Rosier looks like one!" she announced, very gravely.

XLV.

LORD WARBURTON was not seen in Mrs. Osmond's drawing-room for several days, and Isabel could not fail to observe that her husband said nothing to her about having received a letter from him. She could not fail to observe, either, that Osmond was in a state of expectancy, and that though it was not agreeable to him to betray it, he thought their distinguished friend kept him waiting quite too long. At the end of four days he alluded to his absence.

"What has become of Warburton? What does he mean by treating one like a tradesman with a bill?"

"I know nothing about him," Isabel said. "I saw him last Friday, at the German ball. He told me then that he meant to write to you."

"He has never written to me."

"So I supposed, from your not having told me."

"He's an odd fish," said Osmond, comprehensively. And on Isabel's making no rejoinder, he went on to inquire whether it took his lordship five days to indite a letter. "Does he form his words with such difficulty?"

"I don't know," said Isabel. "I have never had a letter from him."

"Never had a letter? I had an idea that you were at one time in intimate correspondence."

Isabel answered that this had not been the case, and let the conversation drop. On the morrow, however, coming into the drawing-room late in the afternoon, her husband took it up again.

"When Lord Warburton told you of his intention of writing, what did you say to him?" he asked.

Isabel hesitated a moment. "I think I told him not to forget it."

"Did you believe there was a danger of that?"

"As you say, he's an odd fish."

"Apparently he has forgotten it," said Osmond. "Be so good as to remind him."

"Should you like me to write to him?" Isabel asked.

"I have no objection whatever."

"You expect too much of me."

"Ah yes, I expect a great deal of you."

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you," said Isabel.

"My expectations have survived a good deal of disappointment."

"Of course I know that. Think how I must have disappointed myself! If you really wish to secure Lord Warburton, you must do it yourself."

For a couple of minutes Osmond

answered nothing; then he said—"That won't be easy, with you working against me."

Isabel started; she felt herself beginning to tremble. He had a way of looking at her through half-closed eyelids, as if he were thinking of her but scarcely saw her, which seemed to her to have a wonderfully cruel intention. It appeared to recognise her as a disagreeable necessity of thought, but to ignore her, for the time, as a presence. That was the expression of his eyes now. "I think you accuse me of something very base," she said.

"I accuse you of not being trustworthy. If he doesn't come up to the mark it will be because you have kept him off. I don't know that it's base; it is the kind of thing a woman always thinks she may do. I have no doubt you have the finest ideas about it."

"I told you I would do what I could," said Isabel.

"Yes, that gained you time."

It came over Isabel, after he had said this, that she had once thought him beautiful. "How much you must wish to capture him!" she exclaimed, in a moment.

She had no sooner spoken than she perceived the full reach of her words, of which she had not been conscious in uttering them. They made a comparison between Osmond and herself, recalled the fact that she had once held this coveted treasure in her hand and felt herself rich enough to let it fall. A momentary exultation took possession of her—a horrible delight in having wounded him; for his face instantly told her that none of the force of her exclamation was lost. Osmond expressed nothing otherwise, however; he only said, quickly, "Yes, I wish it very much."

At this moment a servant came in, as if to usher a visitor, and he was followed the next by Lord Warburton, who received a visible check on seeing Osmond. He looked rapidly from the master of the house to the mistress; a movement that seemed to denote a

reluctance to interrupt or even a perception of ominous conditions. Then he advanced, with his English address, in which a vague shyness seemed to offer itself as an element of good-breeding; in which the only defect was a difficulty in achieving transitions.

Osmond was embarrassed; he found nothing to say; but Isabel remarked, promptly enough, that they had been in the act of talking about their visitor. Upon this her husband added that they hadn't known what was become of him—they had been afraid he was gone away.

"No," said Lord Warburton, smiling and looking at Osmond; "I am only on the point of going." And then he explained that he found himself suddenly recalled to England; he should start on the morrow or next day. "I am awfully sorry to leave poor Touchett!" he ended by exclaiming.

For a moment neither of his companions spoke; Osmond only leaned back in his chair, listening. Isabel didn't look at him; she could only fancy how he looked. Her eyes were upon Lord Warburton's face, where they were the more free to rest, that those of his lordship carefully avoided them. Yet Isabel was sure that had she met her visitor's glance, she should have found it expressive. "You had better take poor Touchett with you," she heard her husband say, lightly enough, in a moment.

"He had better wait for warmer weather," Lord Warburton answered. "I shouldn't advise him to travel just now."

He sat there for a quarter of an hour, talking as if he might not soon see them again—unless indeed they should come to England, a course which he strongly recommended. Why shouldn't they come to England in the autumn? that struck him as a very happy thought. It would give him such pleasure to do what he could for them—to have them come and spend a month with him. Osmond,

by his own admission, had been to England but once; which was an absurd state of things. It was just the country for him—he would be sure to get on well there. Then Lord Warburton asked Isabel if she remembered what a good time she had there, and if she didn't want to try it again. Didn't she want to see Gardencourt once more—Gardencourt was really very good. Touchett didn't take proper care of it, but it was the sort of place you could hardly spoil by letting it alone. Why didn't they come and pay Touchett a visit? He surely must have asked them. Hadn't asked them? What an ill-mannered wretch! and Lord Warburton promised to give the master of Gardencourt a piece of his mind. Of course it was a mere accident; he would be delighted to have them. Spending a month with Touchett and a month with himself, and seeing all the rest of the people they must know there, they really wouldn't find it half bad. Lord Warburton added that it would amuse Miss Osmond as well, who had told him that she had never been to England and whom he had assured it was a country she deserved to see. Of course she didn't need to go to England to be admired—that was her fate everywhere; but she would be immensely liked in England, Miss Osmond would, if that was any inducement. He asked if she were not at home: couldn't he say good-bye? Not that he liked good-byes—he always funk'd them. When he left England the other day he had not said good-bye to any one. He had had half a mind to leave Rome without troubling Mrs. Osmond for a final interview. What could be more dreary than a final interview? One never said the things one wanted to—one remembered them all an hour afterwards. On the other hand, one usually said a lot of things one shouldn't, simply from a sense that one had to say something. Such a sense was bewildering; it made one

nervous. He had it at present, and that was the effect it produced on him. If Mrs. Osmond didn't think he spoke as he ought, she must set it down to agitation; it was no light thing to part with Mrs. Osmond. He was really very sorry to be going. He had thought of writing to her, instead of calling—but he would write to her at any rate, to tell her a lot of things that would be sure to occur to him as soon as he had left the house. They must think seriously about coming to Lockleigh.

If there was anything awkward in the circumstances of his visit or in the announcement of his departure, it failed to come to the surface. Lord Warburton talked about his agitation; but he showed it in no other manner, and Isabel saw that since he had determined on a retreat he was capable of executing it gallantly. She was very glad for him; she liked him quite well enough to wish him to appear to carry a thing off. He would do that on any occasion; not from impudence, but simply from the habit of success; and Isabel perceived that it was not in her husband's power to frustrate this faculty. A double operation, as she sat there, went on in her mind. On one side she listened to Lord Warburton; said what was proper to him; read, more or less, between the lines of what he said himself; and wondered how he would have spoken if he had found her alone. On the other she had a perfect consciousness of Osmond's emotion. She felt almost sorry for him; he was condemned to the sharp pain of loss without the relief of cursing. He had had a great hope, and now, as he saw it vanish into smoke, he was obliged to sit and smile and twirl his thumbs. Not that he troubled himself to smile very brightly; he treated Lord Warburton, on the whole, to as vacant a countenance as so clever a man could very well wear. It was indeed a part of Osmond's cleverness that he could look consummately uncompromised. His pre-

sent appearance, however, was not a confession of disappointment; it was simply a part of Osmond's habitual system, which was to be inexpressive exactly in proportion as he was really intent. He had been intent upon Lord Warburton from the first; but he had never allowed his eagerness to irradiate his refined face. He had treated his possible son-in-law as he treated every one—with an air of being interested in him only for his own advantage, not for Gilbert Osmond's. He would give no sign now of an inward rage which was the result of a vanished prospect of gain—not the faintest nor subtlest. Isabel could be sure of that, if it was any satisfaction to her. Strangely, very strangely, it was a satisfaction; she wished Lord Warburton to triumph before her husband, and at the same time she wished her husband to be very superior before Lord Warburton. Osmond, in his way, was admirable; he had, like their visitor, the advantage of an acquired habit. It was not that of succeeding, but it was something almost as good—that of not attempting. As he leaned back in his place, listening but vaguely to Lord Warburton's friendly offers and suppressed explanations—as if it were only proper to assume that they were addressed essentially to his wife—he had at least (since so little else was left him) the comfort of thinking how well he personally had kept out of it, and how the air of indifference, which he was now able to wear, had the added beauty of consistency. It was something to be able to look as if their visitor's movements had no relation to his own mind. Their visitor did well, certainly; but Osmond's performance was in its very nature more finished. Lord Warburton's position was after all an easy one; there was no reason in the world why he should not leave Rome. He had benevolent inclinations; but they had stopped short of fruition; he had never committed himself, and his honour was

safe. Osmond appeared to take but a moderate interest in the proposal that they should go and stay with him, and in his allusion to the success Pansy might extract from their visit. He murmured a recognition, but left Isabel to say that it was a matter requiring grave consideration. Isabel, even while she made this remark, could see the great vista which had suddenly opened out in her husband's mind, with Pansy's little figure marching up the middle of it.

Lord Warburton had asked leave to bid good-bye to Pansy, but neither Isabel nor Osmond had made any motion to send for her. He had the air of giving out that his visit must be short; he sat on a small chair, as if it were only for a moment, keeping his hat in his hand. But he staid and staid; Isabel wondered what he was waiting for. She believed it was not to see Pansy; she had an impression that on the whole he would rather not see Pansy. It was of course to see herself alone—he had something to say to her. Isabel had no great wish to hear it, for she was afraid it would be an explanation, and she could perfectly dispense with explanations. Osmond, however, presently got up, like a man of good taste to whom it had occurred that so inveterate a visitor might wish to say just the last word of all to the ladies.

"I have a letter to write before dinner," he said; "you must excuse me. I will see if my daughter is disengaged, and if she is she shall know you are here. Of course when you come to Rome you will always look us up. Isabel will talk to you about the English expedition; she decides all those things."

The nod with which, instead of a hand-shake, he terminated this little speech, was perhaps a rather meagre form of salutation; but on the whole it was all the occasion demanded. Isabel reflected that after he left the room Lord Warburton would have no pretext for saying—"Your husband

is very angry:" which would have been extremely disagreeable to her. Nevertheless, if he had done so, she would have said—"Oh, don't be anxious. He doesn't hate *you*; it's me that he hates!"

It was only when they had been left alone together that Lord Warburton showed a certain vague awkwardness—sitting down in another chair, handling two or three of the objects that were near him. "I hope he will make Miss Osmond come," he presently remarked. "I want very much to see her."

"I'm glad it's the last time," said Isabel.

"So am I. She doesn't care for me."

"No, she doesn't care for you."

"I don't wonder at it," said Lord Warburton. Then he added, with inconsequence—"You will come to England, won't you?"

"I think we had better not."

"Ah, you owe me a visit. Don't you remember that you were to have come to Lockleigh once, and you never did!"

"Everything is changed since then," said Isabel.

"Not changed for the worse, surely—as far as we are concerned. To see you under my roof"—and he hesitated a moment—"would be a great satisfaction."

She had feared an explanation; but that was the only one that occurred. They talked a little of Ralph, and in another moment Pansy came in, already dressed for dinner and with a little red spot in either cheek. She shook hands with Lord Warburton and stood looking up into his face with a fixed smile—a smile that Isabel knew, though his lordship probably never suspected it, to be near akin to a burst of tears.

"I am going away," he said. "I want to bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye, Lord Warburton." The young girl's voice trembled a little.

"And I want to tell you how much I wish you may be very happy."

"Thank you, Lord Warburton," Pansy answered.

He lingered a moment, and gave a glance at Isabel. "You ought to be very happy—you have got a guardian angel."

"I am sure I shall be happy," said Pansy, in the tone of a person whose certainties are always cheerful.

"Such a conviction as that will take you a great way. But if it should ever fail you, remember—remember—" and Lord Warburton stammered a little. "Think of me sometimes, you know," he said with a vague laugh. Then he shook hands with Isabel, in silence, and presently he was gone.

When he had left the room Isabel expected an effusion of tears from her stepdaughter; but Pansy in fact treated her to something very different.

"I think you *are* my guardian angel!" she exclaimed, very sweetly.

Isabel shook her head. "I am not an angel of any kind. I am at the most your good friend."

"You are a very good friend then—to have asked papa to be gentle with me."

"I have asked your father nothing," said Isabel, wondering.

"He told me just now to come to the drawing-room, and then he gave me a very kind kiss."

"Ah," said Isabel, "that was quite his own idea!"

She recognised the idea perfectly; it was very characteristic, and she was to see a great deal more of it. Even with Pansy, Osmond could not put himself the least in the wrong. They were dining out that day, and after their dinner they went to another entertainment; so that it was not till late in the evening that Isabel saw him alone. When Pansy kissed him, before going to bed, he returned her embrace with even more than his usual munificence, and Isabel wondered whether he meant it as a hint that his daughter had been injured by the machinations of her stepmother. It was a partial expression, at any

rate, of what he continued to expect of his wife. Isabel was about to follow Pansy, but he remarked that he wished she would remain; he had something to say to her. Then he walked about the drawing-room a little, while she stood waiting, in her cloak.

"I don't understand what you wish to do," he said in a moment. "I should like to know—so that I may know how to act."

"Just now I wish to go to bed. I am very tired."

"Sit down and rest; I shall not keep you long. Not there—take a comfortable place." And he arranged a multitude of cushions that were scattered in picturesque disorder upon a vast divan. This was not, however, where she seated herself; she dropped into the nearest chair. The fire had gone out; the lights in the great room were few. She drew her cloak about her; she felt mortally cold. "I think you are trying to humiliate me," Osmond went on. "It's a most absurd undertaking."

"I haven't the least idea what you mean," said Isabel.

"You have played a very deep game; you have managed it beautifully."

"What is it that I have managed?"

"You have not quite settled it, however; we shall see him again." And he stopped in front of her, with his hands in his pockets, looking down at her thoughtfully, in his usual way, which seemed meant to let her know that she was not an object, but only a rather disagreeable incident, of thought.

"If you mean that Lord Warburton is under an obligation to come back, you are wrong," Isabel said. "He is under none whatever."

"That's just what I complain of. But when I say he will come back, I don't mean that he will come from a sense of duty."

"There is nothing else to make him. I think he has quite exhausted Rome."

"Ah no, that's a shallow judgment. Rome is inexhaustible." And Osmond began to walk about again. "However, about that, perhaps, there is no hurry," he added. "It's rather a good idea of his that we should go to England. If it were not for the fear of finding your cousin there, I think I should try to persuade you."

"It may be that you will not find my cousin," said Isabel.

"I should like to be sure of it. However, I shall be as sure as possible. At the same time I should like to see his house, that you told me so much about at one time: what do you call it?—Gardencourt. It must be a charming thing. And then, you know, I have a devotion to the memory of your uncle; you made me take a great fancy to him. I should like to see where he lived and died. That, however, is a detail. Your friend was right; Pansy ought to see England."

"I have no doubt she would enjoy it," said Isabel.

"But that's a long time hence; next autumn is far off," Osmond continued; "and meantime there are things that more nearly interest us. Do you think me so very proud?" he asked, suddenly.

"I think you very strange."

"You don't understand me."

"No, not even when you insult me."

"I don't insult you; I am incapable of it. I merely speak of certain facts, and if the allusion is an injury to you the fault is not mine. It is surely a fact that you have kept all this matter quite in your own hands."

"Are you going back to Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked. "I am very tired of his name."

"You shall hear it again before we have done with it."

She had spoken of his insulting her, but it suddenly seemed to her that this ceased to be a pain. He was going down—down; the vision of such a fall made her almost giddy; that was the only pain. He was too

strange, too different; he didn't touch her. Still, the working of his strange passion was extraordinary, and she felt a rising curiosity to know in what light he saw himself justified. "I might say to you that I judge you have nothing to say to me that is worth hearing," she rejoined in a moment. "But I should perhaps be wrong. There is a thing that would be worth my hearing—to know in the plainest words of what it is you accuse me."

"Of preventing Pansy's marriage to Warburton. Are those words plain enough?"

"On the contrary, I took a great interest in it. I told you so; and and when you told me that you counted on me—that I think was what you said—I accepted the obligation. I was a fool to do so, but I did it."

"You pretended to do it, and you even pretended reluctance, to make me more willing to trust you. Then you began to use your ingenuity to get him out of the way."

"I think I see what you mean," said Isabel.

"Where is the letter that you told me he had written me?" her husband asked.

"I haven't the least idea; I haven't asked him."

"You stopped it on the way," said Osmond.

Isabel slowly got up; standing there, in her white cloak, which covered her to her feet, she might have represented the angel of disdain, first cousin to that of pity. "Oh, Osmond, for a man that was so fine!" she exclaimed, in a long murmur.

"I was never so fine as you! You have done everything you wanted. You have got him out of the way without appearing to do so, and you have placed me in the position in which you wished to behold me—that of a man who tried to marry his daughter to a lord, but didn't succeed."

"Pansy doesn't care for him; she is very glad he is gone," said Isabel.

"That has nothing to do with the matter."

"And he doesn't care for Pansy."

"That won't do; you told me he did. I don't know why you wanted this particular satisfaction," Osmond continued; "you might have taken some other. It doesn't seem to me that I have been presumptuous—that I have taken too much for granted. I have been very modest about it, very quiet. The idea didn't originate with me. He began to show that he liked her before I ever thought of it. I left it all to you."

"Yes, you were very glad to leave it to me. After this you must attend to such things yourself."

He looked at her a moment, and then he turned away. "I thought you were very fond of my daughter."

"I have never been more so than to-day."

"Your affection is attended with immense limitations. However, that perhaps is natural."

"Is this all you wished to say to me?" Isabel asked, taking a candle that stood on one of the tables.

"Are you satisfied? Am I sufficiently disappointed?"

"I don't think that on the whole you are disappointed. You have had another opportunity to try to bewilder me."

"It's not that. It's proved that Pansy can aim high."

"Poor little Pansy!" said Isabel, turning away with her candle.

XLVI.

It was from Henrietta Stackpole that she learned that Caspar Goodwood had come to Rome; an event that took place three days after Lord Warburton's departure. This latter event had been preceded by an incident of some importance to Isabel—the temporary absence, once again, of Madame Merle, who had gone to Naples to stay

with a friend, the happy possessor of a villa at Posilippo. Madame Merle had ceased to minister to Isabel's happiness, who found herself wondering whether the most discreet of women might not also by chance be the most dangerous. Sometimes, at night, she had strange visions; she seemed to see her husband and Madame Merle in dim, indistinguishable combination. It seemed to her that she had not done with her; this lady had something in reserve. Isabel's imagination applied itself actively to this elusive point, but every now and then it was checked by a nameless dread, so that when her brilliant friend was away from Rome she had almost a consciousness of respite. She had already learned from Miss Stackpole that Caspar Goodwood was in Europe, Henrietta having written to inform her of this fact immediately after meeting him in Paris. He himself never wrote to Isabel, and though he was in Europe he thought it very possible he might not desire to see her. Their last interview, before her marriage, had had quite the character of a complete rupture; if she remembered rightly he had said he wished to take his last look at her. Since then he had been the most inharmonious survival of her earlier time—the only one, in fact, with which a permanent pain was associated. He left her, that morning, with the sense of an unnecessary shock; it was like a collision between vessels in broad daylight. There had been no mist, no hidden current to excuse it, and she herself had only wished to steer skilfully. He had bumped against her prow, however, while her hand was on the tiller, and—to complete the metaphor—had given the lighter vessel a strain which still occasionally betrayed itself in a faint creaking. It had been painful to see him, because he represented the only serious harm that (to her belief) she had ever done in the world; he was the only person with an unsatisfied claim upon her. She had made

him unhappy; she couldn't help it; and his unhappiness was a great reality. She cried with rage, after he had left her, at—she hardly knew what: she tried to think it was his want of consideration. He had come to her with his unhappiness when her own bliss was so perfect; he had done his best to darken the brightness of these pure rays. He had not been violent, and yet there was a violence in that. There was a violence at any rate, in something, somewhere; perhaps it was only in her own fit of weeping and that after-sense of it which lasted for three or four days. The effect of Caspar Goodwood's visit faded away, and during the first year of Isabel's marriage he dropped out of her books. He was a thankless subject of reference; it was disagreeable to have to think of a person who was unhappy on your account and whom you could do nothing to relieve. It would have been different if she had been able to doubt, even a little, of his unhappiness, as she doubted of Lord Warburton's; unfortunately it was beyond question, and this aggressive, uncompromising look of it was just what made it unattractive. She could never say to herself that Caspar Goodwood had great compensations, as she was able to say in the case of her English suitor. She had no faith in his compensations, and no esteem for them. A cotton-factory was not a compensation for anything—least of all for having failed to marry Isabel Archer. And yet, beyond that, she hardly knew what he had—save of course his intrinsic qualities. Oh, he was intrinsic enough; she never thought of his even looking for artificial aids. If he extended his business—that, to the best of her belief, was the only form exertion could take with him—it would be because it was an enterprising thing, or good for the business; not in the least because he might hope it would overlay the past. This gave his figure a kind of bareness and bleakness which made the accident of meeting

it in one's meditations always a sort of shock ; it was deficient in the social drapery which muffles the sharpness of human contact. His perfect silence, moreover, the fact that she never heard from him and very seldom heard any mention of him, deepened this impression of his loneliness. She asked Lily for news of him, from time to time ; but Lily knew nothing about Boston ; her imagination was confined within the limits of Manhattan. As time went on Isabel thought of him oftener, and with fewer restrictions ; she had more than once the idea of writing to him. She had never told her husband about him—never let Osmond know of his visits to her in Florence ; a reserve not dictated in the early period by a want of confidence in Osmond, but simply by the consideration that Caspar Goodwood's disappointment was not her secret but his own. It would be wrong of her, she believed, to convey it to another, and Mr. Goodwood's affairs could have, after all, but little interest for Gilbert. When it came to the point she never wrote to him ; it seemed to her that, considering his grievance, the least she could do was to let him alone. Nevertheless she would have been glad to be in some way nearer to him. It was not that it ever occurred to her that she might have married him ; even after the consequences of her marriage became vivid to her, that particular reflection, though she indulged in so many, had not the assurance to present itself. But when she found herself in trouble he became a member of that circle of things with which she wished to set herself right. I have related how passionately she desired to feel that her unhappiness should not have come to her through her own fault. She had no near prospect of dying, and yet she wished to make her peace with the world—to put her spiritual affairs in order. It came back to her from time to time that there was an account still to be settled with Caspar Goodwood ; it seemed to her that she

would settle it to-day on terms easy for him. Still, when she learned that he was coming to Rome she felt afraid ; it would be more disagreeable for him than for any one else to learn that she was unhappy. Deep in her breast she believed that he had invested his all in her happiness, while the others had invested only a part. He was one more person from whom she should have to conceal her misery. She was reassured, however, after he arrived in Rome, for he spent several days without coming to see her.

Henrietta Stackpole, it may well be imagined, was much more punctual, and Isabel was largely favoured with the society of her friend. She threw herself into it, for now that she had made such a point of keeping her conscience clear, that was one way of proving that she had not been superficial—the more so that the years, in their flight, had rather enriched than blighted those peculiarities which had been humourously criticised by persons less interested than Isabel and were striking enough to give friendship a spice of heroism. Henrietta was as keen and quick and fresh as ever, and as neat and bright and fair. Her eye had lost none of its serenity, her toilet none of its crispness, her opinions none of their national flavour. She was by no means quite unchanged, however ; it seemed to Isabel that she had grown restless. Of old she had never been restless ; though she was perpetually in motion it was impossible to be more deliberate. She had a reason for everything she did ; she fairly bristled with motives. Formerly, when she came to Europe it was because she wished to see it, but now having already seen it, she had no such excuse. She did not for a moment pretend that the desire to examine decaying civilisations had anything to do with her present enterprise ; her journey was rather an expression of her independence of the old world than of a sense of further obligations to it. "It's nothing to come to Europe," she said to Isabel ;

"it doesn't seem to me one needs so many reasons for that. It is something to stay at home; this is much more important." It was not therefore with a sense of doing anything very important that she treated herself to another pilgrimage to Rome; she had seen the place before and carefully inspected it; the actual episode was simply a sign of familiarity, of one's knowing all about it, of one's having as good a right as any one else to be there. This was all very well, and Henrietta was restless; she had a perfect right to be restless, too, if one came to that. But she had after all a better reason for coming to Rome than that she cared for it so little. Isabel easily recognised it, and with it the worth of her friend's fidelity. She had crossed the stormy ocean in midwinter because she guessed that Isabel was unhappy. Henrietta guessed a great deal, but she had never guessed so happily as that. Isabel's satisfactions just now were few, but even if they had been more numerous, there would still have been something of individual joy in her sense of being justified in having always thought highly of Henrietta. She had made large concessions with regard to her, but she had insisted that, with all abatements, she was very valuable. It was not her own triumph, however, that Isabel found good; it was simply the relief of confessing to Henrietta, the first person to whom she had owned it, that she was not contented. Henrietta had herself approached this point with the smallest possible delay, and had accused her to her face of being miserable. She was a woman, she was a sister; she was not Ralph, nor Lord Warburton, nor Caspar Goodwood, and Isabel could speak.

"Yes, I am miserable," she said, very gently. She hated to hear herself say it; she tried to say it as judiciously as possible.

"What does he do to you?" Henrietta asked, frowning as if she were inquiring into the operations of a quack doctor.

"He does nothing. But he doesn't like me."

"He's very difficult!" cried Miss Stackpole. "Why don't you leave him?"

"I can't change that way," Isabel said.

"Why not, I should like to know? You won't confess that you have made a mistake. You are too proud."

"I don't know whether I am too proud. But I can't publish my mistake. I don't think that's decent. I would much rather die."

"You won't think so always," said Henrietta.

"I don't know what great unhappiness might bring me to; but it seems to me I shall always be ashamed. One must accept one's deeds. I married him before all the world; I was perfectly free; it was impossible to do anything more deliberate. One can't change that way," Isabel repeated.

"You have changed, in spite of the impossibility. I hope you don't mean to say that you like him."

Isabel hesitated a moment. "No, I don't like him. I can tell you, because I am weary of my secret. But that's enough; I can't tell all the world."

Henrietta gave a rich laugh. "Don't you think you are rather too considerate?"

"It's not of him that I am considerate—it's of myself!" Isabel answered.

It was not surprising that Gilbert Osmond should not have taken comfort in Miss Stackpole; his instinct had naturally set him in opposition to a young lady capable of advising his wife to withdraw from the conjugal mansion. When she arrived in Rome he said to Isabel that he hoped she would leave her friend the interviewer, alone; and Isabel answered that he at least had nothing to fear from her. She said to Henrietta that as Osmond didn't like her she could not invite her to dine; but they could easily see each other in other ways.

Isabel received Miss Stackpole freely in her own sitting-room, and took her repeatedly to drive, face to face with Pansy, who, bending a little forward, on the opposite seat of the carriage, gazed at the celebrated authoress with a respectful attention which Henrietta occasionally found irritating. She complained to Isabel that Miss Osmond had a little look as if she should remember everything one said. "I don't want to be remembered that way," Miss Stackpole declared; "I consider that my conversation refers only to the moment, like the morning papers. Your step-daughter, as she sits there, looks as if she kept all the back numbers and would bring them out some day against me." She could not bring herself to think favourably of Pansy, whose absence of initiation, of conversation, and of personal claims, seemed to her, in a girl of twenty, unnatural and even sinister. Isabel presently saw that Osmond would have liked her to urge a little the cause of her friend, insist a little upon his receiving her, so that he might appear to suffer for good manners' sake. Her immediate acceptance of his objections put him too much in the wrong—it being in effect one of the disadvantages of expressing contempt, that you cannot enjoy at the same time the credit of expressing sympathy. Osmond held to his credit, and yet he held to his objections—all of which were elements difficult to reconcile. The right thing would have been that Miss Stackpole should come to dine at the Palazzo Roccanera once or twice, so that (in spite of his superficial civility, always so great) she might judge for herself how little pleasure it gave him. From the moment, however, that both the ladies were so unaccommodating, there was nothing for Osmond but to wish that Henrietta would take herself off. It was surprising how little satisfaction he got from his wife's friends; he took occasion to call Isabel's attention to it.

"You are certainly not fortunate

in your intimates; I wish you might make a new collection," he said to her one morning, in reference to nothing visible at the moment, but in a tone of ripe reflection which deprived the remark of all brutal abruptness. "It's as if you had taken the trouble to pick out the people in the world that I have least in common with. Your cousin I have always thought a conceited ass—besides his being the most ill-favoured animal I know. Then it's insufferably tiresome that one can't tell him so; one must spare him on account of his health. His health seems to me the best part of him; it gives him privileges enjoyed by no one else. If he is so desperately ill there is only one way to prove it; but he seems to have no mind for that. I can't say much more for the great Warburton. When one really thinks of it, the cool insolence of that performance was something rare! He comes and looks at one's daughter as if she were a suite of apartments; he tries the door-handles and looks out of the windows, raps on the walls and almost thinks he will take the place. Will you be so good as to draw up a lease? Then, on the whole, he decides that the rooms are too small; he doesn't think he could live on a third floor; he must look out for a *piano nobile*. And he goes away, after having got a month's lodging in the poor little apartment for nothing. Miss Stackpole, however, is your most wonderful invention. She strikes me as a kind of monster. One hasn't a nerve in one's body that she doesn't set quivering. You know I never have admitted that she is a woman. Do you know what she reminds me of? Of a new steel pen—the most odious thing in nature. She talks as a steel pen writes; aren't her letters, by the way, on ruled paper? She thinks and moves, and walks and looks, exactly as she talks. You may say that she doesn't hurt me, inasmuch as I don't see her. I don't see her, but I hear her; I hear her all

day long. Her voice is in my ears; I can't get rid of it. I know exactly what she says, and every inflection of the tone in which she says it. She says charming things about me, and they give you great comfort. I don't like at all to think she talks about me—I feel as I should feel if I knew the footman were wearing my hat!"

Henrietta talked about Gilbert Osmond, as his wife assured him, rather less than he suspected. She had plenty of other subjects, in two of which the reader may be supposed to be especially interested. She let Isabel know that Caspar Goodwood had discovered for himself that she was unhappy, though indeed her ingenuity was unable to suggest what comfort he hoped to give her by coming to Rome and yet not calling on her. They met him twice in the street, but he had no appearance of seeing them; they were driving,

and he had a habit of looking straight in front of him, as if he proposed to contemplate but one object at a time. Isabel could have fancied she had seen him the day before; it must have been with just that face and step that he walked out of Mrs. Touchett's door at the close of their last interview. He was dressed just as he had been dressed on that day; Isabel remembered the colour of his cravat; and yet in spite of this familiar look there was a strangeness in his figure too; something that made her feel afresh that it was rather terrible he should have come to Rome. He looked bigger and more over-topping than of old, and in those days he certainly was lofty enough. She noticed that the people whom he passed looked back after him, but he went straight forward, lifting above them a face like a February sky.

HENRY JAMES, JUN.

TWO THEORIES OF POETRY.

"Lively boys write to their ear and eye, and the cool reader finds nothing but sweet jingles in it. When they grow older they respect the argument."

—EMERSON.

It has often been asserted that poets are seldom good critics, that there is something so incongruous between the fervent imagination of the poetical spirit, and the cool judgment of the critical, that they are rarely to be found united in the same person. But against this assertion it may be said that critics, especially critics of poetry, fail more often from a deficiency of imagination than from a superfluity of it, and that the two finest critics of all time were both poets—Goethe and Coleridge. And at this day we have among us Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, as living proofs of the possibility of combining the two functions. Mr. Arnold's place at the head of English criticism is beyond dispute, his poetic fame is also well assured; but Mr. Swinburne, though his poetical gifts are acknowledged without stint, even by those who have the strongest antipathy to his school of poetry, and to much of the contents of his poems, is as yet hardly recognised as an accredited critic. His style bounds onward with a wild ungovernable rush, instead of moving with the constrained and dignified paces befitting criticism; his thought is even less under control than his style, and his judgment, in the opinion of most cooler-headed persons, is not only liable to terrible aberrations strongly resembling hysteria, but on one subject is permanently unsettled. But in spite of all this, much of his criticism is so sympathetic, so deep-sighted, and so just, that we readily forgive his occasional misses in favour of the genuine ring with which he now and again hits the mark. Every one who has read his *Study of Shakespeare*, or his essays

on Ford, or Byron, or Coleridge, must feel that he has many of the higher qualities of a critic of poetry. One quality, indeed, which is an unfailing sign of a good critic, he possesses in abundance, and that is a wide toleration, the capability of appreciating poetry of the most different tendency to his own. He is as enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Arnold as he is in praise of Shelley. It has been said of Goethe that, especially in his latter days, he praised the works of other writers with so little discrimination, that praise from him was tantamount to a brevet of incapacity. But whoever said so said a very foolish thing. Goethe may perhaps have erred on the side of praise, but it was an error on the right side. It is the business of a critic to detect and make known to the world the good that is in a work, rather than the evil. The public are quick enough to find out the evil for themselves; it is the good that generally escapes them. The man whose sole activity consists in pulling to pieces a line here, or censuring an epithet there, now exposing a faulty rhyme, now turning up a loose construction, may be in an excellent way of earning his bread, but he has no more right to be called a critic than a weeder has to be called a gardener.

This largeness of sympathy characterises Mr. Arnold no less than Mr. Swinburne. Whether it be Homer or Chaucer, Wordsworth or Byron, Gray or Burns, who is the subject of his criticism, he can appreciate and help others to appreciate, their very different excellences. But here all resemblance between our two poet-critics ceases. With the exception of this one quality that they have in common; their criticism is as far apart as the two poles, or as their own poetry. And nowhere have we a better opportunity of studying them side by side than in

their respective introductions to the selections from Collins and Gray, in the third volume of *The English Poets*. Each introduction is eminently characteristic of the writer. The essay on Collins starts breathlessly with a sentence of over a hundred words, which no one but Mr. Swinburne could have penned. The introduction to Gray begins with a quotation from a letter by Gray's friend, the master of Pembroke Hall, in which occur the words, "he never spoke out," and this is made the text of the criticism :

"*He never spoke out.* In these four words is contained the whole history of Gray, both as a man and as a poet. The words fell naturally, and as it were by chance, from their writer's pen ; but let us dwell upon them, and press into their meaning, for in following it we shall come to understand Gray."

One need read no further to recognise Mr. Arnold's hand.

Mr. Swinburne, in his second sentence, speaks of the "fatally foolish and uncritical fashion of coupling the name of Collins with that of Gray." But whether the fashion be foolish or not, it is followed by both Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Arnold. It is interesting to compare their different verdicts. Mr. Swinburne, after praising Gray ungrudgingly as an elegiac poet, says that "it is not a question which admits of debate at all, among men qualified to speak on such matters, that as a lyric poet Gray was not worthy to unloose the latches of his (Collins's) shoes." But this is not decisive, for, as Mr. Swinburne says, "Whether a poem like Gray's *Élegy* be not superior to the greatest work of a lyrist is another question." It is a question, however, which he himself has no hesitation in deciding in the negative, for he assures us that "the muse gave birth to Collins ; she did but give suck to Gray." Now turn to Mr. Arnold's essay. His final verdict on Gray is as follows :—"Still, with whatever drawbacks, he is alone, or almost alone (for Collins has something of the like merit) in his age." On one point, then, it would seem that the two critics

are agreed, and that is the immeasurable superiority of Gray and Collins to the other poets of their day. It is because of this superiority, because they stand as it were alone, that their names are so often coupled together. But my present object is to compare not Gray and Collins, but the theories of their respective advocates with regard to the functions and aims of poetry. In Mr. Arnold's essay we find the following passage :—

"The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this : their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul. . . . The evolution of the poetry of our eighteenth century is intellectual ; it proceeds by ratiocination, antithesis, ingenious terms and conceits. This poetry is often eloquent, and always, in the hands of such masters as Dryden and Pope, clever ; but it does not take us much below the surface of things, it does not give us the emotion of seeing things in their truth and beauty. The language of genuine poetry, on the other hand, is the language of one composing with his eye on the object ; its evolution is that of a thing which has been plunged in the poet's soul until it comes forth naturally and necessarily. This sort of evolution is infinitely simpler than the other, and infinitely more satisfying ; the same thing is true of the genuine poetic language likewise. But they are both of them, also, infinitely harder of attainment ; they come only from those who, as Emerson says, 'live from a great depth of soul.'"

This is all very true, and it is admirably put, but there is nothing in it, except the way of putting it, peculiar to Mr. Arnold. Mr. Swinburne would probably agree with every word. It is when Mr. Arnold speaks of Gray's high qualities of mind and soul, of his learning, his critical penetration, his excellent seriousness, his pathetic sentiment, his sportive humour, and sums up by saying that in these he had the equipment and endowment for the office of poet, it is here that we get at the centre of Mr. Arnold's poetical theory. To that excellent seriousness or *σπουδαίον* which Mr. Arnold observes in Gray, we have already been introduced in the essay which forms the general introduction to *The English Poets*. It is this quality,

Mr. Arnold there tells us, that constitutes a classic, a poet of the very highest class, it is this quality that is so marked in Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, that is wanting in Chaucer and Burns. Now, though I demur to the statement that Gray, by reason of his seriousness, is a poet of a higher class than Chaucer or Burns, I fully admit the general doctrine. That seriousness or earnestness, the inmost conviction that "man and nature and human life," are subjects not to be passed over with light mockery, but to be lovingly and reverently studied, is one of the highest poetical qualities, a quality without which no poet can attain the highest rank, is, I believe, a great and indisputable truth. If it be true that "*genuine* poetry is conceived and composed in the soul,"—and what believer in the high mission of poetry will deny it?—how can it be otherwise than serious?

The doctrine that poetry should be serious is intimately connected with another doctrine of Mr. Arnold's, which was the prominent feature of his introductory essay to his selections from Wordsworth. He there says—or rather repeats, for he had said it before in his lectures on Homer—that poetry is the application of noble and profound ideas to life under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, or, more briefly, that poetry is a criticism of life. This doctrine has met with considerable dissent, chiefly, I think, on account of the word "criticism;" for, as I said above, there is supposed to be, and there is to some extent, a diametrical opposition between criticism and poetry. The phrase "criticism of life" is perhaps unfortunate, but the doctrine itself is none the less an important one. It teaches the close and intimate connection of poetry with life, that it is the function of poetry to be the mirror, not of one man's soul, but of the life of all men reflected through that soul.

Turn now to Mr. Swinburne's essay, and you find the key-note of his creed

in these words: "The first indispensable faculty of a singer is ability to sing;" for singer and poet are with him synonymous terms. Again he says, in conclusion, that Collins "*could* put more spirit of *colour* into a single stroke, more breath of *music* into a single note, than could all the rest of his generation into all the labours of their lives." But however highly Mr. Swinburne may value music and colour in poetry, and although he has occasionally given us poems in which there is almost literally nothing else, he of course holds that for the best poetry some other qualities are requisite. Being a man not much given to formulæ, or indeed to close reasoning of any kind, we must not expect from him a poetic theory so concise or so rounded as those with which Mr. Arnold from time to time presents us. But happily in one place—the essay on Mr. Rossetti's poems—he has told us what qualities he considers are of first necessity for the best poet. I will quote the passage:—

"In all great poets there must be an ardent harmony, a heat of spiritual life guiding, without constraining, the bodily grace of motion, which shall give charm and power to their least work; sweetness that cannot be weak, and force that cannot be rough. There must be an instinct and a resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcoming or malformation of thought or word; there must also be so natural a sense of right as to make any such deformity or defect impossible, and leave upon the work done no trace of any effort to avoid or to achieve. It must be serious, simple, perfect; and it must be thus by evident and native impulse."

This is perhaps a little vague, but the meaning is tolerably clear. A poem must be informed by ardent emotion, capable of both strength and tenderness; its workmanship must be perfect, and it must have all the appearance of spontaneity. Strong emotion, perfect workmanship, spontaneity—singing power is implied by the two latter—are then, according to Mr. Swinburne, the qualities of first necessity for a poet. There is one quality, it will be observed, which is here omitted, but which is generally con-

sidered to be of equal necessity with those mentioned. I mean imagination, which though closely allied to emotion, is distinct from it, and does not necessarily accompany it. Merely noting this omission for the present, I will proceed to consider the difference between Mr. Swinburne's theory as here enunciated and Mr. Arnold's. Not that Mr. Arnold would differ from Mr. Swinburne as far as he goes, but he would say that he does not go far enough. "I grant," he would say, "that strong emotion is at the root of all poetry; but for the best poetry the emotion must be of a certain quality. It must be the emotion, not of a wild, misty dreamer, but of a man of high qualities of mind and soul. The Celt has plenty of emotion, but beyond a few brilliant songs he has not made much way with poetry." Mr. Swinburne's creed, on the other hand, is that any emotion will suffice for poetry, provided it be deep enough to be sincere. Speaking of Shelley's poetry, he says truly "that it is a rhapsody of thought and feeling coloured by contact with nature, but not born of the contact;" and in his opinion Shelley is second or third among English poets. Indeed Mr. Swinburne's poetical preferences give us a better idea of his creed than any formal statement of it. According to him Collins is a greater poet than Gray, Coleridge than Wordsworth; Villon is below Dante, but hardly below Chaucer; Victor Hugo is in the same class with Shakespeare. Mr. Arnold's judgments on most of these poets are also before the world. He rates Collins below Gray, Shelley below Byron, Wordsworth next to Shakespeare and Milton among English poets, and above all Continental ones, except Goethe, since Molière. On Victor Hugo I do not know that he has ever sat in formal judgment, but he speaks of him, in his recent volume of *Mixed Essays*, as "half genius, half charlatan," and it may be safely predicated that he would put him below Alfred de Musset. Of the Greeks

his favourites, if we may take a sonnet written many years ago as a testimony, are Homer and Sophocles. Mr. Swinburne's are undoubtedly Æschylus and Sappho, with perhaps Aristophanes. Again, Mr. Swinburne has asserted "that it is certain that of all forms or kinds of poetry the two highest are the lyric and the dramatic;" but Mr. Arnold, mindful of Homer, would, I fancy, have something to say in favour of epic poetry—

"of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's
ring."

The mention of Homer reminds me that Mr. Swinburne hardly ever mentions him in conjunction with M. Hugo and the other chief masters of song. Is it only by accident, or is it because he lacks passion, because he is so supremely sane, that he is thus excluded? At any rate the omission is suggestive. It brings out more forcibly than anything the striking contrast between Mr. Swinburne's poetical creed and Mr. Arnold's. Mr. Swinburne's ideal poet is an impassioned rhapsodist, standing on a lofty sea-lashed rock, with his hair streaming to the wind, communing with the mighty forces of nature, and pouring forth wild musical words in praise of the eternal truths of liberty, fraternity, and equality—

"His raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear,
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Mr. Arnold's ideal is very different. Of broad thoughtful brow and calm unimpassioned demeanour, he mixes in the busy hum of men, with them and yet not of them, reading their thoughts with keen unerring scrutiny, and in sweet silvery tones, which fall like dew upon their inmost hearts, singing to them of life and light and culture—

"His even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old
age,
Business could not make dull, nor Passion
wild:
He saw life steadily, and saw it whole."

And Mr. Arnold's ideal is on the whole the true one. It is the human interest in poetry by which it makes its way in the world. When Gray expressed surprise at the popularity of his *Elegy* his friend Mason quoted to him the line—

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Mentem mortalia tangunt. Yes, that is the grand secret of the power of poetry. The deeds, the sufferings, the aspirations of men like unto ourselves, these are the things that are of supreme interest. And, above all, it interests us to know what men, better, nobler, more deep-sighted than ourselves, think and feel about the manifold phases of the problem of human existence. Must we not then agree with Mr. Arnold that the best poet is the poet whose application of ideas to life is the noblest and the profoundest? It is the mistiness, the incoherence of his ideas that make it impossible for Shelley, perhaps the most poetical spirit of all time, ever to be accepted as one of the world's greatest poets. It is his marvellous insight into human nature, his deep-probing, illuminating wisdom, that make Goethe the chief poetical figure that has appeared since Shakespeare. It is the helplessness of Victor Hugo in presence of the great questions of life that leaves him, the dawn of whose genius was of such supreme promise, irrevocably stranded on the shore of eternal childhood.

Poetry then, according to Mr. Arnold's theory, must be based upon a strong sympathy with human life, and an intelligent criticism of it. The want of this basis is the grave defect of much of the poetry of the present day, and especially of that school of which Mr. Swinburne, if not the head, is at any rate, the most conspicuous member. The work of this school, both in poetry and painting, has so often been criticised on the score of its want of connection with real life,

that on this point I need say but a few words. Mr. Swinburne has quoted with approval the axiom deduced by Mr. Arnold from the teaching of Greek criticism and poetry, that "all depends upon the subject," but in his own poetry he has most certainly forgotten it. The glaring poetical fault of much of his poetry, as of Mr. Rossetti's, is dulness, the dulness which comes from the choice of subjects which are of no interest to anybody. But inasmuch as all great human actions, all great emotions, all great aspirations, are interesting, the choice of subject which is open to a poet is a very wide one, and in spite of the Greek axiom, even more depends upon the treatment of the subject than upon the subject itself. It is chiefly Mr. Swinburne's contemptuous disregard of the eternal laws of reason and morality that makes such criticism of life as is to be found in his poetry so utterly valueless. When we find a man speaking of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* as "the most perfect and exquisite work of modern times," as "the golden book of spirit and of sense, the holy writ of beauty," or alluding to Théophile Gautier as "the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*," as if this mawkish and obscene piece of boyish bravado were his highest title to fame, we instinctively feel that whatever be the subject of this man's song, it will make us neither happier nor wiser nor better.

But, after all, the "criticism of life" doctrine is by no means universally accepted. There are many persons who in their heart of hearts prefer Shelley to Shakespeare, and to whom the "lyric cry" of a passionate, unhappy spirit is a greater thing than the most masterly grasp of the facts of human existence. There are few persons who do not feel the charm of the unearthly mysterious beauty of such a poem as *Kubla Khan*, and yet can it be said to have any human basis? But there is one quality which every poem, if it is to appeal to that

part of us to which only the noblest poems appeal, must alike possess, and that is imagination. Imagination is the spiritual eye, and if a poem fail to kindle it, though it may charm the senses or the intellect, it cannot touch the soul; and poetry which does not touch the soul is, it is needless to say, of quality below the highest. I have already noticed that Mr. Swinburne, in his statement of the qualities necessary to a poet, makes no mention of imagination. Of course it is not for an instant to be supposed that he really doubts the necessity of its presence—indeed, in his essay on Ford, he speaks of “pure imagination” as synonymous with “absolute poetry”; but at the same time it seems to me that the meaning he attaches to the term is different from that usually attached to it, at any rate since Coleridge’s day. For after saying that no writer of his age, except Massinger, has less imagination than Ford, his final verdict on him is “that no poet is less forgettable: none fastens (as it were) the fangs of his genius and his will more deeply in your memory . . . his work becomes part of your thought and parcel of your spiritual furniture for ever.” But I was under the impression that one of the surest signs of the presence of imagination in a work of art was this very power of impressing itself upon the memory. A comparison of this with other passages in which Mr. Swinburne uses the word “imagination,” suggests that he means by it rather the power of seeing a wholly ideal world than that of seeing the ideal in the real. He would, for instance, grant the possession of imagination to Shelley, and Coleridge, and Victor Hugo, but deny it to Browning, and Balzac, and Scott, who, in the proper sense of the word, have it in an equal degree. There are many excellent remarks in M. Taine’s *History of English Literature*, but I know none more excellent than this, that “Shakespeare’s imagination was complete: *all his genius is in this one word.*”

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“Imagination, which in truth
Is but another name for absolute power,
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And reason in her most exalted mood.”

The general fault of unimaginative poetry is that it is too abstract, too rhetorical; that it is, as Mr. Arnold would say, evolved in the wits. But Mr. Rossetti’s and Mr. Swinburne’s poetry is unimaginative, not because it is too intellectual, but because it is too sensuous. Poetry should be sensuous, it is true—we have Milton’s authority for it—but it should not appeal directly to the senses. “The plastic arts,” says Stendhal, “appeal to the imagination through the senses, poetry to the senses of imagination.” And this is at once the chief difference between poetry and all other arts, and the secret of poetry’s superiority. To deprive poetry of the benefit of her vantage-ground, and force her into an unequal combat with painting, is a wanton and senseless task, which cannot but end in disaster. The outward sensuous picture which painting presents is infinitely clearer, infinitely more satisfying to the senses, than anything to which poetry can attain; but the undercurrent of spirituality, the ideal intellectual beauty which it is the aim of all true art to reveal, this is the domain in which poetry soars supreme, while painting toils after her with earth-laden wings.

A noticeable feature in Mr. Swinburne’s criticisms is his fondness for finding resemblances between poems and paintings. Thus in the essay on Collins he compares him to Corot, Millet, Courbet, and Millais. Now it may not unfrequently happen that a poem and a picture may arouse similar emotions, or that some special power in a poet may be analogous to, and illustrated by, the same power in a painter. There is certainly a sort of calm grayness about Collins’s *Ode to Evening*, which is strongly suggestive of Corot. But a perpetual reference to painting to explain the qualities of poetry cannot but tend to confuse in the mind of the critic the never-to-be-

forgotten distinction between the two arts. To say that "Collins's *Highland Ode* has much in it of Millais, and something also of Courbet," is not not only far-fetched but a gross error. Even Millais' realism is far beyond what is permissible to a poet, but to compare Collins, "a born lyric poet," with Courbet, the high-priest of the hideous, is a compliment which the poet would hardly appreciate. If poetry is to compete with painting in the treatment of landscape, the teaching of Lessing, that poetry should deal with things in motion, plastic art with things at rest, has been all in vain. But it is not so. The poetical value of a line like

"And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,"

will always be accounted inferior to that of

"Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

I suppose no poet that ever lived had a surer eye for landscape, or a more consummate skill in describing it than Mr. Tennyson, and yet some of his more realistic descriptions of scenery strike one sometimes with a sense of wasted power. It is wonderful word-painting, but how much better colour-painting could have done it.¹

To talk of the "colour" of a poem seems to me as false as to talk of the colour of a sonata, or to call a picture a symphony. One art may be wedded to another, like poetry to music or to acting, or to both, as in the Wagnerian opera, or like architecture to sculpture, or music to dancing; but to jumble up one art with another, to lose sight of the peculiar functions and special advantages of each, to talk of music as if it were painting, and painting as if it were music, cannot but lead to hopeless confusion. Of course it is not contended that no notice should be taken in poetry of the colour of objects. Thomson's

"The yellow wallflower stained with iron-brown,"

¹ See Hamerton's *Thoughts on Art*: chapter on Colour-painting and Word-painting.

Spenser's

"Shakt his long locks coloured like copper-
wyre."

Mr. Tennyson's description of the fruit and flowers in *The Voyage of Maeldune*, and Keats's glorious picture of the "casement high and triple-arched" in *St. Agnes' Eve*, are all admirable in their way, but it is not the best way. Let a poem, if you will, be adorned here and there with these glowing gems, but it is no true praise to record as your chief impression from a poem, that it is full of colour.

But there is another art besides painting, with which poetry in much of Mr. Swinburne's criticism is apt to become confused. "He was a solitary song-bird," he says of Collins, "among many more or less excellent pipers and pianists." It is the music of Collins as well as his colour that makes him so dear to Mr. Swinburne. *The first indispensable faculty of a singer is ability to sing.* This is, as I said before, his favourite formula, and no one doubts the truth of it. That poetical feeling is not poetry has been said so often—it has been said by Alfieri, and Coleridge, and George Sand, and Ruskin—that it was hardly necessary for Mr. Swinburne to waste a page of scorn, as he does in his essay on Mr. Arnold's poetry, in confutation of Wordsworth's seeming paradox that

"Many are the poets that are sown
By Nature: men endowed with highest
gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine:
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

For it is only a seeming paradox. "Poet" is a word of many meanings. Its first meaning, the one which corresponds to its derivation, is that of "creator"—"creator of fact out of fiction," as Plato has it; and in this sense Cervantes as well as Shakespeare, Thackeray as well as Shelley, Balzac as well as Victor Hugo, are poets. But this is not the accepted meaning of the term. Poetry is ordinarily used in contradistinction not

to science, as Coleridge contended it should be, but to prose. And therefore Théophile Gautier is right in saying that there can be no such thing as a prose poem, that *Télémaque*, and *Réné*, and George Sand's idylls, full of poetical feeling though they are, have no right to the name of poems. A poet is an artist in verse, and in this, the ordinary meaning of the term, Pope is equally a poet with Shelley. But many persons contend that poets like Pope have no right to the name, because they are wanting in strong emotion, in true poetical feeling. They say that the name of poet should be confined to those who are not merely artists in verse, but have also feeling and imagination.

"L'art ne fait que des vers, le cœur seul est poète,"

says André Chenier, and this brings us to yet a third meaning, the meaning in which Liszt used it when he said, "*Schubert, le plus poète qui fut jamais!*" This use of "poet" and "poetry" is no doubt out of place in exact writing, like criticism, but it is common enough in ordinary speech, and Wordsworth properly avails himself of it to teach what, *pace* Mr. Swinburne, is an undoubted truth, that the most important element of poetry is its soul and not its body, the feeling and not the expression. In the noblest sense of the term a "dumb poet" has just as much right to the name as a versifier, or what Emerson, in his noble essay on the poet, calls a lyrist.

But, as I said, no one disputes Mr. Swinburne's axiom. The man of real poetical feeling, of strong emotions, warm sympathies, and swift imagination, will, if he can express himself at all in language, nearly always express himself musically. "No man can be a poet," truly says Coleridge, "who has not music in his soul." Of the intimate connection of music with emotion there can be no doubt.¹ And thus it comes that in most poets the expression varies with the matter;

¹ See H. Spencer, "On the Origin and Function of Music."—*Essays*. (First series.)

when the emotion is deepest, when the thought is most noble, the verse is most musical; when the thought sinks to commonplace, the verse halts in sympathy. But there are some poets whose power of expression—or rather of musical expression—is inadequate to what they have to express. In Mr. Swinburne's words, Mr. Browning has neither form nor voice, shapeliness nor sweetness; but no one can say that his verse is unmusical either from poverty of thought or lack of poetic feeling. So, too, there are other poets whose verse is most musical, but whose matter is wholly unworthy of the music. It is *vox et præterea nihil*.

It seems to me then that Mr. Swinburne lays too much stress on the prime necessity of music in poetry. Poetry, to be perfect poetry, must be musical, but music alone will not make poetry.

"We were ten maidens in the green corn,
Small red leaves in the mill-water;
Fairer maidens were never born,
Apples of gold for the king's daughter."

This, like everything Mr. Swinburne writes, is tolerably musical, but he surely will not say that it is poetry. Poetry must be capable of some meaning, but these verses have none. And this, I take it, is the difference between poetry and music, that poetry has a meaning and music has not, or in other words that poetry is thought coloured by emotion, music is pure emotion. It no doubt adds to our enjoyment of music to attach some sort of meaning to it, to weave into it an image or idea; and suggestions of a possible meaning are often received with gratitude; but nothing is more irritating than to be told that a given piece of music must necessarily have one meaning and no other. The same music may have, and probably has, a different meaning for every person who hears it, and it depends not only on the person, but on the mood. A rush of emotion, a quickening of all the spiritual faculties, a feeling as of being carried up to heaven, these are the inward effects of noble music; but it is all vague, and in the case of those

who have no knowledge of music as a science, the intellect does not take the least part in the enjoyment. But poetry ought to affect the intellect, it ought to have a meaning; for language necessarily implies thought, and poetry is language. One poem, and one poem only, do I know, the effect of which in its vagueness, in its appeal purely to the emotions and the imagination, may be compared with music, and that is *Kubla Khan*; but the exceptional circumstances under which it was written, and the fact that there is none other like it, at any rate in the English language, would seem to show that here as ever the exception proves the rule. Is there any other poem of which it can be said that the only true criticism is that of John Duncan, "It's very fine, but I don't know what it means"? No, as a rule, one looks for meaning in poetry.

The poet who has given the most practical effect to the doctrine of music in poetry is Edgar Poe. Struck with the beautiful harmony to be obtained by the use of repetition, and especially of that species of it called the Refrain, he deliberately made this the foundation of his poetry. And is not this nearly the whole of his poetical capital? There is indeed a sort of weird pathos in the *Raven*, but its chief beauty is the refrain. The *Bells*, too, gives me considerable pleasure, but it is a mere intellectual pleasure—the pleasure which successful imitation always gives. But *Ulalume* and *Annabel Lee*, are they anything but a senseless jingle? No, poetry is not to be made, like a pudding, from a recipe. Take a refrain, says Edgar Poe, composed of the finest sounding words to be had, add plenty of alliteration and repetition, flavour with a little sentiment, and serve as hot as possible. But it is the misfortune of poetry made in this way that it invariably comes up cold, and people like cold poetry about as well as they like cold soup. Edgar Poe's poetry is, in short, a solemn warning against making poetry by rule, against starting with a musical effect, and

then looking about for thoughts or emotions to match it. It is to the level of *Ulalume* that all poetry of this sort must at last sink. Mr. Swinburne's poetry has happily not sunk to this level yet, but it is in great danger of it. For all poetry in which the splendour of the versification is not sustained by the underlying emotion, in which the rhythmical effects are used so unsparingly, with so little concealment, that they become a mere trick, is in danger of this. Some of the most beautiful passages in poetry owe much, no doubt, to alliteration, but they do not altogether depend upon it, and they never suggest the feeling that the sense has been sacrificed to it. But is a line like this of Mr. Swinburne's—

"The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,"
anything but a mere string of adjectives beginning with "d"? Would not—

"The sad supreme still sunshine of the land,"

or,

"The mild mad melting moonshine of my verse,"

be equally poetical?

Collocations, too, like "windy and wintry," "flagrant and fragrant," "swimming and skimming," may be pleasing if introduced occasionally; but the trick is not a very subtle one, and it is easy to have too much of it.

This intense striving after musical effect, this want of concealment of the machinery of the versifier's art, is one feature of that general fault which Mr. Arnold in the preface to his poems finds with most modern poetry, the want of what Goethe calls *architectonice*, or, in other words, shaping imagination. Splendid single lines, abundant imagery, unfamiliar diction, that is what is too often considered as the test of fine poetry. But I hold with Mr. Arnold that the true test of a poem is the total impression. Is the impression, which the whole poem leaves upon one, that of a noble, serious, beautiful, objective reality,

informed with high thought and deep feeling, then let the diction be as simple as you please, let there be no luscious phrases, no divine cadences, it is a poem of the highest quality. It is the shaping imagination that is the supreme art-faculty. When once the artist has given shape to his conception in his mind, when once it stands out before his inward eye as a clear, visible, harmonious whole, he may say, like Menander, that his work is finished. The artist perfected by long practice, the man to whom expression, whatever form it take, has become a second nature, finds in the mere execution a matter of little difficulty. For the execution of the great masters of art is generally as simple as possible, and with the least possible waste of energy. There is no undue attention to detail, no striving after startling effects, no breathlessness, no excitement; over the whole presides perfect self-restraint and moderation. But this, I fear, is the very quality for which Mr. Swinburne has least respect. He says that Collins, in his scrupulous self-mastery of hand, so closely resembles Mr. Tennyson as once at least to provoke the same *doubtful sense of jealous and admiring demur*. And in his poetry he unmistakably exhibits his "jealous demur" to self-mastery. Surely five hundred and twenty lines is somewhat large measure for an ode, even though it be in honour of Victor Hugo. The other poems in the same volume, *Songs of the Springtides*, are of much the same length, and in his latest volume Mr. Swinburne is equally unsparing. Shades of Goethe and Heine, with your tiny rivulets of crystal song, what would ye say to this flood of lyric utterance? But I must not cite German poets to Mr. Swinburne. Rather let me appeal to him in the name of the Frenchman whom he so fervently admires, in the name, not of the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, but of the author of *Emaux et Camées*.

But of course self-restraint implies much more than mere brevity; it implies restraint of thought, re-

straint of power, restraint of imagery, and above all it implies an appreciation of that vital law of art, of that law which the Greeks so well understood, though it became a stumbling-block to their modern imitators, the law that all subjects are not suitable for artistic treatment. The repudiation of this law was the great error into which the Romantic movement in France fell, in its revolt against the trammels of a pseudo-classicism; but the law still holds good. The beautiful, and the beautiful alone, can be the subject of true art; and deformity, and monstrosity, and incest, and other things which shall be nameless, are unquestionably not beautiful. But a work of art must have beauty, not only of thought, but of form. And to beauty of form moderation is absolutely essential, a law which Mr. Ruskin has beautifully expressed by calling moderation the girdle of beauty. This was the great guiding principle of all Greek art, this is what gives to the Greek masterpieces, ay, and to their very slightest work, that marvellous appearance of calm repose, of the noble tranquillity of a strong man forbearing to put out his full strength. It is the absence of this quality which is so conspicuous a feature in the poetry with which I am now concerned. There is too much striving after effect, too much attention to detail, too much fancy, too little imagination. Mr. Lowell, in an essay on Mr. Swinburne's masterpiece, *Atalanta in Calydon*, says that the poem shows that poverty of thought and profusion of imagery, which are at once the defect and the compensation of all youthful poetry, even of Shakespeare's, and he adds, "it seems a paradox to say that there can be too much poetry in a poem, and yet this is a fault with which all poets begin." Now of poetry in the highest sense of the word there cannot be too much in any poem, but it is easy to see Mr. Lowell's meaning. He means that in the works of young poets, in such works as *Venus and Adonis*, or *Endymion*, there is too much fancy, and too little imagination. It

is only natural that the higher faculties should take longer to develop than the lower, that fancy, which deals only with sensuous impressions, should be at its perfection in youth, while the spiritual faculty of imagination should only come to maturity with the

" . . . years that bring the philosophic mind."

Another question which is subsidiary to that of poetical execution is that of diction, though it is too large a subject to go into here. As every one knows, one of the great services which the Romantic movement did to French poetry was the increase of the poetical currency, the restoration to the language of words lying neglected in the rich storehouse of the early literature. The great versifying power of Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier is in some measure owing to their consummate knowledge of their language, or rather of the dictionary, for it is of words rather than construction that they are masters. The dictionary was Gautier's favourite reading. It is no doubt well that a poet's stock of words should be as rich as possible, just as it is important that a painter should be familiar with every shade of colour. It is also true that the pleasure of poetry is greatly enhanced by the use of richly-sounding words; but, like everything else, this may be carried too far. Thoughts and feelings, not words, are after all the main business of poetry, just as form, and not colour, is the main business of painting. In Victor Hugo's earlier poems, especially in *Les Orientales*, the chief pleasure consists in the rolling volume of sound, and one cannot help feeling the want of thought behind it. Of course Wordsworth went too far when he contended that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and that of common life; but in Coleridge's criticism of this theory we get at the real truth of the matter. It is simply this, that poetry is the language of strong emotion, and strong emotion generally expresses itself in what is called excited language. But

poetry being an art, and the pleasure which is derived from beauty being consequently its immediate aim, this language must be, as it were, toned down and modulated by the artist so as to have a pleasing effect. The passionate cry of the poet's heart must be moulded by the artist's hand into a harmony of words glowing with beauty and imagination. But all this is quite consistent with perfect simplicity of diction. How some of the greatest and most poetical effects in the whole of poetry are produced by the simplest words, is too well known to need demonstration here. But Mr. Swinburne's own poetry can furnish us with instances that simplest poetry is the best. In his first series of *Poems and Ballads*, the verses to Landor and the little poem called *The Sundew* are exquisitely simple, and they seem to me of far higher poetical value than their more splendidly-attired brethren.

It is cruel perhaps to compare the poetry of living men with anything so dead as that of the post-Elizabethan poets, but there are many striking resemblances which force themselves upon the mind. Their poetry too dealt much with kisses, though the "kiss that stings" is, I believe, a purely modern invention. They too described with passionate fervour the minutest details of their mistresses' bodies. Crashaw, like Mr. Rossetti, carried his sensuality into the most spiritual themes. Donne and Cowley were masters of conceit, and ingenuity, and far-fetched metaphor. Carew and Waller were models of style and versification. And yet of the poetry of all these men—men who in their day were far more famous than any of Mr. Rossetti's followers are now—what is left but a few songs? I can only say *absit omen*.

I have, I fear, rather wandered from Mr. Swinburne's theory to his practice, but it is by his practice that a man's creed is best known; and if Mr. Swinburne had been a critic only, and not also a popular and productive poet, his theory might well have been left to itself. It is the activity of his muse,

the splendour of his gifts, the glamour of his genius, and above all the numerous disciples that he has attracted, that have prompted me to state plainly what I humbly conceive to be the fatal defects of his poetry. His genius has, I think, been greatly wronged by his excessive admiration for two men, Victor Hugo and Mr. Rossetti. The great Frenchman's stupendous powers, his marvellous variety, his untiring energy, his fervour, his patriotism, his perfect command of language and harmony, might well have blinded a less kindred spirit than Mr. Swinburne to his obvious defects; but the wealth of praise which Mr. Swinburne has lavished on Mr. Rossetti's poems, is, it seems to me, a singular instance of perverted judgment. I cannot agree with Mr. Swinburne that Mr. Rossetti's skill as a painter has not been injurious to his poetry. Rather, I should say, that to this very double spirit that has descended upon him may be traced not only his own defects as a poet, but those of the whole school. My estimate, however, is so very different to Mr. Swinburne's and to that of many other competent judges, that it is probably a mistaken one. I cannot, however, help my conviction that in Mr. Rossetti's poetry are exhibited in a primary degree all the main features of that poetical creed which I believe to be so fatal to the production of true poetry. It seems to me, therefore, a thousand pities that one so highly gifted as Mr. Swinburne should have felt such an attraction for poetry which cannot but have tended to confirm him in the path which he had already chosen. His latest volumes are, indeed, to use his own words, "clear from the pollution of that pestilence" with which his earlier poems, like Mr. Rossetti's, are tainted; but they show no nearer approach to vitality. To insure this, there is wanted a larger and saner view of life, a closer and more patient observation of man and nature, and, above all, a far greater measure of self-restraint, not only

in the choice and treatment of subject, but in the execution. Without such self-restraint, Mr. Swinburne will never attain to that perfection of form, that beauty of the whole, as distinguished from richness of detail, which should be the aim of every artist.

That without form no poetry can have vitality will hardly be denied, but if Mr. Arnold's theory be right, something more than form is required to make the best poetry. It is on this point chiefly that he and Mr. Swinburne are at issue, and it is on this point that his theory is most likely to meet with dissentients. That the noblest poetry is that which is the noblest criticism of life, is found by many to be a hard saying. I can only repeat that I believe it to be absolutely true. Milton has taught us the relationship of poetry to life, in saying that he who would write an heroic poem must lead an heroic life. But of far more avail than any precept is the evidence of positive fact. Whether Chaucer or Spenser, Gray or Collins, Burns or Keats, Wordsworth or Shelley, be actually the greater poet, it were hard to decide; but one thing is certain, that those of our poets whose fame has spread widest, whose influence has struck deepest root in the hearts of our people, are those whose grasp of the facts of life is the surest and firmest. Their names are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Burns; and time will surely add that of Wordsworth. Spenser, Keats, and Shelley are dear to every lover of poetry; they are probably the objects of a more ardent affection than that felt for any of their more widely-famed compeers; but they are "the poet's poets," their charm excites its subtle influence only on those who care for poetry as an art. The others will be read, so long as our language and our nation exist, by every Englishman who has one spark of human sympathy in his heart, one thought for the graver issues of human existence.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

I.

LADY! in this night of June,
 Fair like thee and holy,
 Art thou gazing at the moon
 That is rising slowly?
 I am gazing on her now:
 Something tells me, so art thou.

II.

Night hath been when thou and I
 Side by side were sitting,
 Watching o'er the moonlit sky
 Fleecy cloudlets flitting.
 Close our hands were linkèd then;
 When will they be linked again?

III.

What to me the starlight still,
 Or the moonbeams' splendour,
 If I do not feel the thrill
 Of thy fingers slender?
 Summer nights in vain are clear,
 If thy footstep be not near.

IV.

Roses slumbering in their sheaths
 O'er my threshold clamber,
 And the honeysuckle wreathes
 Its translucent amber
 Round the gables of my home:
 How is it thou dost not come?

V.

If thou camest, rose on rose
 From its sleep would waken;
 From each flower and leaf that blows
 Spices would be shaken;
 Floating down from star and tree,
 Dreamy perfumes welcome thee.

VI.

I would lead thee where the leaves
In the moon-rays glisten ;
And, where shadows fall in sheaves,
We would lean and listen
For the song of that sweet bird
That in April nights is heard.

VII.

And when weary lids would close,
And thy head was drooping,
Then, like dew that steepes the rose,
O'er thy languor stooping,
I would, till I woke a sigh,
Kiss thy sweet lips silently.

VIII.

I would give thee all I own,
All thou hast would borrow ;
I from thee would keep alone
Fear and doubt and sorrow.
All of tender that is mine,
Should most tenderly be thine.

IX.

Moonlight ! into other skies,
I beseech thee wander.
Cruel, thus to mock mine eyes,
Idle, thus to squander
Love's own light on this dark spot ;—
For my lady cometh not !

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION OF FAITH.

THE paper to which these few words form a preface was the last work of the Dean of Westminster ; indeed, the proofs were actually corrected by him during his fatal illness. It closes the long list of articles and poems with which he has honoured this Magazine since he first sent his description of "The Ammergau Mystery in 1860." Amongst other things characteristic of his genius, it contains his last plea for toleration, comprehensiveness, and liberty of conscience ; and his last attempt to defend one whom he thought unjustly dealt with. It contains also his final allusions to the place which was the scene of his labours and his pleasures for eighteen years, with which his name will always be connected, and in regard to which nearly his last intelligible words were those of satisfaction that he had done his work at Westminster, and was dying there. It wants only the touches and emendations which he would have given if he had been able to see it again, and which he was never tired of adding to his articles.

The announcement of his death has already filled the newspapers with eulogies on his public character and achievements. But alas ! how little do these reach the real feelings of those who loved him best. It is those who knew him, as the writer was privileged to do, for more than a quarter of a century, still more those who were with him at Rugby and Oxford, all his really intimate friends, who have lived almost daily on his affection, his forbearance, and his wisdom,—it is those and those only who can feel—for they cannot adequately tell it—what is buried in Arthur Stanley's grave. To these no words almost can seem great enough to express their loss. It is as if the mainspring of the watch had stopped, and we were left suddenly without our unfailing guide, monitor, and champion in all the most momentous daily matters of life. The warm, quick reception which was never wanting ; the look that instantly brightened at one's approach ; the thin outstretched hand, always ready with a clasp such as few could give ; the sound advice ; the unfailing resource ; the unerring memory ; the scorn of everything base or inaccurate ; the absolute simplicity ; the perfect confidence in his friend ; the exquisite breeding ; the delightful humour ; the encouragement which never deserted one under the most difficult circumstances ;—these were the things which his friends will strive to remember him by.

His learning, his style, his wide views, his quick eye to welcome likeness under difference, his charity to those who varied most essentially from him—these, thank God, are enshrined in his books, and may be read there by those who never knew the man. But the personal qualities which made him so different from every other great character, so absolutely unique in English society—which I have endeavoured to sketch feebly and hurriedly, while the press is waiting—these have gone into the tomb with him, and we, to whom they were as the light of day or the necessary air, are left

"To wander on a darken'd earth
Where all things round us breathe of him."

July 21, 1881.

G. GROVE.

THE Westminster Confession of Faith is a document of more interest than most Englishmen ascribe to it, with the origin of which they have more con-

cern than they often think, and which still represents the creed of a large portion of their fellow-countrymen.

I. The very name is significant. It

proceeded not from Scotland, not from Edinburgh, but from the English Parliament, and was drawn up in the Jerusalem Chamber, in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, under the sanction of the only authorities in Westminster that then existed for ecclesiastical purposes. It is the only Confession of Faith which was ever imposed on the whole of the United Kingdom. The Thirty-nine Articles never extended beyond the limits of Berwick-upon-Tweed, but the Confession of Faith reigned with undisputed supremacy for ten years, under the authority of Parliament, from Cape Wrath to the Land's End. The Confession was first founded on a version of the English Articles.¹ The Scottish divines were not contented with this, but succeeded in getting a committee appointed of six Englishmen with themselves on May 9, 1641. The result of this was finally submitted to Parliament May 11, 1647. The House of Commons went through it article by article, beginning on May 19, 1649, but were interrupted by the disputes with the army, and the House resumed its labours in October, when they discussed a chapter every Wednesday. They finished on March 22, 1648, and published it on June 20, 1648, as "Articles of Religion,"² approved and passed by both Houses of Parliament after advice had with an assembly of divines called together by them for that purpose." It was afterwards adopted by the Scottish Parliament and the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.³

II. Another circumstance is, that it is the only Protestant Confession of which we have any detail as to its composition, and as to the influences which prevailed. Indeed it may bear

comparison in this respect even with more celebrated Confessions in former times. The origin of the Nicene Creed is very imperfectly known to us. We know the stratagem which occasioned the introduction of the Homoeousion. We know also, though it is admitted reluctantly, that after one hundred years it was dropped by far the larger portion of the Christian Church, and is now only used in remote heretical communities in the East. The history of the Constantinopolitan Creed is still more obscure. We know not precisely when it originated, and we can only form doubtful conjectures as to the enunciation of its particular clauses. The Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon are indeed fully known to us; their proceedings, their violence, their screams, the influence of the Imperial Commissioners, the attempt to brow-beat those who would have opposed the majority, are all handed down to us with singular fidelity by the stenographers of the time; but these Councils added nothing to the creeds of the Church, unless it be the case that the Creed of Constantinople was itself produced for the first time at Chalcedon. The Council of Trent and its decrees almost amount to a Confession of Faith. Still they are not actually so; and there again, whilst we know tolerably well the sinister influences of the majority and the nobler efforts of the minority in that assembly, there is little which specially bears on the declaration of the creed of the Roman Church. Of the history of the Thirty-nine Articles we know almost nothing; except for the interpolation of particular passages and the omission of others, a mystery surrounds that venerable document as complete as if it had descended from heaven like the image which fell down from Jupiter. But the Westminster Assembly was held in the blaze of day. The Scottish Commissioners came up in November, 1641; and one of them has given us a detailed account of the appearance of the assembly. They sate, in order, on the right hand of the Prolocutor. There was a special place reserved

¹ In Neal's *History of the Puritans*, Appendix 7.

² This title, instead of "Confession of Faith," was carried by eighty-one to forty-one. Chaps. xxx., xxxi., xx. 6, xxiv. 6, and part of 4, were omitted by the English Parliament. Schaff, *On Creeds*, pp. 71, 758.

³ The Scottish Parliament and Assembly added the Catechisms and Directory. But they have no authority.

for the public to come in and out, in the void left between the well-known fireplace and the door. The Prince Palatine was present, and "heard the Erastians with much delight, welcoming their opinions for country's sake."¹ Selden was there, "coming as the Persians used, to see wild asses fight." "Perhaps (he would say) in your little pocket Bibles with gilt leaves (which they would often take out and read) the translation may be thus, but the Greek and Hebrew signifies thus and thus." Lightfoot, the greatest Hebraist of the time, and of like Erastian opinions with Selden, was there also.² The pressure of the Scottish army helped forward the acceptance of the Scottish theology, and according to its withdrawal or its nearness the rigidity of that theology was relaxed or stiffened. "If by any means we could get these our regiments, which are collected here—60,000, even 16,000—marching, we might win both the malignant party, and the sectarians, and the blessing of God in a short time. The only strength of both these is in the weakness of our army. The strength, motion and sweep of that army in the opinion of all here is for our certain and quick conversion. It is our only desire to have the favour of God, and hear of the speedy march of our army."³ "Mr. Henderson's hope is not great of their conformity to us before our army is in England."⁴ "I do not see how you are likely to do so much good, as in this matter, if once we put our army the length of Newcastle."⁵ "With this point we propose not to meddle until it please God to advance our armies, which we expect will much assist our arguments. Had our armies been but once 15,000 men in England, our advice would be followed quickly in all things."⁶

¹ Whitlocke's *Journals*, 126, 129.

² His notes on the Assembly are very disappointing. They are only remarkable as containing no account of the contest between Selden and Gillespie, of which Hetherington makes so much.

³ Baillie's *Letters*, ii. 27. ⁴ *Ibid.* ii. 104.

⁵ *Ibid.* ii. 116. ⁶ *Memoir*, p. civ.

A tradition which is now represented in the painting of the Westminster Assembly on the walls of the Jerusalem Chamber represents that the divines contended so earnestly and ineffectually to obtain an accurate definition of the Divine Being that they resolved to seek by prayer guidance in their arduous task, and they resolved that their prayer should be pronounced by the youngest member in the Assembly. The youngest member in the Assembly was, according to English tradition, the younger Calamy—according to the Scottish tradition, Gillespie. He rose and prayed, and before he had finished the invocation of the Supreme Being on their labours the Assembly rose, and with one voice declared that this invocation would serve for the definition, which is now incorporated in the second chapter of the Westminster Confession. It is interesting to reflect that a great part of the doctrinal faith of the Confession is due to Reynolds—author of the General Thanksgiving in the English Prayer-book—afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

III. I now proceed to the Confession itself. It will be observed that we are met on the threshold by variations of subscription similar to those which have perplexed our own Church. There is that general subscription which requires that the ministers of the Church of Scotland should sincerely own and believe the whole doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith. "The *whole* doctrine!" this is the very expression, only more forcibly expressed, that has been adopted by the Church of England in the modified form of subscription⁷ which now exists in the English Church—the whole and not the particular parts—the effect of the whole, and not the effect of every word and sentence. It is to be observed that amongst the United Presbyterians adhesion to the Confession is further qualified by two statements which do not exist in the adhesion

⁷ See the essay "On Subscription," published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1881.

of the Established or the Free Church. They are—

“Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the Word of God and the only rule of faith and practice? Do you acknowledge the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms as exhibiting the sense in which you understand the Holy Scriptures? and do you resolve by Divine Grace to adhere to the doctrine contained in the said Confession and Catechism, and to teach and defend it, it being understood that in doing so you express no approbation of anything in those documents which teaches, or which may be supposed to teach, compulsory or persecuting and intolerant principles in religion?”

This modification, or addition, or subtraction from the subscription required from ministers of the Established Church, and adopted without alteration by the Free Church, is not without significance. The first, regarding the Scriptures, goes far beyond; the second, by its apparent exception of compulsory or persecuting or intolerant principles in religion, throws some light on the passages which by the Established and the Free Churches are taken without reservation, or at least with only such reservation as is implied in the acceptance of the whole doctrine as distinguished from the particular parts which I before noticed. There is yet one further modification of the subscription, which occurs in the Act of Assembly approving the Confession of Faith, August 27, 1647:—

“The assembly doth bless the Lord and thankfully acknowledge His great mercy in that so excellent a Confession of Faith is prepared, and thus far agreed upon in both kingdoms, which we look upon as a great strengthening of the true Reformed religion against the common enemies thereof. But lest our intention and meaning be in some particulars misunderstood, it is hereby expressly declared and provided that the not mentioning in this Confession the several sorts of ecclesiastical officers and assemblies shall be no prejudice to the truth of Christ, in these particulars to be expressed fully in the directory of government. It is further declared that the assembly understandeth some parts of the second article of the thirty-first chapter only of kirks not settled or constituted in point of government; and that although in such kirks a synod of ministers and other fit persons may be called by the magistrate’s authority and nomination,

without any other call, to consult and advise with about matters of religion; and although, likewise, the ministers of Christ, without delegation from their churches, may of themselves, and by virtue of their office, meet together synodically in such kirks not yet constituted, yet neither of these ought to be done in kirks constituted and settled; it being always free to the magistrate to advise with synods of ministers and ruling elders, meeting upon delegation from their churches, either ordinarily, or being indicted by his authority, occasionally, and *pro re nata*; it being also free to assemble together synodically, as well *pro re nata* as at the ordinary times, upon delegation from the churches, by the intrinsic power received from Christ, as often as it is necessary for the good of the Church so to assemble, in case the magistrate, to the detriment of the Church, withhold or deny his consent; the necessity of occasional assemblies being first remonstrated unto him by humble supplication.”

This passage is not without importance, because it shows the dissatisfaction which the Scottish members entertained in the reign of Charles the First to the large and generous terms on which the Confession is based, and to which I shall afterwards refer. Every one of the points on which they insist in this Act of Assembly, we can have no doubt was studiously and of set purpose omitted in the Confession of Faith. It is important to observe that the Westminster Confession is the only legal Confession of the Church of Scotland. Edward Irving has written of it in very disparaging terms, and “postponed” it, as his expression is, to the earlier Confessions. But he adds, “we must bow to the awards of Providence, and make the best use of them.” In other words, he would have preferred the earlier Confessions, as some Englishmen might prefer the “Erudition of a Christian Man,” or the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. But the only authoritative form, both in the English and the Scottish Churches, is the latest.

IV. We now come to the actual contents of the Confession. We must not overlook its peculiarities. Unlike the Nicene and Constantinopolitan Creeds, it is flushed with all the ardour of individual conviction. It is something like what Matthew Arnold says

of the Athanasian Creed—it is the Nicene Creed ruffled by a dash of temper. The Thirty-Nine Articles, although at times giving way to something of an emotional colour, present still on the whole a dry, calm, and sober document. The Confession of Faith is throughout rhetorical, argumentative, and, so to speak, theological, whereas all the other documents are, as a general rule, merely legal. This opens the way to considering at once its merits and demerits as a confession. First, let us consider its good parts—the parts in which it is superior to the Confessions, Byzantine and English, which we have named. In the first chapter, describing Holy Scripture, whilst it maintains with the Sixth Article its exclusive authority, it enters into a much larger and nobler description of the sacred volume than is to be found either in the Tridentine or the Anglican Confessions, and which is not to be found at all in the Nicene or Constantinopolitan Creeds. We may particularly specify the fifth section of the first chapter, which reveals the true ground of our acceptance of the Bible, and asserts, in a word, the supremacy of the internal evidence of it:—

“We may be moved and induced by the testimony of the Church to a high and reverend esteem of the Holy Scripture and the heavenliness of the matter—the efficacy of the doctrine, the majesty of the style, the consent of all the parts, the scope of the whole (which is to give all glory to God), the full discovery it makes of the only way of man’s salvation, the many other incomparable excellences, and the entire perfection thereof, are arguments whereby it doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God; yet, notwithstanding, our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth, and divine authority thereof, is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the Word in our hearts.”

Another passage is that to which I have already referred—the definition of God in the second chapter:—

“There is but one only living and true God, who is infinite in being and perfection, a most pure spirit, invisible, without body, parts, or passions—immutable, immense, eternal, incomprehensible, almighty, most wise, most holy, most free, most absolute,

working all things according to the counsel of His own immutable and most righteous will for His own glory; most loving, gracious, merciful, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin; the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, and withal most just and terrible in His judgments, hating all sin, and who will by no means clear the guilty.”

Contrast the glowing words of this passage with the First Article of the English Church, which has but one word to imply the moral excellence of the Supreme Being—“goodness,”—“Infinite power, wisdom, and goodness.” Contrast it still more with the Athanasian Creed, in which there is not one single word (except the incidental use of the phrase “Holy”) which could imply that the Divine Being who is there described was the goodness more than tongue can express, or was a being dark with the qualities of a Vishnu, a Siva, a Kali, or a Typhon. Contrast it with the Nicene and Constantinopolitan Creeds, where there is but one expression which conveys anything to us of the moral or intellectual qualities of divinity, viz., “Light of Light.” As regards the moral character of the Supreme Being, these two venerable documents are as dark as though they had been the statement of the death of Julius Cæsar, or a description of some arithmetical calculation. The Apostles’ Creed bears a moral complexion in the concluding clauses. But these are not found in the Nicene or the Constantinopolitan Creeds.

The same observation may be extended to the description of the Lord Jesus in Chapter viii. Section 3, of the Confession. It describes the Lord Jesus as “having in Him all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, in whom it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, to the end that, being holy, harmless, undefiled, and full of grace and truth, He might bethoroughly furnished to execute the office of a mediator.” These excellent expressions have no parallel in any of the earlier Creeds to which I have referred. It has been said that all such moral descriptions of the Divinity are out of place in a Christian Creed. But it

cannot be forgotten that the only definitions of God which occur in the Bible are of this character: "God is love," "God is light," "God is a Spirit," "God is righteous," "God is merciful."¹ It cannot be forgotten that the Four Gospels are full of the beneficence, the gentleness, the justice, and the wisdom of the Redeemer's life and teaching; and that if that life and teaching either omitted these passages, or contained the reverse of them, Christianity would be wholly different from what it is. Any Confession of Faith that insists upon this is therefore far more like the original creed of Christianity than Confessions which omit them.

We come now to the third chapter, "Of God's Eternal Decree." Of the metaphysical statement concerning the great doctrine which is here set forth, we will reserve what we have to say to a later occasion, but we may observe that it is remarkable how in this chapter there is a description, perhaps for the first time, of that valuable and important doctrine which has coloured so deeply all the philosophy and religion of our time, the value of second causes—"Neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creature, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established." In another and a higher sense the First Cause has taken the place of second causes in our modern philosophy. But it is not less certain that the acknowledgment of the existence of second causes is the turning point of the difference between an earlier and later statement of Divine truth.

In this third chapter occurs a passage with regard to the effects of the redemption—"Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, or saved, but the elect only."

This is the expression on which some of the most spiritual members of the Church of Scotland stumbled

forty years ago, and of which the rigid zealots of that time took advantage to drive out of the Church many saintly souls in her communion. But looking at this statement calmly, and after an interval of forty years, it is hardly possible to conceive that the doctrine which it contains, however scholastically and crudely expressed, could be objected to by any human being. What is it? It is that the effects of Christ's redemption, by which must be meant whatever effects Christianity has produced in the world, are only applicable to those chosen souls whom God has caused to walk faithfully, uprightly, and justly in the way of His commandments. This is the only election which Christians can recognise, and this is the election of which alone the Westminster Confession need be understood to speak. We do not now take into account the coarse and extravagant views that may have been put forth, but of the truth itself which these words imply. We do not speak of the possible effects of the Divine Grace in redeeming and sanctifying and regenerating even the very worst of men that we meet with in this life—on that this article in the Confession does not touch, and it lay beyond its scope; but even of those we would say that if in some future time the grace of God should touch and recall those spirits to a better sense of God's love and their own divine vocation, then this truth as set forth in the Confession would include them within the number of God's elect, and they would be in the last resort "justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved" by Him. Universalism may or may not be true; but, if it be true, it must be understood to mean that all mankind are saved, not from the punishment, but from sin itself. In other words, the effect of Christ's death, as of all other benefits of Christianity, is limited to those who by their moral conduct are worthy of receiving them. I remember that on a certain occasion Dr. Candlish, who will not be accused of any laxity in respect of this doc-

¹ In the English Articles the only passage which bears on the subject is in the Fifteenth Article, "Of Christ alone without Sin."

trine, stated as it seemed to me quite unanswerably, that when we look over the world and see the vast number of characters on whom no effect is produced by the Christian religion, it was impossible to say that to them the Christian religion had been productive of any advantage whatever. This is the true doctrine of the Westminster Confession, and by that all reasonable men, who are not dead to the moral sense, must be prepared to abide. The expressions which are used in the Westminster Confession, though longer and more rhetorical, are precisely similar to those contained in the English Articles.¹ Much indignation has been expressed at the phrase, "Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how He pleaseth" (Chap. x. 4). And it is asked, What is the fate of reprobate infants? But exactly the same difficulty occurs in the English Prayer-book. "It is certain, by God's Word, that children which are baptized, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved." What of children who die unbaptized? Are they undoubtedly damned? The language of the Tenth Article of this chapter, on the Fate of the Heathen, however open to question, is almost exactly identical with the English Eighteenth Article.

"The Atonement."—This expression, familiar as it now is, and offensive as it would be for any one to be supposed to doubt it, never occurs in any part of our formularies, except only once in the Prayer for Rain, where it speaks of the Jewish sacrifice made by King David. It occurs as applying to the death of Christ nowhere in any part of the Authorised Version except only in Romans v. 11, and from that place it has been carefully dislodged

¹ "Predestination to Life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) He hath constantly decreed by His counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom He hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour."

by the present Revisers. But neither are the ideas connected with it in the way of substitution or the like to be found in any part of our Prayer-book or Articles, or in the Westminster Confession. Once only, in the Second Article, Christ is spoken of as having died "to reconcile His Father to us." This expression—which was inserted in an insidious manner into the Pastoral Letter and Confession of Faith issued by the First Lambeth Conference, against which Bishop Ewing contended in vain, and which Bishop Thirlwall defended on the ground that it must be divested of any special meaning—this expression occurs nowhere in the Westminster Confession. The phrases which it uses concerning the death of our Saviour are such as every one could admit, from Professor Jowett to Professor Maurice, through all the various shades of opinion which they represent:—

"The Lord Jesus, by His perfect obedience and sacrifice of Himself which He, through the Eternal Spirit, once offered up unto God, hath fully satisfied the justice of His Father; and purchased not only reconciliation, but an everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven for all those whom the Father hath given unto Him."

The phrases may not be precisely what we should have chosen, but they are free from the objections which exist to the anti-biblical statement in the Second English Article. It is also to be observed that there is almost nothing in the Westminster Confession corresponding to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

V. We come now to the parts in the Confession to which real objection may be taken: but on these two general remarks are to be made. First, the Westminster Confession, unlike the Thirty-nine Articles, unlike any other Protestant Confession, has the proofs from Scripture appended in each case to the words that are used—as much as to say, Here are our proofs, insufficient or sufficient, as you may think them, to the English Protestant. The English Parliament insisted on the Assembly's insertion of the texts. We will give two instances of the effect

produced by this. In chapter ii. there is the usual statement of the scholastic doctrine of the Trinity, and we are referred to 1 John v. 7: "For there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." This we may say is the only one of the texts in the note which distinctly enters into the proof of the scholastic doctrine as it is given in the text. Every one knows that this passage is now expunged from the New Testament, and its place knows it no more. It would be a natural inference that any scholastic form professing to be based on a text which has disappeared has no real existence in the nature of things. Again, in chapter viii. the scholastic doctrine of the divinity of the Second Person in the Trinity in its Patripassian form is likewise referred to passages in Scripture. Of these there are only two which bear on the scholastic as distinguished from the Biblical sense of that doctrine—Romans ix. 5: "Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever." This passage in the Revised Version has a long marginal note affixed to the text, which, as every one knows, is amply borne out by fact, and entirely deprives the text of any polemical authority. The other text is, "God was manifest in the flesh." Here again a reading which was unknown to the Ancient Church, which the Vulgate had entirely omitted, but which according to the corrupt readings of modern times had obtained an extraordinary prevalence, has been now struck out of the Revised Version.

The second general remark would be that we must apply, in common sense, to the Westminster Confession the same rule which we apply to every confession that ever was produced. They each speak of the particular parts of the truth, or supposed truth, which occupied the age when they were compiled. The old confessions of the Christian Church make no mention

whatever, for example, of the duties of man to man; they are entirely occupied with the relations of the Divinity; we must take into account that this was their object. In like manner the Westminster Confession was drawn up, no doubt, by hard and stern men, who took the harsher and darker view of human nature, and of the Divine nature which was prevalent at that time. "We have had long and tough debates on the Doctrine of Election, yet, thanks to God, all is gone right according to our minds."¹ It is a view which we hold, or do not hold, according to our varying moods of temper, and according to the dispositions of cheerfulness or of depression which weigh upon us. Sometimes the world seems entirely dark; man's power to reform it seems reduced to almost nothing; we are swept along as by an irresistible decree. Sometimes we take a livelier and more cheerful view; we look upon ourselves as having the will and the energy to redress the evils which lie before us, and all seems bright and happy. These two views are placed before us by Guizot in his *History of Civilisation* as the Augustinian and the Pelagian. They co-exist in human nature; they co-exist still more in the writings of theologians. Of these views the first was held by the majority of divines in the Westminster Assembly; it was the view of Thomas Carlyle; it was the view of Jonathan Edwards; it is the view, I believe we may say, of Professor Huxley; it was the view, in its more cheering and inspiring aspects, of William III., and of a gifted cavalry officer during the charge of Balaclava—"Every bullet has its billet." It expresses itself again and again in the striking letters of Colonel Gordon in Africa.² "It is a veil cast over the face of God; the veil indeed beautifully embroidered, but still a veil." (Edward Irving, i. 645.) But this is true of all confessions. It is the

¹ Baillie, ii. p. 325.

² Baillie, ii. pp. 144, 192, 211, 213, 225, 226, 231, 308.

view which, whether we call it Resignation or Fatalism, lies at the basis of the Mohammedan religion. We may sympathise or not sympathise with it, but we must acknowledge that it has a foundation in fact, and that fact the Westminster Confession expresses, being by the very nature of the case but a one-sided delivery of truth, in the same way as the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds were one-sided deliverances also. One point should be observed in which the Westminster Confession at first sight appears more explicit than English formularies, and that is as to the eternal condemnation of the wicked. That doctrine is upheld, but it is almost always expressed in the words of Scripture, and for the words of Scripture the Confession refers, as in the other passages already mentioned, to particular passages which we must be at liberty to explain in the sense of those original passages.

There are only three questionable statements which seem peculiar to the Confession. (1.) One is the doctrine of the two governments established by Our Saviour in the Church. It is however very faintly expressed, and is very far indeed from the doctrines of the Covenanters and the Free Church, and of English High Churchmen. "The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of His Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of Church officers, distinct from the civil magistrate." There is nothing said of any particular kind of government, nor of the degrading identification of "Christ's kingly rights," with the independence of this or that body of clergy from the control of the civil government. (2.) Another passage is in the twenty-fourth chapter in condemnation of the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. "The man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own." It is curious that this practice, so vehemently objected to by many English

divines, should be condemned not by the Articles or by the Prayer Book, but by the Confession of a neighbouring Presbyterian Church. (3.) The third statement, to which just exception might be taken, is that contained in the twenty-fifth chapter, that the Pope is the "man of sin." These are the only statements to which any English churchman could demur as going beyond the boundary of his own Articles. On all other matters there is no ground for exclamations of rejoicing—"God, I thank Thee that I am not as this Presbyterian!" We have much more call to say, "God, be merciful to us sinners, whether in the Presbyterian, Anglican, Lutheran, Roman, or Greek Churches."

VI. We now proceed to various excellences not of commission, but of omission. It was noticed by the keen eyes of the Scottish Presbyterians, in the Act of Assembly of 1646 which has been already quoted, that the Confession of Faith contained not one word of those doctrines which are the very marrow of the Solemn League and Covenant, and the very essence of Scottish Presbyterianism in the seventeenth century. The English statesmen had been too much even for the canny Scotsmen. It is curious that whilst Baillie and the Scottish Commissioners were intently set on having their forms of Presbytery recognised in England, they omitted to obtain that guarantee for the Confession which alone could have made it of perpetual obligation. "We have been in a pitiful labyrinth these twelve days about ruling elders—we yet stick into it."¹ In the twenty-fifth chapter, which alone bears on the subject, there is not one word to indicate that Episcopacy, or the government of Deans, Archdeacons, Bishops, and Archbishops, is unlawful—not one word to signify that government by Presbytery, or lay elders, is the only lawful or desirable government for the Church. It declares that "particular churches

¹ Baillie, iii. 125.

are more or less pure according as the doctrine of the Gospel is taught and embraced, ordinances administered, and public worship performed more or less purely in them." This is the very essence of Christian toleration and philosophy—it is the very reverse of those precise and exclusive doctrines which some Englishmen and some Scotsmen would claim for their peculiar forms of government. The English Thirty-nine Articles on the whole are elevated by the same lofty adaphorism as that which penetrated the Westminster Confession, but the preface to the Ordination Service contains expressions which dangerously trench on the exclusive privileges of Episcopacy in a way in which no similar expressions can be alleged in the doctrine of the Scotch Church with respect to Presbytery. Again, the doctrines of absolute spiritual independence, which are so strenuously upheld by the Free Church, and also implied in the Solemn League and Covenant, are almost wholly absent from the thirty-first and twenty-third chapters of the Confession. The twenty-third chapter expressly states in the strongest manner that the civil magistrate "hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the Church; that the truth of God be kept pure and entire; that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed, all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed. For the better effecting whereof he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the mind of God." This probably is amongst those passages which called forth the modification which we have already noticed in the subscription of the United Presbyterians; but it would be curious to know how any member of the Free Church who received the Confession without such modification

would receive this solemn and sweeping assertion of the right of the Court of Session, or the Prime Minister, or the Queen, or the Lord High Commissioner, to be present in their general assemblies, and "to provide that whatsoever was transacted in them" should be "according to the mind of God." "According to the mind of God"—that is a very wide declaration. It is a doctrine which is directly at variance with the statement which we often hear now made in the English Church, that no one but the spiritual courts ought to decide spiritual doctrines; but it was a doctrine which in the seventeenth century was believed and maintained, not only by the Church of England, but by every branch of the Christian community throughout this realm, except the Independents. Erastianism, the hated doctrine which caused a future Cardinal's blood to boil, and which is the terror of the Cameronian virago in *Waverley*, but which was the doctrine of Hooker, Falkland, Selden, and Cromwell, was still predominant in England. "'Erastian' is the word which vexes us most. It is the prevailing sect here."¹ "The most of the House of Commons are downright Erastian; they like to work, and are more cool than all the sectaries in England. Selden is their head. He avers everywhere that the Jewish State and Church was one, and that in England it must be that Parliament is the Church."²

The Westminster Confession, in matters of Church government, is (with one slight exception) an Erastian document, and represents the noblest and wisest school of Divines at that time.

VII. "The Sabbath."—Much folly has been talked on this subject by individual Scotsmen; but they derive no countenance from the moderate, gentle, and wise language of the Westminster Confession. It confines itself to this statement: "This sabbath is then kept holy unto the Lord when men, after a due preparing of their hearts

¹ Baillie, ii. 316. ² *Ibid.* ii. 277.

and ordering of their common affairs beforehand, do not only observe an holy rest all the day from their own works, words, and thoughts about their worldly employments and recreations, but also are taken up the whole time in the public and private exercises of His worship, and in the duties of necessity and mercy." It is true that in the seventh section of the twenty-first chapter, and in answer 120 in the Larger Catechism, there is an expression referring to God's creation of the world in six days, and of rest on the seventh, but even this is far more moderately expressed in the Catechism itself, and both of them together are not nearly so strong as is implied when every English clergyman reads the Fourth Commandment with the reasons for its observance, not from Deuteronomy, but from Exodus, in the Communion Service. There are many reasons derived from history, from geology, from poetry, which justify, or may be held to justify, the English clergy in a wise liberty in reading these passages, but we cannot forget that if there be any bondage in the matter, the bondage of reading the Fourth Commandment is heavier than that which exists for any member of the Church of Scotland.

There is yet another omission. It is one which leaves open the whole field of Biblical criticism; it is one which leaves the case of Dr. Robertson Smith entirely outside the Westminster Confession. The words of the Confession are these:—

"Under the name of Holy Scripture, or the Word of God written, are now contained all the Books of the Old and New Testaments, which are these

"All which are given by inspiration of God to be the rule of faith and life."

"The Old Testament in Hebrew (which was the native language of the people of God of old), and the New Testament in Greek (which at the time of the writing of it was most generally known to the nations), being immediately inspired by God, and by His singular care and providence kept pure in all ages, are therefore authentic; so as in all controversies of religion the Church is finally to appeal to them."

There is not one word to say who is the author of any particular book—whether one or many—at what age any book is written—whether it is historical or parabolical—with what object it was written. It is the same with the Thirty-nine Articles. When the question arose first in England with *Essays and Reviews* and the Bishop of Natal, there was much astonishment to find that the authorized standards of the Church of England had nothing to say about the points in dispute. The mass of the clergy and less educated laity almost stamped and gnashed their teeth to find it so. Eleven thousand clergy protested against the decision, and a distinguished body of laymen, including the very highest in the political world, thanked those who voted against the decision. But they beat the air in vain, for the Church and the law were alike impervious to their cries. Not one word could they produce of a decision or a shadow of a decision on any disputed point of criticism, and in point of fact it was decreed by the Supreme Court of Appeal that there was none.

So it is in the case of Dr. Robertson Smith. Let any agree or disagree with his book. But there is not one syllable in it that conflicts with the Westminster Confession. And therefore, as far as the statements of the Church of Scotland and of the Free Church are concerned, he is absolutely free to say what he likes, and if the Free Church Assembly has deposed him from his chair, it might just as well have deposed him for having travelled in Arabia, or for being a good mathematician. And his remedy is in his own hands. He is accused of having broken his contract. He has not broken his contract, and he knows that he has not broken his contract. It is the Free Church Assembly which has broken the contract. Whether he desires to enforce the contract which has been thus broken is not evident. But if he does the Court of Session could certainly interfere. It would interfere if he had been deposed for the

reasons which I have named—his having travelled in Arabia, and his being a mathematician; and this charge is not more irrelevant than those. I quote a passage from a Free Church lawyer, written some time ago, which is decisive on the subject:—

“The *favor libertatis*, which is an attribute of law, would plead in this case very strongly. A man who could enter the Church under the statutory Creed might be repelled by any doctrinal utterance which the Church had added to it; and, according to some of the cases decided, such an injury, especially if it lead in result to distinct loss of status or money, is a sufficient ground for the civil courts being set in motion in the matter at the instance of the party aggrieved.

“Besides, not only does the addition to a Church's Creed shut out numbers from it, but it imperils the safety of those who are already inside. At present the Westminster Confession, as established by law, seems to be a protection against the accusation of heresy to all who do not contravene it. The erecting of another permanent Confession alongside of it, or subsidiary to it, would enlarge the area of opinions condemned by authority and liable to censure. The more the matter is considered, it seems plain that the Church can no more add to the Confession of its faith than it can subtract from it.”¹

“What would be the answer of Crispus and Gaius and the other elders of the ‘Church of God which is at Corinth’ before Gallio? Unless they had wholly lost the spirit of their Apostle, who said, ‘I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged,’ but who thought himself happy to stand there in presence of King Agrippa, because he knew the king ‘to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews,’ they would have accepted the challenge with the utmost alacrity. And their defence as Jews would be not only that they worshipped the God of their fathers,

believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets, but that they *alone* clave to the promise to which their twelve tribes, instantly serving God night and day for so many ages, had hoped to come, and that it was their opponents who had apostatised from the central hope, for the cherishing of which the nation existed and the synagogue was built. The proconsul could hardly refuse to decide a simple question of property. Yet the question of property (or use) in this case could not well be settled without deciding first the whole great question of Church identity, which Paul argues in many a fiery page.”²

It is possible that the Scottish people do not care sufficiently for such matters to insist on justice being done. It is possible that the injured parties may be so afraid of the effect on their Church or their party that they will not invoke the civil court. But if they do, there is no doubt that the Assembly must bow to the law, and the law must decide in favour of the Westminster Confession, which has pronounced no opinion as to the question at issue, and which therefore acquits Dr. Robertson Smith.

A. P. STANLEY.

Westminster, July 13, 1881.

NOTE.—I take this opportunity of mentioning that the lettersigned “Anglicanus,” which appeared on the subject of Dr. Robertson Smith in the *Times*, was not mine. I have not for some years written under that name, which has been taken by some one else.

¹ *The Law of Creeds in Scotland*, by Alexander Taylor Innes, pp. 189–190.

² *Ibid.* p. 331.

THE "MILITÄR WOCHENBLATT" ON THE ARMY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THAT the condition of our Regular Forces at the present moment, whether as regards their composition, their organisation, or their training, is not only most unsatisfactory, but affords grounds for grave apprehension in the event of their being required to take the field in any quarter of the globe, is admitted by nearly all military men. It is idle, however, to expect self-reform in a profession whose members must necessarily and rightly regard unquestioning obedience to authority, and silent acquiescence in orders, as virtues to be sedulously cherished. Moreover, plain speaking, both in the naval and military profession, involves such risk to the speaker, that on questions of reform, sailors and soldiers alike are more or less reticent. Until therefore Englishmen generally can be induced to regard the efficiency of the national forces, for the maintenance of which they pay so heavily, as a question of personal interest to themselves, and about which they have a right to be heard; and until public opinion can be relied on to aid the Government in adopting drastic measures, it is hopeless to expect much improvement in the present state of the Army.

If there be a time when true patriotism lies in concealing the weak points in the national armour, so there is a time when true patriotism lies in their exposure. So long as our possible foes believe us to be stronger than we are, it is in accordance with the dictates not only of common sense, but of the lessons of military history to accept the reputation of strength, even if we are conscious of weakness. Such a reputation frequently forms no small part of what is known as "prestige"; and prestige alone not seldom carries the day. So long as an army enjoys prestige among other nations, even unworthily, it would be little short of criminal to undeceive them;

but the moment prestige is gone, it is ostrich-like, it is suicidal, to ignore the fact of its disappearance. A nation which claims to be great will, recognising the fact, set at once to work to meet the danger. How then stands the army of Great Britain as regards prestige at the present moment? Were an English officer to answer the question unfavourably, he might by many be regarded as a pessimist, a grumbler, a croaker, for the English people have a belief in the power of money to achieve any result; they believe it will buy anything, even military success; they point triumphantly to the past and are willing to adopt the same procedure in future; they cheerfully pay the bill for our irregular wars, shutting their eyes wilfully to the lamentable, discreditable way in which the army has perhaps "muddled on" to eventual success. But the occasion may arise when money will prove powerless, and time be wanting for "muddling on." We purpose therefore to lay before the readers of this Magazine a view which has lately been put forward on this subject by a foreign military critic. Some of our contemporaries have from time to time published the opinions of foreign writers who seem to have studied the question closely, but such criticisms were the productions of irresponsible individuals. The criticism we append appeared a short time ago in the *Militär Wochenblatt*, a semi-official German military periodical, to which we have, it should be pointed out, nothing analogous in our own newspaper literature. The *Wochenblatt* is, we believe, circulated among all the regiments in the German army, an army in which there are also two other military periodicals specially intended for the non-commissioned officers. It is warmly supported by the

Ministry of war, and the writers of its articles are often men holding responsible positions. That a criticism so humiliating as the following to the self-respect of the British nation should be allowed circulation in a semi-official publication, is a fact the significance of which must strike all who read it. Whilst on some points the critic may be unjust and may have made exaggerated statements, yet there is on the whole quite enough truth in the criticism to compel us to regard its publication with anxiety; but we at the same time cherish the hope that a perusal of it will contribute in no small degree to convince Englishmen of the urgent necessity of immediate reform in military matters.

"It is an undeniable fact that the English army is not in a satisfactory condition at the present moment. The defeats it has recently suffered in South Africa and in Afghanistan must convince the most prejudiced Briton of the truth of this assertion. We do not think we are going too far in saying that, in its present condition, the armies of the Continent have very little to fear from it, at all events not in the first four months of a war—and in the present day wars are decided in four months.

"Doubtless, if a foreign power were to consent to announce to the English Government on the 30th March, for example, 'We will attack you on the 1st August,' it would meet with an uncommonly vigorous resistance, and would perhaps be defeated; but, until war actually threatens, the English Government will neither make up its mind to spend the necessary money, nor display the necessary energy so urgently needed. Nor will the officers either lay aside their traditional *far niente*, nor the men be educated (*ausgebildet*) in practical military exercises. It is, indeed, a wonderful fact that the English, who are looked upon as a practical nation, have an army which can only be called a most unpractical military tool.

"Anybody who lives a few months

in England and mixes with the officers of the army will be convinced of this; a number of them know generally very little of military matters, and even take a certain pride in the fact, considering it their object not to become efficient soldiers, but to do as little duty as possible. Officers like their regiment to march well in line, and to be full of well set-up soldiers, but the real education of the men is a matter of indifference to them. We have repeatedly heard it said: 'Our colonel is ruining the regiment, he lets the men drill in loose order, and practises out-post duty and shelter trenches, instead of letting them have a steady march past.' Luckily, however, for the officers we have named, and not less so for the Boers, there are not many such active regimental commanders in the English army.

"Since this spirit prevails among the officers the men naturally take their cue from them. They also look down with contempt on every military exercise which serves no parade purpose. Thus, as soon as an attack is practised they get out of the hands of their leaders, and neglect the most elementary rules of this style of fighting. We cannot resist the conviction that skirmishing, such as we had an opportunity of seeing at Aldershot, does more harm than good. The soldiers pay little attention to natural cover, and do not even try to conceal themselves, but choose in preference the most comfortable spots. Their superiors, however, never think for a moment of altering this state of affairs. The only good skirmishing we saw in England was done by the Volunteers, whose method of fighting in extended order is far superior to the Regular Army, and who invariably perform their duty with great zeal, and very often with great skill.

"As regards the general staff it undoubtedly numbers in its ranks many officers of high mental capacity, thanks to the Staff College, which has contributed greatly towards raising the standard of their education and training. Nevertheless, the most extra-

ordinary mistakes occur as soon as the smallest task is undertaken out of the ordinary routine.

"The gross blunders in connection with the occupation of Cyprus are fresh in every one's memory. We are afraid that neither an Army-Corps nor even a division can be sent out of England without the greatest confusion; for even when a regiment moves from one garrison to another, it not unfrequently happens that a portion of the baggage or some of the men go to the wrong place.

"It is easy to discover a partial explanation of this want of management. At the annual inspection of regiments a number of parade movements are called for, and an inspection of the interior economy. With regard to the latter, however, as a rule nothing whatever is done. The inspection report is favourable or the reverse, according as the parade movements have been well or badly performed. Is it not, then, natural for commanders of battalions to devote their time to those exercises by which their efficiency is gauged, and not to occupy themselves with those which are never called for at inspections, though they may be acknowledged to be of far greater importance in modern warfare?

"This is only one example of the manner and style of doing duty; we could instance many more, but refrain for fear of appearing unfriendly.

"We have expressed our opinion freely and openly about the present condition of the English Army, before touching on the recent reforms, because we believe that until a totally different tone pervades their method of doing duty, and a desire for real soldiering takes the place of playing at soldiers—until then, we say, it is of small importance whether captains are retired at the age of forty or forty-three, or whether the militia uniforms are assimilated to those of the line or not.

"It may be inferred from the foregoing remarks that we are persuaded that it is not so much that the Card-

wellian system is bad in itself, but that the way in which it has been carried out is faulty; we fancy, too, that this is the opinion of the present War Minister, since his projected reforms for the Regular Army are more apparent than real.

"We need not trouble ourselves much with that which concerns the officers, and will only remark that it seems that the hardships of compulsory retirement are rather to be postponed than abolished. The main point of the reforms is undoubtedly the alteration which has been made in the period of service. Instead of the previous service of six years with the colours and six years in the Reserve, a man is to enlist in future for seven years with the colours, to be extended, if he is on foreign service, to eight years. Therefore, in India a man will always have to remain eight years with the colours.

"These alterations in the period of service have arisen, no doubt, in consequence of the strong predilection which exists in the army for long service, a predilection which has recently found an able champion in Sir Frederick Roberts, the conqueror of Candahar. We doubt whether, in all probability, the result will in the end be very different, the more so as the War Minister, Mr. Childers, has announced that the men in regiments serving in England would be encouraged to pass from the active army to the Reserve after only three or four years' service, provided, of course, that there was no prospect of their proceeding shortly on foreign service. We consider this provision judicious, but it will hardly meet the taste of the old school. It is, however, undoubtedly certain that without this provision the Reserve would become very weak numerically, and that the English Army would make a considerable step backwards towards the state of affairs in 1869.

"The next point in the reforms to which we will turn is that the minimum age for enlistment has been raised from eighteen to nineteen years,

and—what in our opinion is more important—it has been laid down that the doctors shall only pass those youths whose physical development tallies with the latter age. Until now the recruit had only to swear that he was eighteen years old in order to be accepted, though his appearance proved that he had perjured himself. We happened on one occasion to see some thirty recruits together, of whom at least half-a-dozen appeared to be no more than sixteen. Under previous regulations recruits were often sent to India directly after their enlistment; but in future no recruit is to be sent to a hot climate who has not attained the age of nineteen and a half.

"The question which presents the greatest difficulties in every large army—that of non-commissioned officers—occupies a prominent position in the plan of reform. The proposed measures appear to be conceived in a liberal and far-seeing spirit, and well adapted to accomplish their object. Without doubt, in any other country, the pay and advantages enjoyed by the English non-commissioned officers would attract to their ranks the pick not only of the lower, but of the middle classes. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that much more depends on non-commissioned officers in the English army than in the German, for in the former the colour-serjeants are, in fact, the company chiefs, and are only controlled by their respective captains. The non-commissioned officers have obtained other advantages from Mr. Childers, besides a considerable increase in pay, which they will probably value still more; for example, the right, in the case of a serjeant, to re-engage for a further term of nine years, after twelve years' service, after which further term he will receive a pension or have the right of serving in the Militia. Thus, a young man who selects the army for his calling, provided he does not misbehave himself, has before him a

military career for twenty-one years, after which time he can join the Militia of his own district, where he will find many comrades from his own regiment. In the Militia he has an easy life for the greater part of the year, and need not leave his country except in the case of great national emergency.

"We do not feel justified in pronouncing an opinion on the reforms which affect the Militia and Volunteers; they may be good or bad according as they are adapted to the character and customs of the English people. Both Militia and Volunteers can be so little compared with any army organization with which we are acquainted that we must refrain from expressing an opinion about them. Still we maintain that every measure which has for its object the closer union of the Army and Volunteers should be hailed with joy. We have, indeed, heard officers in England ridicule the Volunteer movement. Our opinion is that the English Army has already learnt some useful hints from them, and might learn many more.

"In conclusion, we cannot consider the new reforms other than good, and they appear to be the result of earnest consideration. Provisions written on paper, however, will not suffice to accomplish their object—they must be carried out with energy and the same ability with which they were conceived. On this score we are a little doubtful. Up to the present time reforms have been introduced into the English army for the most part without due energy or decision. If our neighbours on the other side of the Channel wish to avoid a repetition of the defeats they have suffered, they will do well to take to heart the lessons received at Isandula, Maiwand, and Majuba, and exert all their energies to carry out the reforms which are inevitably necessary if the army is to maintain its reputation."

SOAP SUDS.

EVERY day there arise cries from the great city which reach very far, but sometimes not far enough, or in transmission become inarticulate, only leaving the impression that somewhere some one is in distress—some one whom we would help if we could, if we knew from whom the cry came. And in those instances, where the cry is only too articulate, a call of crime and wrong and death, have not you felt a sharp, bitter pang shoot through you, as you thought of what might have been; of the time when a little patient help and sympathy might have made all the difference in the life which, as you lay down the newspaper, you know has reached its goal of shame and death?

It is one of the most sorrowful mysteries in this strange world why this should be; but what I would now urge is, that this being so, no one should neglect any opportunity of that sympathy which is often salvation to us men and women. You know you can give it if you will—first in actual words; and there is the sympathy of service, of money, of prayer. And all this is needed. If one throws oneself into but one part of a life, it opens upon one such a vista of sorrow, life beyond life in a very seething mass of pain and wrong, that, half-dazed and crushed, one would in despair shut one's eyes, close one's ears, turn round and go back, if one could.

To stand by is impossible, but go on, join the procession; you will find an order which from a distance you could not see; it is not merely a miserable, confused mob, it is a procession moving on up the altar-steps of God; and into it thousands are pressing, finding as they do so a strange power and consolation; and as you march along with them, a

member, and necessarily in some degree a sufferer, you will to your surprise recognise words in what before was only a distant cry, and indescribable harmony in what is yet but a discord. Slowly you will grasp as a little child spells out a word that the chant of the procession is "God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."

But if we would hear this ourselves we must work. We must draw, gather the millions of the wrong-bearing and wrong-doing into the procession, and perhaps in no other way can we join it ourselves.

Of one such effort going on now, an effort of a few to help in one corner of this city where help is sorely needed, I want to tell you, that in some way or other you may strengthen the workers.

In November I went to spend a day in a very respectable part of London, in the region of semi-detached villas, crescents, and squares of stuccoed houses, with suggestions of trees and sentries of poor lopped poplars. And behind all this? Dead men's bones. Those are the words that came to me and remained with me throughout the day. For truly you could not desire anything more cleanly and satisfactory than that region of London, and yet just behind, round the corner, is such vice, misery, and filth, as could not be equalled, or at least surpassed, in the lowest dens of East London. No doubt it is the close contrast which throws the badness into such sharp relief, and gives such a sickening sense of hollowness. For you must know that here are rows and rows of lately built six-roomed houses, fitted up for well-to-do people who can appreciate the use of a cupboard, and pride themselves on

shelves glistening with the glories of the crockery world ; but these imaginary citizens never came, and the empty houses filled with other folk. Each house, instead of receiving one family, received its six or more, and with the china and brooms, pots and pans of the Châteaux en Espagne, the cupboards and shelves never made a nearer acquaintance. Instead, they became a mortuary for everything that had had its day, and when the groaning cupboard could receive no more, further burying grounds were found in the floors under the boards by those who had the extra advantage of renting the parlour rooms. I think I need hardly dwell any more on the physical advantages of this neighbourhood ; and now as to the people.

I was landed at a corner of a particularly bad street at a coffee and lodging house, exactly opposite to a public-house. First I was shown over the premises—the lodgers' rooms, the sitting-rooms, the eating house, the kitchen, and all its appurtenances. Very clean and simple—very, very plain—some would think almost rough. Then, when the shop window had been arranged, and everything prepared for the twelve o'clock customers, we had our luncheon, so as to be quite free for serving and looking after the people, who soon began to arrive, some carrying away soup or hominy, a slice of beef, or suet roll, as the case might be ; others sitting down to enjoy their dinner by the fire, the men in one room, the women in another. The women's room was very full—not of customers ; I think only three really sat down to eat a dinner ; all the other young women and girls herded round the fire, having nothing to do, as work was very slack, and having no money to buy dinners with. Spasmodically though, one or other of them would rush away and return with a saucer of hominy or perhaps a halfpenny-worth of potatoes, and then treat some favoured members of the circle, dabbing a spoonful of the sop into the hands of her friend, who licked it up as

comfortably as a dog. Sudden flights into the street seemed to be natural, as if they could not bear the restraint of a roof for more than a certain length of time, though they keenly appreciated the fire, and told me that before "the lady" had come to them and given them a place to sit in, "it was real miserable." They had nothing to do out of work hours but "to go about drinking with the chaps." "And orgin dancing," added another. They were all very communicative, and expected me to be so too, and greeted me in a manner that was, to say the least, frank, and also, fortunately for me, very flattering ! "Come in ! you're a new one ! you're a lovely one ! Who's she ?" turning to my hostess. "Well, we don't like all as we see ; some is funny, and we don't like them funny ones, but you're real lovely. Sit down, do, and talk to us, and tell us what you do and where you live, and what's your family, and 'ow many servants you keep, and then we can tell 'ow rich you are." So down I sat and got through my examination pretty well. There were various interruptions ; first, a violent argument arose between two rather in the background as to my name, which, rising higher and higher, was settled by a kick and a cuff, and "Won't yer be quiet, Betsy ? We can't 'ear what she's sayin'." Then another sprang forward with "Lor, what a necklace ! let's look at it, my dear ; I wants to feel it." It was duly tried on by one and all, and when returned to me I was told to "go on again." "She don't wear a Piccadilly," came next from a girl sitting in front of me, pointing at me with her thumb over her shoulder. "No, more she do ; don't you like Piccadillies ? The lady don't neither ; she likes us to put our 'air back—that's why Annie and Polly 'ave theirs so ; but they can shake it out." "And we do if we're put out," and Annie instantly verified the statement, and, with two energetic shakes, down came a thick mane over her forehead. This was the Piccadilly !

In ten minutes or so the gathering in my sleeve struck a certain most observing Polly, and if silks can feel, it must have been a five minutes of pride to my old black garment while they criticised, discussed, and admired, until again I was bade to go on. Their deductions from all that I told them were highly amusing, and showed a wonderful amount of shrewdness. Three of them had been to service—only three; and of them two had run away after three days and two days experience. The third, whom I will call Rosina, had lived once with a family “as kept four.” “Lor!” exclaimed the audience, in a chorus of admiration; but when they found by careful cross-examination worthy of a great counsel, that our household was larger, they sniffed at poor Rosina, and said—“Lor! your father must be rich!”

Soon they began to wish to talk themselves, and I had no need to turn examiner, for a word here and there kept them going as they told me of their lives. For a few minutes the babel was rather overpowering, but at last one girl took the lead, and I will hand on her story, though it will be flat without the incessant notations of the other girls, who, whenever their individual experiences differed at all from those of Polly, made very energetic errata, generally ending with “Yer lie, Polly!” And now for Polly’s story.

“We all works in laundries; now work’s slack, and we’ve only ’ad a day and a ’alf, and ’ere’s Friday. The season’s our time. I began at eleven with minding the ’ead woman’s baby, and when she was asleep I cooked a bit, or ’ad a turn at carrying anythink as ’ad to be carried; or some days I’d be doing nothink, and then I seed all as went on, from the stewing and soaking to washing; not the fine things though—the ’ead ones do them—but the rough ’uns, and I comed to ’elp in the rough washing, and very rough that were—and so you goes on. And then there’s the drying and ironing, and hairing, and folding, and

packing; and unpacking to begin with, Mondays, and marking all as isn’t marked, and sorting into fam’lies, and all that. It’s pretty tough work I can tell you; but you gets well paid when you’re a ’and at it and folks are in town. I’ve never been to service, and wouldn’t if I was paid for it!” “Nor would I! I’ve ’eard as ’ow you gets murdered in service, I ’ave,” put in Betsy. “I won’t go to service again, not I! Lor! they keeps jawing and jawing at yer. I didn’t stay three days and off I cut,” announced Annie. “And so did I,” said another, “but I was sorry too. It vexed them *that* at the ’ome as I wouldn’t ’ave done at no price. You know that ’Aberdasher Place¹ at ’Oxton—a fine place that—and they never jaws you there. The lady sent me, and they got me a place after a bit—but lor! it was jaw, jaw, and so——” “Look ’ere,” interrupted Polly, “I said I’d never go to service, but you remember me if ever you wants a laundry-girl down at your place—and won’t I keep them lively! just about! I wouldn’t go *anywhere*, and I wouldn’t stop there if they jawed. Now we’ve nothing to do, and the lady lets us sit here. This is a fine place here, only (with a wink) she’s mighty particular—she won’t stand our words, and lor! isn’t she down on a song or two! but she never jaws, not she—and we like her, I can tell you, her and t’others; and she can’t abide our orgin dancing and drinking about with the lads. Sometimes we does still when any one jaws or she’s down on us. Till she came, and all of them, we ’adn’t nobody, and we just got on no’ow. Then she came, and that was in t’other ’ouse, and read to us and talked, and then we ’ad an eatin’ ’ouse, and then they got this un—and it was opened, and lor! you should ’ave seen the carriages; it was fine! And we ’ad a lovely entertainment like anythink. And at Christmas, didn’t we ’ave a treat and prizes for

¹ Haberdashers’ Hall, Pitfield St., Hoxton, Servant Girls’ Home.

all, and Father Christmas came. And Bank 'Olidays, she 'as entertainments. You comes in for fourpence, and 'as tea, and then we girls dances; and then we goes over there in t'other rooms in t'other street, and the entertainment begins at eight; and don't it fill just! The postman came and sang *Pinafore* once, and didn't we sing the chorus just! She always gives an entertainment Boxing Days and Bank 'Olidays, and its ladies *and* gentlemen, and it's just about full."

Here ended Polly's story, for it was time to clear out the rooms and wash up and re-arrange for the afternoon and evening.

The girls helped with a will, and soon everything was in order for the hardest part of the day's work, the hours from five to eleven P.M., when the women come in for teas and suppers, and the men call for soup to carry away. There are the virtually homeless young women in the classrooms to be amused, and if possible taught something, and kept away from the streets; and finally, tired out lodgers coming in late to be attended to, tea kept for them, and peace and order to be maintained with an unceasing strain of tact, judgment, and firmness. All this is work.

The evening went very fairly well in the mysteries of needlework, cutting out, and making; and song after song was sung, with now and again an attempt at the contraband, which "the lady" stopped immediately, though she was sometimes assured, "Lor, now! *that* song ain't nothing. Now if it was one of t'others as you 'adn't nothing to say to! But lor! what's there in . . ." and the contraband burst forth anew. "Betsy!" "Lor, there! I'd better go out in the street." "All right, Betsy;" and Betsy—stayed where she was! Then "the lady" opened the harmonium and played waltzes, and accompanied the *Muffin Man*, and kindred ditties, in the midst of which my summons came, and I left with invitations to come again, "for you're a reg'lar Bridget."

The next day I heard from "the lady."

"I wish you had been here until the end of the evening; sundry characteristic things happened. Mrs. Stones (the Mission Woman) sent for me before we had finished our supper-rest, to quiet the girls for naughty songs. I had to turn Jemima out, who was very wrathful and stood making grimaces in at the window. (Not at me! I was afterwards informed.) She came next morning with her 'Piccadilly' well in her eyes, to mark her disapproval of my conduct; but she soon sent an imploring message to be let in. She had nowhere to go to, Polly said, and if she did not come here must go 'drinking with the chaps down Ridley Road;' so after some lecturing she was forgiven, and worked vigorously to clean the shop and get some beds ready, and confided, 'I *was* wild at you last night. If it had been a girl I couldn't a kep' my 'ands off yer.' 'Well,' I answered, 'it was lucky you *did not* hit me.' 'O Miss! I wouldn't never 'ave done that.' I was glad of the assurance.

"Later, the evening you left, our girls drew round the fire, quite quiet and good. 'Be talking to us.' So we talked, and then they begged to sing their favourite hymns before they left, and sang nicely; when, in the midst, the door flew open, and an irate lady with one eye strode in. 'Betsy Cole!' she shrieked. Betsy slunk off like a mouse: not so the lady, who stood upbraiding me for encouraging girls 'who ought to be in bed at eight, and now it's past ten!' I tried to quiet her, and dared not remind her how, when Betsy did not come to us, she used sometimes to be drunk at the corners of the streets. It was a good time before we got rid of her, and the girls sat quiet, prompting me what to say! 'She'd as soon 'it yer as look at yer,' they remarked afterwards; and Selina told us to day, 'I thought she'd a struck you, and I was all ready! I'd a-knocked 'er down in a minute if

she 'ad, that I would, miss.' They are firmly affectionate, and we have had very good traces the last day or two."

One instance of this kindness struck me a good deal the afternoon I was there. At four o'clock, Jemima Finn, a big laundry girl, brought "the ladies" a tiny jug of cream for their tea from a humble dairy in a street near by; and I was told that every day, since their arrival to live in Moon Street, night and morning had cream been sent. At first "the lady" had thanked the sender, but explained that they could not afford themselves such a luxury; but when the answer came that no payment was expected, and that if they would accept it it would be a pleasure to give them what they had been used to, the lady and her helper drank with gladness the tea with its gift cream; and perhaps the prettiest part of this little episode was the final speech on the subject by the donor: "It's all I can do to show you how we feel your coming to live with us."

I began at the end of the story, so before I leave off I will tell you what led to this work, and then what remains to be done. Some years ago "the lady" of the laundry girls and a friend had become Visitors in one of the central London Workhouse Infirmarys, and there, in constant intercourse with the women patients, they had gradually learnt the extreme difficulties of their lives. Most of them came from one quarter; many of them were laundresses; all of them knew sin and shame, and their story was always the same. Turned out, or left to shift for themselves, with no respectable lodgings to be had, and nowhere but the public-house to go to for their dinners and recreation, they sometimes payed highly for a chair in a friend's room, and were exposed to every kind of temptation and degradation.

In the summer time they lived extravagantly on their high wages; in the winter starved, or worse. And

all this came before the eyes of "the lady" and her friend when they went to look after a young woman who had been a long time in one of their wards. Their visit fell in the dinner-hour, and they met unkempt laundry women trooping out for their dinners, and half-drunk women, whom they had known in the Infirmary, lolling about the street. Unsavoury fish was hawking on one side, a woman sat on a doorstep selling out portions of a big pie on the other, and public-houses were conveniently near for all drinking purposes. Clearly an eating-house and a lodging-house for the single women among the laundresses was needed. If the women were to be called to a higher life, their response must at least be made a possibility. "But"—in the words of an entry I find in a chronicle of this uphill work—"difficulty after difficulty came in the way; the neighbourhood was far from all likely to join in the scheme; we had no experience, and only 5*l.* of money to start with. However, the plan would not be put aside." Three friends entered warmly into the plan, a consultation was held, and it was decided to take two first-floor rooms in a central street, and so provide a place for the laundresses to eat their dinners, and where classes might be held—in fact, a *pied à terre* for the work that was to be. A band of workers was gradually enrolled of heads and subs, undertaking certain days and diverse duties. Reading in laundries on ironing days; visiting in the homes (!); a panny bank; children's, girls', and women's classes; meetings, with work, reading, and music; and this has been patiently carried on through more discouragements than I have time to mention; through good report and evil report; through the old story of failure and treachery within the camp, and alternate coldness and sharp opposition from without; and, despite all this, it has lived and grown—as all work must do that is needed and that is living work.

At length, in June, 1879, a whole house was taken and fitted up as coffee and lodging-house, and such has been its success that now more room is urgently called for. Only ten lodgers can be taken in at present, and until there is a separate eating-room, with an independent entrance, men have to be content with eating their dinners only on the premises, and have to buy their suppers and carry them away, as after a certain hour no men are allowed to remain in the coffee-house, which is also a lodging-house. I said I could not here record all the discouragements of the way the workers met with; but I cannot resist quoting from the chronicle before mentioned some entries that touched me considerably; and with these, and a few words from the laundresses themselves, I will close a paper which I fear may have been too long, but which will not have failed in its object if it awakens practical interest in this effort—such interest as may enable “the lady” to gain her desire, and take the second house, and welcome the would-be lodgers and customers, to whom at present she must say, “We have no room.”

Entry No. 1 is dated Friday, November 15, 1878.

“We visited the Laundresses in Moon Street, Race Street, &c. Many promised to come to our Tea.”

“December 1st. A Tea was given, but only three came.”

“December 2nd. Tea for girls. About 22 came with shawls over their heads and smelling strongly of drink. One said, when she was asked if she would take the Pledge, that perhaps she would take it for a time, but wouldn’t she break out on Boxing Day! We found four girls from 18 to 20 years old could neither read nor write, so we promised to teach them. We then sang with them until we broke up. I think on the whole some were pleased.”

“Penny Reading, December 9th. On the whole this was a failure.”

“I called at Mrs. Fib’s to beg her to let Sarah come to me. I think she and another girl from there will come next time. I had only one girl at my class to-day, and only three washerwomen would come up to tea. I had made the room very comfortable.

“I hope I have not been premature in sug-

gesting the Penny Bank; they seemed pleased about it. I told them there was no percentage. Mrs. Stout and Mrs. Brown will allow reading in their laundries. We must have patience for the next three months.”

“Such a number of girls arrived to-day; some were very wild. They turned out the gas! and before they separated there was great confusion. It all shows what need there is to try and improve them.”

“We had 22 to-day; they behave better, though still ‘Whoop!’ when a friend comes in.”

“To-day some were so naughty, giving sudden little yells, and whenever any one knocked calling out, ‘Come in if you’re fat! stay out if you’re lean!’”

“March 4. There is so much fecklessness about the people here, so careless and content to live in filth.

“The girls told one of us that they wished they could be like the murderer Peace and be put in the waxworks.”

“A bad women’s fight was going on to-day. A crowd of boys and girls formed a ring, and Betsy and Jemima had a regular stand-up fight. We separated them, and soon afterwards one after another of these girls came up stairs. Jemima’s face all bleeding! but they were quite quiet with us, and sang nicely and did a great deal of mending.”

“It is too terrible to think of what goes on among the girls from twelve to sixteen. On Easter Day some one came in saying, ‘There is Sally Dun blind drunk out there,’ and so she was, the centre of a group of boys and girls all drunk.

“The next day she told me that another girl had given her ‘a drink,’ a mere child of fourteen! She is one of the many girls I do not know what to do with; they would be willing to go to service, but I cannot answer any questions, and who would be willing to take girls from such a neighbourhood! and yet if they had earlier been sent away to some home or industrial school they would have been saved from what they now are.”

And now for a brighter entry—the last in 1880. From a summary of the year’s work we read:—

“Though we cannot but regret many mistakes and faults of which we have been guilty in the manner of working, yet as we look back on the past year there are many causes of thankfulness. People seem to come to us as a matter of course for advice and help.

“One young man told his *fiancée* he was glad she came to us; it would keep her safe and sober.

“Seven out of the fourteen girls sent to Haberdashers’ Hall are still training there well, and when Annie Lawrie came to see us dressed like the neatest of little maids, and told us how happy she was in service, and that she went to Haberdashers’ Hall on Sunday,

and we remembered the poor little half-starved being she used to be, we felt that there at least was one young woman saved from the sin and misery which seem the natural lot of girls in this part. Annie's little sister is longing to go to be trained too: we want 1*l.* to send her.

"It is difficult to tell how much real influence we may have had on the all-prevailing evil of drunkenness, but I hope some few girls have learnt to know something of its evil, and to prefer evenings with us to evenings at the public-house. A great deal of good is done by teaching the value of money, and Mrs. Stones (the Mission Woman) has worked very effectively at this by the Penny Bank.

"One woman saved 3*2s.* for the expenses of her confinement. A man by denying himself in beer and tobacco saved enough to take himself and his wife into the country for a day or two at Bank Holiday time, and so on.

"Then some good must have been done by the sale of ready-made clothes. The laundry people come in and buy as fast as we can supply, which, considering the paucity of under garments and decent clothing, is clearly a gain, and any one wishing to help in a small way might do so by sending us ready-made undergarments of unbleached calico.

"The classes have improved in order. The gas is not turned out; there are no knockings of the wall, whoops, or cries of 'Come in if you're fat!' &c. The girls are learning to kneel when we have prayers, and sing almost reverently. Jemima Dash remarked critically, 'The ladies are strict; why once it might have been almost murder in this room,' and I think the improvement is a fact. It touched me to hear in answer to some girl's remark, 'I wonder the ladies are not afraid to be out in a place like this at night,' another say, 'Every one knows them, and even the chaps stand back and make room for them, and I've 'eard them stop swearing.'

"The Laundry Readers continue to be warmly welcomed, and now more laundries are open to us if we had more Readers.

"The lodgings are far more popular and have sheltered many girls who, turned out to lodge where they could, would otherwise have had no respectable place to go to. Our entertainments and paying teas have been thronged. On August 2nd over 30 girls came, paying 4*d.* each; they were pleased with the food, and the 4*d.* a head cleared the cost. At the

entertainment there were about 320 people, and 15*s.* worth of penny refreshments were sold, so the evening passed innocently enough in listening to music and drinking coffee."

And now I must retract from my promise of letting the girls plead for themselves; for, on second thoughts, I feel as if it would be betraying their confidence to quote from their letters—the ill-spelt, ill-written scrawls written to "the lady" when taking her much-needed rest in the country—begging for classes to begin again, longing for her return. The difficulty I found in reading them did not wholly arise from the writing or spelling, as I puzzled over a petition to stay at a training home, "but I suppose I must go back and be what I was before," or disentangled from a confession of misdemeanours, the protest that the penitent did love "the lady," and would do better for her sake, but would tell her herself what she had "been an' done" and would never do again; confessions fraught with something of the same pathos as those of Dr. Johnson, "Whether I have not lived resolving till the possibility of performing is past, I know not. God help me, I will try!" And again, eight years later, "I will not despair! Help me, help me, O my God!"

You will confess that work is called for in this district of laundresses and brickfields; I hope I have shown that a beginning has been made, and for its development and permanent growth we ask for help and sympathy in prayer, service, money.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

The Hon. S. M. Palmer, 30, Portland Place, London, W., will give any information desired.

THE MOTHER WITH NINE SONS.

From the Romaic.

THERE were nine sons of their mother, and a daughter only one ;
 She bathed the child at the mirk midnight, and combed her in the moon ;
 And ere the dawning of the day she wound her braids aboon.

They have sent a ring to woo her from Salonica plain—
 Eight of the brethren loth were they, but Constantine was fain.
 O give her, give her, mother, into the far countrie,
 And come there weal, or come there woe, I will bring her back to thee.
 It fell that on the leap year all the nine brethren died :
 The mother went out often to sit by the grave-side,
 And over the grave-stones of eight she hath set cypress fair,
 But over that poor Constantine's the ways and paths were bare
 Because he sent her child away until the far countrie.
 Now Constantine heard this her cry in the place whereof was he—
 "O hush thee, hush thee, mother, I will bring her back to thee."
 Therewith he takes him Death to horse, gravestone to saddle-tree,
 And the coping of the gravestone to stirrup and bridle-chain,
 And pricks the black horse till he rides on Salonica plain,
 And finds her there a-dancing uncumbered of her train.
 "Good morrow to thee, Constantine, if joy is to behold,
 And if I for thy marriage-feast must don the cloth of gold."
 "No mourning is that thou shouldst mourn, nor joy is to behold,
 Nor yet that for my marriage-feast thou don the cloth of gold."
 Then by the hand he caught her, and set her on the black—
 "Ride on, my Arethusa, to home we are going back."
 Upon the road whereon they ride the birdies all are singing,
 "O see the pretty damsel the buried man is bringing!"
 "O hearest thou, my Constantine, what song the birdies sing?"
 "Ride on, my Arethusa, they are birds, and let them sing.
 Ride on, my Arethusa, that home we journey well,
 And never heed their telling, it is leasings that they tell."

(They come to St. John's Church.)

"Thou wottest, Arethusa, that back to home we fare?"
 "Yes, if the homesteads were not changed, and the highways not so bare."
 "I owe a candle to the Saint, and I owe him incense fine,
 And I owe him to bring back again this weary soul of mine.
 Ride on, my Arethusa, the ways have changed not syne."

(Arethusa knocks at the Mother's door.)

"Now open, open, it is I, Arethusa, dear Minnie."
 "Is it Arethusa come again who is wed in the far countrie?"
 "Open, open, mother mine; Arethusa, none but she,—
 Wilt not believe me, mother dear? it is Arethusa sure."
 "Now put in thy betrothing-ring by the keyhole in the door—
 Show to me the token."

And straightway when the mother saw that self-same golden token
 She opened door, and clasped the child, and so her heart was broken.

H. F. BRAMWELL.

NOTE.—There is a Servian form of this ballad, which differs significantly in some of its motives. The daughter, not the mother, is lonely and prays for help. Two angels are sent to raise up her brother Yovan. He does not ride "Hades," but brings for gifts a cake of grave-loam, and keepsakes of his shroud. Both mother and daughter die. The Greek version is almost pagan; the Servian, wholly Christian. The incidental resemblances to the Saga of Siegfried, to Lenore, and the Wife of Usher's Well, are obvious.

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES BY IVAN TOURGENIEFF.

IN the beginning of the present year a new daily paper, *Poriadok* (Order), was founded at St. Petersburg, and in the *feuilletons* of the first and fourth numbers appeared two short sketches by M. Tourgenieff, entitled "Sketches from my Note-book : Reminiscences, Personal and Other." They are now for the first time translated from the original Russian. In a few prefatory lines the author warns his readers against identifying the narrator too closely with the actual writer. As will be seen, the sketches are complete in themselves ; but there is reason to suppose that from time to time other tales referring to the same olden times will be published. Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which the portraits of Alexis and his wife are filled up, or the fidelity with which the language and style of the period have been preserved ; and every effort has been made to give the English translation, as far as possible, the naturalness and simplicity of the original.

PORTRAIT SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

I.—ALEXIS SERGEIVITCH.

MANY years ago there lived on his estate of Bleak Valley, about forty miles from our village, a cousin of my mother's, Alexis Sergeivitch Teleguin, a retired sergeant of the Guards, and well-to-do landed proprietor. He constantly resided on his property, and therefore never visited us ; but twice every year I was sent to pay my respects to him, at first with my tutor and then alone. Alexis Sergeivitch was always pleased to see me, and I generally stayed at his house three or four days. I saw him for the first time as a boy of twelve, and he was then already above seventy. He was born under the Empress Elisabeth, in the last year of her reign. He lived quite alone with his wife, Malania Pavlovna, who was some ten years younger. Their two daughters had long been married, but seldom came to Bleak Valley in consequence of a family quarrel, and Alexis Sergeivitch rarely, if ever, mentioned their names.

I fancy I see before me now the old house, the very type of a country gentleman's mansion in the steppes.

Though only one-storied, it was spacious and commodious, having been built in the beginning of the present century of marvellously thick pine-beams—such are nowhere to be seen in our degenerate days, but were then brought from the forests lying beyond Fiedrienski—and contained a number of rooms, which, however, it must be confessed were rather low, and dark, because, in order to keep them as warm as possible, the windows were of the smallest dimensions. As is always the case—or, to speak more correctly, as was formerly the fashion—the domestic offices and lodgings surrounded the house on all sides, and were separated from it only by a garden, small, but rich in fruit trees, and especially in transparent apples and pipless pears, whilst for ten miles round stretched the level steppe, with its fat black soil. There was nothing to vary the dull monotony of the scene, neither tree nor church-tower, only here and there a creaking windmill with its torn and broken sails. In truth it was well named Bleak Valley. Indoors, the rooms were filled with plain, substantial furniture ; but one could not but be struck with a kind of sign-post placed near the window of the *salon*, and covered with

inscriptions like the following:—"If you walk round this *salon* sixty-eight times you will have done a mile;" or, "if you go eighty-seven times from the extreme end of the drawing-room to the right-hand corner of the billiard-room, you will have done a mile," &c. But what after all most struck a visitor who had never been in the house before, was the quantity of pictures, with which the walls were literally covered. For the most part they were copies of the so-called Italian masters, consisting of landscapes, and mythological or religious paintings. But as all these pictures had long ago become faded and warped, they presented, in place of figures draped in flowing robes, a mere series of flesh-coloured blotches, or a roof-arch literally hanging in the air, or a straggling tree with a patch of blue foliage, or a huge apostolic leg of a dirty red hue, in close juxtaposition with a pair of sinewy thighs and fingers, off which the skin had long-since peeled. In the drawing-room was hung, in the place of honour, a full-length portrait of the Empress Elisabeth, a copy of Lampi's famous picture, the object of especial reverence, I might almost say idolatry, on the part of the master of the house. From the ceiling were suspended some bronze chandeliers with glass lustres, very diminutive in size, and covered with a thick layer of dust.

Alexis Sergeivitch himself was stout and short of stature, with a puffy, colourless, but at the same time pleasing face, thin lips, and eyes that shone out brightly from under his high arched brows. His thin hair was carefully combed back, and it was only since the year 1812 that he had left off powdering it. His usual dress was made up of a gray riding-coat, with a three-caped collar falling over the shoulders, a striped waistcoat, wide trousers of chamois skin, and high boots of dark red morocco leather with tassels in front, and covered with traced patterns in the shape of a heart.

He always wore a muslin white tie, a frilled shirt, and cuffs with two gold English link-studs. In his right hand he generally held an enamelled snuff-box containing the finest Spanish snuff, and with the left leaned on a thin walking-stick, whose silver handle was considerably worn from constant usage. Alexis Sergeivitch had a nasal, squeaky voice, and there was a friendliness in his perpetual smile, even if it did wear a somewhat supercilious and self-contented expression. In the same way his laugh was genial and soft-toned, with a low sound like that of jingling glass beads. He was punctiliously polite and ceremonious, after the way of the nobility in the days of Catherine; and when he spoke waved his hand slowly with a circular movement, also in the old-fashioned manner. In consequence of a weakness in the knees he was unable to walk, but hopped with a quick skip from one chair to another, in which he would suddenly sit down, or rather fall back softly like a cushion.

As I have already said, Alexis Sergeivitch went nowhere, and interested himself very little in the affairs of his neighbours, though he liked to have his house filled with company, for he was a great talker. The number of persons living with him was perpetually on the increase, and a host of poor boys in well-worn cossack tunics and clothes for the most part given them by the master of the house, were lodged beneath his roof; not to speak of a still larger number of poor girls in cotton dresses and with black kerchiefs thrown over their heads, who found refuge in a wing of the house especially set apart for them. Never less than fifteen persons sat down to table, so hospitable was he by nature. Of all these pensioners the most noteworthy were a dwarf, nicknamed Janus, or Doublefaced, a Dane by birth, though some declared him to be of Jewish origin; and Prince L., who was not in his right mind. Contrary to the custom of those days, the dwarf

did not act as jester, or in any way serve to amuse his master, but was remarkably silent, and of a gloomy, morose temperament, and if a question was put to him, would only knit his brows and grind his teeth. Alexis Sergeivitch liked to call him "the philosopher," and had a real respect for him; at table he was always served immediately after the guests and host and hostess. "God," he would often say, "has seen fit to deny him His favour, and for that reason it does not become me to offend him further." "But in what is he a philosopher?" I once asked. Janus, I may remark, showed an invincible dislike to me, and if I only approached him would snarl out in an angry hoarse voice: "Don't let any intruders come near me." "God bless me!—how not a philosopher?" was the host's answer; "only think, my dear sir, how well he has learned to keep silence!" "But how do you explain his doublefacedness?" "Easily enough, my good sir; he has one face for the world, and superficial observers like yourself judge him by that; but his other real face he keeps hidden from men, and that face I alone know, and love him for it. You are satisfied with a hasty glance, and see nothing in his face, but I have no need that he should speak in order to understand him. I appreciate his very silence, when he condemns any little failing on my part, for he is the strictest of moralists. All this you probably will not understand; but, believe me, I am an old man of the world, and I am right."

The past history of Double-faced Janus, whence he came, or how he first took up his abode with Alexis Sergeivitch, was a complete mystery; but the story of Prince L., on the contrary, was well known. Of a wealthy and influential family he went up to Petersburg in his twentieth year, and entered a regiment in the guards. At the first *levée* he attended he attracted Catherine's marked attention, and stopping a minute before him she pointed him out with her fan to one

of her suite, and said, in a loud whisper: "Only look, Adam Vassielievitch, what a beautiful youth—a perfect doll!" The blood rushed to his head, he hurried home, ordered the horses to be put to, threw over his shoulder the ribbon of the order of St. Anne, and drove through the city with the air of a man on whom fortune has just showered an unexpected and miraculous favour. "Trample them down," he shrieked out to the coachman, "if they don't choose to make way!" The Empress was informed of what had happened, and an imperial order was issued declaring him to be mad, and giving him over to the charge of his two brothers, who immediately had him transported into the country and placed in the strictest confinement. They were only too glad to get his share of the family property, and took good care to keep him shut up so long that at last he really became mad. But they were not permitted to reap the wages of their knavery; the prince outlived them, and after numerous delays and disappointments was released and given into the care of Alexis Sergeivitch, to whom he was distantly related. During his long confinement he had lost the faculty of speech, and only from time to time muttered a few unintelligible words; but he sang old Russian songs to perfection, having preserved to the last the silvery freshness of his voice, and then each word was pronounced clearly and distinctly. At times passionate fits of something like madness would come over him, and it was awful to watch him, standing in a corner of the room, his face to the wall, and every vein in his bald head filled with blood; he would break at intervals into shrieks of cruel laughter, stamp with his foot, and order "the malefactors"—meaning probably his brothers—to be punished. "Beat them well," he yelled hoarsely, as he choked and laughed; "beat them well; no mercy, but beat; beat the misbegotten brutes; my wrongdoers! That's

the way, that's the way!" On the day before his death he surprised and frightened poor Alexis Sergeivitch. He came into his study, deadly pale and unnaturally quiet, and then, making a profound bow, thanked him for all the kindnesses he had shown him, and begged him to send for the priest, since Death had come to him—he had seen Death with his own eyes—and the time had come when he must do ease to his soul, and pardon all who had done him wrong. "But how can you have seen Death?" mumbled the terrified Alexis, as he observed that for the first time the prince was speaking coherently. "What was she like? Had she a scythe?" "No," answered L.; "an old woman, simply dressed in a short jacket, with only one eye, and that eye without any lid." And the next day he died, after he had received the last sacraments and taken a kindly and gentle farewell of all around him. "I shall die like that," said Alexis Sergeivitch more than once. And in truth something of the kind proved to be his fate too; but of this I shall have to speak later on.

We must now return to the subject of our sketch. Alexis Sergeivitch, as I have before mentioned, associated but little with any of his neighbours; and they had no love for him, but called him strange, stuck-up, a scoffer, and a revolutionary martinet; indeed, the last of these epithets they were particularly fond of applying to him, though without the slightest idea what it meant. And to some extent, perhaps, they were right. Alexis Sergeivitch had confined himself to his estate for nearly seventy years, and during all that time avoided every kind of communication with government authorities, military officials, or magistrates. "The magistrate has to do with thieves, and the officer with soldiers," he said; "and thank God, I am neither thief nor soldier." He was certainly an original.

I never succeeded in really discovering what were his political opinions,

if such a modern expression may be applied to him; but he liked to describe himself as an aristocrat, and was far more of an aristocrat than a country gentleman. He often regretted that God had not given him a son and heir "for the honour of the race and to hand down his name." In his study there hung on the wall, in a gilt frame, a genealogical tree of the Teleguins, with innumerable branches, and circles in the shape of apples. "We Teleguins," he said, "are of a pure old race; we never haunted ante-rooms, bent our backbones double, climbed palace staircases, received state wages, toadied for a good place at Moscow, or sneaked into a ministry at Petersburg; but remained quietly each in his own home, each his own master, each on his own land—in our nests, sir, managing our own affairs. And if I did once serve in the Guards, I am glad to say it was not for long." Alexis Sergeivitch worshipped the old times. "I tell you, men lived then comfortably and respectably; but ever since the year 1800"—he never explained why he picked out that particular year—"the military *régime* has come into fashion. Our military gentlemen don some kind of plume with flowing cock's-feathers, and are themselves forthwith transformed into cocks, with their tightly-throttled necks and eyes starting out, as they puff along half-strangled. Not long ago a police corporal came to see me on business. 'I am come to inform your honour——' I suppose he thought to surprise me by calling me 'your honour,' as if I did not know we were of honourable origin. But I interrupted him. 'Respected sir, I advise you, before you proceed further, to loosen at least one button of your coat collar; suppose only you wanted to sneeze, what would be the consequence? I ask you, what would be the consequence? Why, you would split, and go off in powder like a puff-ball!' And then, to see these military dandies drink! I generally give them *vodki*, for it is the same to them

whether it is common *vodka* or Pontac ; it all goes down smoothly and quickly ; far too quickly for them to know what they are drinking. And to crown all, they have taken to suck tobacco-pap, and be always smoking. Your military fledgling sucks his cigar between his lips under his thick moustaches, and pours whole clouds of smoke out of his nostrils, his mouth, and even his ears, thinking all the while, What a hero I am ! There are my two sons-in-law ; one of them is a senator, and the other a curator or something ; they now are always sucking their pap, and imagine themselves mighty clever for doing it ! ”

Alexis Sergeivitch could not bear tobacco-smoke ; and another of his particular aversions was dogs, especially little dogs. “Of course, if you are a Frenchman, you must keep a spaniel ; you will then run and jump first to the right and then to the left, and it will run and jump after you, wagging its tail ; but what pleasure can a Russian find in that ? ” He was extremely punctilious and ceremonious. Of the Empress Catherine he always spoke in terms of gushing eloquence, and in the book-language of a court historian. “She was a demigod ; no mere mortal ! Look, sir, only for one moment at that gracious smile,” he would add, reverently pointing to Lampi’s portrait, “and you will agree with me. Once in my life I was so happy as to be the recipient of that smile, and never can it be effaced from my heart.” And he loved to tell stories of the great Catherine—stories which I had never read or heard before. One of them I will transcribe. Alexis Sergeivitch never allowed the slightest allusion to be made to her feminine weaknesses. “As if after all,” he would say, “we can judge her like an ordinary mortal ! ” One day she was sitting before her toilet-table and the *Kammerfrau* began to dress her hair, when suddenly electric sparks were seen to fly out at the touch of the comb. The Empress immediately sent

for her private physician, M. Rogerson, who happened to be in the palace, and turning to him said, “I know people condemn me harshly for certain weaknesses, but you see these electric sparks ? You, as a physician, must know that with such a nature and such a temperament, it is unjust to condemn me, I ought rather to be excused.” The following event was one of Alexis Sergeivitch’s favourite reminiscences. In his sixteenth year, he was one day on duty at the palace, when the Empress happened to pass, and he immediately presented arms ; “but she,” continued Alexis Sergeivitch, in a voice trembling with emotion, “smiling at my youth and zeal, was graciously pleased to give me her hand, which I reverently saluted, and patting me on the cheek asked what was my name and where I came from, and then”—at this point in the story the old man always broke down for a minute or so—“and then she ordered me to thank my mother in her name for having brought up her children so well. I could not have told any one whether I was standing on my head or my heels, nor have I to the present moment any idea how or whether she disappeared ; but never shall I forget that proud minute.”

I frequently questioned Alexis Sergeivitch about those old days, and the celebrities by whom the Empress was surrounded, but he generally avoided giving any definite answer. “What pleasure can there be in talking of the old times ? Then we were young and lusty, and now the last tooth has fallen out of our mouths. And yet they were glorious, those old days ; but they are gone, and peace be with them ! As to the men of that time, you wish me to speak of those rare spirits ? Well, you have often watched a bubble in the water ! Whilst it is whole and unbroken, what glorious colours play on it—red, yellow, blue ; in a word, a rainbow of hues ; but, alas ! it quickly bursts and not a trace of it remains behind. And such were the men of Catherine’s age.”

Alexis Sergeivitch was a very religious man, and notwithstanding his failing strength, went regularly to church. But he was neither fanatical nor superstitious, and laughed at signs, evil eyes, and such uncanny phenomena; though it is true that he did not like a hare to cross his path, and would make a long round to avoid meeting a priest!¹ At the same time he was very respectful in his bearing towards the clergy; after service always went up to receive the blessing, and reverently kissed the priest's hand; but he did not care to have any unofficial communication with them. "They carry about with them such an unpleasantly strong smell," he said, by way of apology; "and though I, poor sinner, am by no means exceptionally particular, still their long hair is so long, and so terribly oiled; and then, they always remind you of the hour of death, and I wish to think that I have many years to live. But, dear sir, I pray you, never repeat what I have just said. Honour the priesthood—it is only fools who do not reverence the clergy—and I am much to blame for talking such nonsense at my time of life."

Like other men of his rank in those days, Alexis Sergeivitch had received no very brilliant education, but he did his best by private reading to repair its more glaring deficiencies. He only read Russian books, and of them nothing that had appeared later than the year 1800. All modern works he declared to be tame and poor in style. Whilst reading, he always had near him, on a one-legged round table, a silver jug with a kind of sparkling minted *kvass*, the pleasant odour of which filled the whole room. Formerly he never sat down to read without first putting low down on the end of his nose a pair of large spectacles; but in later years he did not so much read as gaze thoughtfully over the

rims of his glasses, and from time to time would raise his brows, press his lips together, and sigh. Once, to my considerable astonishment, I found him weeping, with a book on his knee. The old man had been touched to tears by the remembrance of the following lines:—

"O miserable race of men!
Rest is to thee unknown!
Only canst thou find rest
When thou hast swallowed the dust of
the grave. . . .
Bitter, bitter, shall be thy rest!
Sleep, oh dead! Weep, oh living!"

These were the composition of a certain Gormietski, a vagrant poet, whom Alexis had taken under his protection, and regarded as "a delicate and even subtle thinker." Gormietski wore rosettes in his shoes, pronounced his o's broad, and was always raising his eyes to heaven, and sighing sentimentally. Nor were these his only qualifications; he had been brought up in a Jesuit college, and spoke French passably well, whereas Alexis Sergeivitch only "understood" it. But one day, this same subtle thinker got dead drunk in a public-house, and on returning home, proved himself to be a wild quarreller. He severely punished, or rather smashed, one of the lackeys, the cook, two laundresses who ran to help, and a poor carpenter, who happened to be at work in the house, besides breaking several panes of glass, all the time shrieking out like a madman, "I'll teach these Russian rogues, idlers, thieves!" It took no less than eight servants to master him. Alexis Sergeivitch ordered him to be dragged out of the house, placed up to his neck in the snow—it was in the winter—and left there till he should get a little sobered.

"Yes," Alexis Sergeivitch often exclaimed; "my time has passed, and I am like a worn-out horse. I too once wrote verses on my own account, bought books and pictures of the Jews, and modelled pigeons and

¹ To the present day it is considered very unlucky to meet a priest, and if obliged to pass one a Russian peasant will turn aside and quietly spit.

geese, as well as any one. I had a passion for everything of that kind. True, I never took to dogs, and, as for drinking; well—only boors drink. But I was always fastidious in my tastes, and whatever the Teleguins had must be of the best. And my stables were famous for miles round; the horses came—from where do you think, sir? From the celebrated stable of the Tsar Ivan Alexeivitch, brother of Peter the Great—my word of honour! Stallions, pure bays, with long flowing manes, and tails down to the hoof! But all that is past and is no more. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! And yet, why complain? To every man there is a limit fixed. Higher than the heaven thou shalt not fly, in the water thou canst not live, and on the earth thou must make thy home. After all, we still live, somehow." And the old man smiled, and took a good pinch of his fine Spanish snuff.

He was idolised by his peasants; "master" as they called him, was good, generous, and open-hearted. But they too would often speak of him as a worn-out horse. Formerly Alexis Sergeivitch saw after all himself, was constantly in the fields, in the mill, in the dairies, or the cottages. Every day he was to be seen in his light *droschki*, lined with raspberry coloured plush, and drawn by his favourite horse, *Lantern*, with the mark of a thorough-bred between its eyes—originally from the Tsar's own stables—Alexis Sergeivitch himself driving, a rein tightly wound round each hand. But on reaching his seventieth year, the old man abandoned active life, and handed over the management of his estate to Antip, the village bailiff, of whom he was secretly afraid, and whom he called Micromégas—a reminiscence of the days when he read Voltaire—or still oftener "robber." "Now, robber, how are things going on; got all the hay stacked?" "All, your worship." "Worship or no worship," the old man would answer as he looked the

"robber" straight in the face, "you understand, the peasants are my subjects entrusted to your care, and you are not to touch them. Let them but complain, and you know my stick is not far off." "The taste of your stick, father Alexis Sergeivitch, I am never likely to forget," answers Antip Micromégas, as he smooths down his beard with his hand. "That is right; only do not forget." And both master and bailiff smile grimly at the reference to the stick. In general, with his dependants and serfs, or subjects as he liked to call them, he was kind and gentle. It is not necessary to add that in those days the emancipation question had not even begun to be debated, and accordingly Alexis Sergeivitch, with a quiet conscience, ruled over his subjects; but none the less severely blamed those of his neighbour proprietors who were cruel to their serfs, and denounced them as a disgrace to their class. He divided proprietors in general into three groups: the clever, "of whom there are very few"; the stupid, "of whom there are more than enough"; and the dissolute brutes, "of whom there are sufficient to pave the streets with." Any one who acts unjustly or harshly to his subjects is a sinner in the eyes of God, and culpable before his fellow-men. Without doubt, his servants and dependants lived happily, far more happily than his subjects who were under the care of Antip, notwithstanding the stick with which he threatened his viceroy. And how the house swarmed with pensioners of every kind! For the most part, they were old and sinewy, with bushy hair, querulous voices, and bent shoulders, and were dressed in long loose-hanging *caftans*. In the wing of the house devoted to the women, the noise of shuffling shoes and trailing dresses was to be heard all day long. The chief lackey was Irinarch, and Alexis Sergeivitch, when he called him, always drawled out each syllable—"I-ri-na-arch!" If he wanted any of the others, he simply cried "Eh, younker!" and the one who happened to be nearest would

answer. He never allowed a bell in the house. "Thank you very much," he would say; "but please do not turn the place into a public hotel." I never understood how Irinarch managed it, but no matter at what moment Alexis Sergeivitch might call him, he appeared instantly as if he had risen up out of the ground, and putting his feet close together, and his hands behind his back, stood before his master, with a morose and even sullen expression, but the perfect type of a zealous servitor.

Alexis Sergeivitch was charitable beyond his means, but did not like to be overthanked for his charity. "In what, pray, am I your benefactor, sir? It is not to you, but to myself, I am doing good." When angry or pleased he always said *you* and never *thou*. "If a beggar ask for alms," he used to say, give to him once, twice, three times. But if he comes a fourth time, you must still give, only do not forget to say: I advise you, brother, to choose some means of livelihood, instead of always keeping your mouth open to be fed." "But, tell me, suppose that even after that advice he comes a fifth time?" "Well, what then? Of course, give him something the fifth time too." All the sick who came to him for help were attended to at his cost, though he himself had no faith in doctors and would never allow one to come near him. "My departed mother," he explained, "cured all illnesses with a little olive oil and salt, which she applied internally or externally, as the case required, and it is wonderful how well it answered. And you know who my mother was? Think only; she was born in the reign of Peter the Great!"

In everything Alexis Sergeivitch was a thorough Russian. He liked Russian cookery; he liked the Russian songs, and heartily hated the concertina—"a manufactured toy;" he liked to watch the village girls in their choral dances and to see the village women dance. It is said that when young he himself was no mean singer and dancer. But most of all, he liked to steam himself

in the bath, to such an extent that Irinarch, who attended him when bathing, having beaten him well with beech branches soaked in beer, rubbed him down with bast-wisps and linen towels, and washed him well with soap,—this same faithful Irinarch, each time that he came out of the bath "as red as a new bronze statue," would cross himself and exclaim, "God be praised that I, His slave, am still alive; but who will save me the next time?" Alexis Sergeivitch spoke pure Russian, somewhat old-fashioned in style, but elegant and correct, and was fond of introducing into his speech certain favourite words, such as, God bless me, As a man of honour, My good sir; and the like.

But before I tell you more of Alexis Sergeivitch, let me say something of his wife, Malania Pavlovna.

II.

MALANIA PAVLOVNA was born at Moscow, and in her younger days was acknowledged to be the reigning beauty of the capital, *la Venus de Moscou*. When I first knew her she was an old gaunt woman, with delicate inexpressive features, a small mouth, protruding irregular teeth, a number of little curls falling over her forehead, and well-traced eyebrows. She always wore a high cap of a pyramidal shape, with rose-coloured ribbons, a stiff collar round her neck, a short white dress, and prunella shoes with red heels; and over the dress a blue satin jacket, with a loose sleeve hanging from the right shoulder. This costume was of exactly the same fashion as that which she had worn on St. Peter's day, in the year 1789. On that memorable day, then a young girl, she had gone with her parents to the Chodienski Plain to see the great boxing match, given under the immediate patronage of the famous Orloff. "And Count Alexis Grigorovitch," how many times I have heard the old lady tell the story! "directly he saw me came up,

and, taking off his hat with both hands, made the lowest of bows, and said, 'My fair beauty, why is that pretty loose sleeve hanging from your shoulder? Can it be that you mean to enter the lists with me? So be it; but I warn you beforehand, you have already conquered, and I yield myself your prisoner.' And all around regarded me with envy and surprise." From that day she always wore the same kind of dress. "Only, I did not wear a high cap, but a cap *à la bergère de Trianon*; and though of course my hair was powdered, it shone like gold—oh, how it shone!" She was, what may be called sublimely stupid, and would chatter in the most inane manner, perfectly unconscious that she was talking nonsense. This was especially the case whenever she spoke of Orloff. Indeed, Orloff may be said to have formed the crowning subject of interest in her life. She generally entered, or rather swam into a room, placidly wagging her head like a peahen, marched up to the centre, and then, pushing out one foot from under her dress, and daintily holding the end of the hanging sleeve with the tips of two fingers—no doubt a pose that had in former days enchanted Orloff—threw a proud indifferent glance all round, as became an acknowledged beauty, gave a little pettish snort, murmured, "Well, really!" as if some saucy cavalier had been making her an over-bold compliment, and passed on with a stamp of the foot and a light shrug of the shoulder. She had a tiny snuff-box, from which she supplied herself by means of a little gold spoon; and from time to time, especially when talking with some new acquaintance who pleased her, would raise—not to her eyes, but to her nose, for she saw perfectly well—a double eyeglass in the shape of a horseshoe, which she whirled round and round her fore-finger, and thus showed her white hand. Malania Pavlovna has described to me a thousand times her wedding in the Church of the Ascension

—"such a beautiful church!"—and how all Moscow was there—"such a crowd! perfectly awful!" "And the archbishop himself married us, and preached such a lovely sermon that everybody wept; look where I would, nothing but tears; and the governor-general came in a *troika* of magnificent bay-coloured horses. And how many flowers and bouquets! a perfect shower of them!" Nor did she forget to tell me how a certain rich foreigner, rich beyond words, shot himself for love! Orloff of course was there. He came up to Alexis Sergeivitch to congratulate him, and said "he was a lucky fellow." And, in answer to these gracious words, Alexis Sergeivitch made a most charming bow, lightly waving his hat from left to right close to the ground. "I hope your Excellency will not forget that there is now a line between you and my wife which you must never try to overstep." And Orloff at once understood the hint, and was pleased with Alexis for giving it. "Yea, that was indeed a man, a wonderful man. And then, another time, long after my marriage, we were invited by him to a ball, and he wore the most beautiful diamond buttons. I could not help remarking and admiring them. And what do you think? He took a knife from off the table, and cutting off one of the buttons, presented it to me with these words: 'You, *golouboushka*—my little dove—have eyes that outshine a hundred diamonds; look for a moment in that glass, and you will see how dull my diamonds are in comparison.' I felt obliged to look in the mirror, and all the while he stood close by my side. 'Well, am I not right?' he asked, and fixed his eyes on me with such a glance. Poor Alexis Sergeivitch was at first confused, but I said to him, 'Alexis, if you please, do not be foolish; you ought to know me better than that.' 'You may be quite at your ease, Malania,' he replied. And those same diamonds I still wear round a miniature of Alexis Grigorovitch; you, of course,

have seen it, my dear ; I always wear it on holidays, sewn on to the ribbon of St. George ; for he was a brave soldier and a valiant hero, a knight of the Order of St. George—why, he once burned a Turk alive !”

With all this, Malania Pavlovna was a very good woman, and easily satisfied. “She never worries or annoys you,” her maid-servant often told me. She was passionately fond of sweet things, and there was an old woman whose especial charge it was to see that there was a constant supply of preserves, for which reason she was always called “Sweetmeat ;” and never less than ten times a day this woman would serve up on a china plate sugared bonbons wrapped in rose leaves, barberries mixed with honey, or sweet cakes dissolved in pine sherbet. Malania Pavlovna hated solitude, and was terribly nervous when alone ; and she therefore always tried to be surrounded by a number of her pensioners, whom she would pray and coax to tell her something, and to sit down, “if only to keep the chairs warm ;” and then they began chattering and chirping like a brood of canaries. Like Alexis Sergeivitch she was religious, and was very fond of reading the prayers from the service book ; but as she confessed that she had never been properly taught to read them, a poor priest’s widow was kept in the house, who “read with such taste, and could go on for a century without once yawning !” And in truth, the widow possessed the rare faculty of reading any number of prayers without the slightest hesitation, or ever seeming to want to take breath, whilst good Malania Pavlovna listened with a pious expression that showed how deeply she was touched. There was another widow in her service, whose duty it was to relate *skazkie* (popular tales), to her of a night ; “only old ones, I pray you,” begged Malania Pavlovna, “for those I know ; as to the modern ones, they are made up, and are mere inventions.” Malania Pavlovna was extremely frivolous, and

like most empty-headed persons was also very suspicious, and from time to time became possessed with the most extravagant fancies. For example, she never made any open complaint against the dwarf, but was at one time haunted with fear lest in an unexpected moment he should seize her and cry out : “Do you know who I am, and that I am a prince by birth ?” after which, she felt sure, he would burn the house down. She was, like her husband, very generous by nature, but never helped her dependants or the poor with money—“she did not wish to dirty her hands”—but gave them handkerchiefs, earrings, dresses, or ribbons ; or sent them a piece of pie or roast meat from the table, and sometimes a glass of wine. On holidays she liked to give a treat to the village women, after having made them dance before the house, whilst she beat time with her foot, and put herself into a series of the most bewitching attitudes.

Alexis Sergeivitch knew very well that his wife was stupid, but from the very first year of his marriage had taught himself to behave towards her as if she were the wittiest of women, and as though he feared her sharp tongue. Whenever she began to tattle too much, he would hold up his little finger in a threatening manner, and say : “What a tongue ! what a tongue ! you will suffer for it in the next world ! they will pierce it through and through with a red-hot needle !” And Malania Pavlovna was not offended by these words, on the contrary she was flattered by them, and would shake her head in a deprecating way, as much as to say, “After all, it is not my fault that I was born a wit.”

Malania Pavlovna worshipped her husband, and all her life proved herself to be an exemplary faithful wife. But in her earlier days she had “a tender attachment” for a young nephew, a hussar, whom she always declared to have been killed in a duel, of which she was the innocent cause ; though according to a more trust-

worthy account, he got his death in a rather disgraceful tavern quarrel with one of his fellow officers. To the last she kept in a secret drawer a watercolour portrait of this interesting object. And whenever the name of Kapietonousk was mentioned, she took care to blush deeply; and then Alexis Sergeivitch, holding up his finger by way of warning, would deliver himself of the wise maxim, "Never trust your horse loose in the field, or your wife in the house. Don't talk to me of Kapietonousk, he was a regular Cupid." Then Malania Pavlovna would put on an agitated air, and exclaim: "Really, Alexis, are you not ashamed of yourself? Just because when you were young you yourself were a regular Don Juan, you imagine—" "Well, enough, enough," interrupted Alexis with a smile; "white is your dress, but still whiter is your soul!" "That indeed you may say with truth; whiter, far whiter." "Heavens, what a tongue! word of honour, what a tongue!"—and Alexis would end by softly stroking his wife's hand.

To attribute "opinions" to Malania Pavlovna would if possible be still more ill-placed than to employ such a term in connection with Alexis Sergeivitch; but I once happened to witness a strange revelation of hidden feeling in my aunt. I had accidentally mentioned in the course of conversation the name of the celebrated Scheschkovski, when she immediately became deadly pale, with an agitation which not all her paint and powder could conceal, and in an accent of real, unassumed horror, the more remarkable because she generally spoke in an affected, half-simpering, half-lisping tone—exclaimed: "How dare you speak of him, and in the night too? I pray you, never, never, mention his name." I have often wondered what meaning the name of Scheschkovski could have for so harmless and inoffensive a creature, who, I suppose, had never been guilty in thought or deed of anything that could compromise her. These signs of fear, inspired by the sudden recollec-

tion of occurrences of some fifty years before, not unnaturally suggested suspicions of a somewhat unpleasant character.

The events of 1848 would seem to have exercised a fatal influence on Alexis Sergeivitch, and it was in that year that the good old man, then eighty-eight, died. There was something strange in the manner of his death. He appeared to be in his usual health, though his age had for some time kept him prisoner to his easy-chair, when one morning he suddenly called his wife. "Malania, come here!" "What is it, Alexis?" "Nothing, except that my time has come, and I am dying." "God forbid, Alexis; whatever makes you think so?" "I know that it must be so. First of all, each of us should know what is expected of him; and then I happened just now to look down at my legs, and they are no longer mine; at my hands, and they too are another's. My whole body is no more the same, and I feel that I am putting on a new shape. So make haste and send for the priest; but first get me to our little bed, from which I shall never rise again." Malania Pavlovna, scarcely knowing what she did, conducted the old man to his bed, sent for the priest, and sat down by his side. Alexis Sergeivitch made his last confession, took the Sacrament, called in his poor friends and dependants to take farewell of them, and then seemed to fall asleep. Suddenly the wife started up and cried out: "Alexis, don't frighten me! Don't shut your eyes! Are you in pain?" The old man quietly looked up. "No, I am in no pain; but let me breathe; I can't breathe." And for a few minutes all was still. "Malania," he at length murmured, "life is over; but do you remember our wedding-day, and what a handsome pair we were?" "Alexis, my beauty, food of my eyes!" cried the poor wife. And again the old man was silent. "Malania, shall we meet once more in the world to come?" "I will pray to God that we may meet

again." And the old woman burst into tears. "No, no, do not weep, you little silly; God will give us back our youth, and once again we shall be the pair we were in days gone by." "We will, Alexis—we will!" "With God all is possible," whispered Alexis Sergeivitch, "He is all-powerful. Why, he created you, the wisest of women! There, there—I was only joking; give me your hand." And the wife and husband each fondly kissed the clasped hands. After that, Alexis Sergeivitch grew quieter, and then began to wander. Malania Pavlovna sat watching him, one hand still clasped in his, whilst with the other she from time to time silently wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. Two hours passed. "Has he fallen asleep?" whispered the old woman who read the prayers so wonderfully well, as she came from behind Irinarch, who was standing near the door motionless as a post, watching his dying master. "He is asleep," answered Malania Pavlovna also in a whisper. But suddenly Alexis Sergeivitch opened his eyes. "Malania, my faithful friend," he muttered in a broken voice; "my own true wife, God's blessing be with thee for all thy true love. I would—but I cannot raise myself—lift me up a little—that I may sign thee with the cross." Malania leaned over him; but the raised hand fell back idly on the quilt, and in a few moments Alexis Sergeivitch had ceased to breathe.

His daughters came with their husbands to the funeral; neither the one nor the other had any children. Though he did not once mention their names on his deathbed, they were not forgotten in his will. "My heart has grown cold towards them," he once said to me. Knowing, as I did, how kind and gentle he was by nature, I was surprised to hear him speak thus of his own daughters. But no one has a right to make himself judge between a father and his children. "A little chink in the ground may in

the course of time become a huge ravine," Alexis Sergeivitch said to me on another occasion; "a wound a yard long may heal, but cut out only a finger nail, and it will never grow again." I have been told that the daughters were ashamed of their old-fashioned parents.

A month had not passed when Malania Pavlovna also died. From the day of her husband's death she took to her bed, was scarcely ever to be seen, and no longer cared how she was dressed. But she was buried in the blue satin jacket, and with Orloff's miniature—only without the diamonds. These her daughters carried off under the pretext that such diamonds were only fit to ornament the picture of their saint; but, in reality, to employ them for the adornment of their own persons.

In such a lively manner do the figures of my dear old friends rise up before me, and my recollections of them are as fresh as if they had died but yesterday. Nevertheless, during the last visit I ever paid them—I was then a student—an incident occurred which somewhat disturbed the impression I had hitherto formed of the patriarchal life led by the Teleguins.

Among the out-door servants was a certain Ivan, the coachman, or coach-boy, as he was called, in consequence of his little stature, which was out of all proportion with his years. He was the veriest mite of a man, extremely nimble in his movements, with a pug nose, curly hair, a face perpetually on the grin, and eyes like a mouse. He was a rare buffoon, and lover of practical jokes; and his tricks and drolleries were infinite. He understood how to let off fireworks, could fly kites, and was a good hand at any game; could ride standing at full gallop, could leap higher than any one else at "giant's stride," and was quite a master at making the queerest of shadows on the wall. No one could amuse children better than he, and Ivan was perfectly happy if he was only allowed to spend an

entire day playing with them. When he laughed, the whole house shook, and he was always ready with a joke and an answer. There was no being angry with him, and you were obliged to laugh even whilst scolding him. It was a treat to see Ivan dance—particularly the “fish-dance.” The music would strike up, and then the fellow darted out into the middle of the group and began turning, twisting, leaping, stamping with his feet, crawling on the floor, and going through all the antics of a fish that had been caught and thrown on the dry ground; and performed such contortions, clasp- ing his neck with his heels, jumping here, springing there, that the very ground seemed to tremble under him. Many a time Alexis Sergeivitch, though, as I have already said, very fond of the choral dances, has interrupted the dancers, and cried out: “Come here, Ivan, my little coach-boy; give us the fish-dance, and look sharp!” And then a minute later you heard him exclaiming: “Ah, that’s it; well done, well done!”

It was, then, during my last visit that this same Ivan came one morn- ing into my room, and without saying a word fell down on his knees before me. “Ivan! what’s the matter?” “Save me, sir!” “How? What has happened?” And thereupon Ivan related to me all his troubles.

About twenty years before he had been exchanged from the service of a certain Suchinski on to the estate of the Teleguins; but simply exchanged, without going through any legal formality or being supplied with the necessary papers. The man in whose place he had been taken died, and his old masters had quite forgotten Ivan, so that he remained with Alexis Sergeivitch, as if he had been born a serf in the family. In the course of time his former masters died also, and the estate passed into fresh hands; and the new proprietor, who was generally reported to be cruel and brutal, informed the authorities that one of his serfs had been taken

into the service of Alexis Sergeivitch without any legal sanction, demanded his immediate surrender, and in case of refusal threatened his detainer with a heavy fine and punishment. Nor was the threat by any means an idle one, since Suchinski was a very high-placed official, a privy counsellor by rank, with great influence through- out the district. Ivan in his fright appealed to Alexis Sergeivitch. The old man took pity on his favourite dancer, and made an offer to the privy counsellor to buy Ivan of him for a good round sum, but the pro- posal was contemptuously rejected; and what made matters worse, he was a Little Russian—as pig-headed as the very devil. There was nothing to be done but to give up the poor serf. “I have lived here, made my home here, served here, eaten my daily bread here, and it is here I wish to die,” Ivan cried to me; “am I a dog, to be dragged by a chain from one kennel to another. Save me, I implore you; entreat your uncle never to give me up; do not forget how often I have amused you. And if I do go, the worse for us all: it can only end in crime!” “In crime! what do you mean, Ivan?” “Why, I shall kill him. I will go, and the first day I will say to him, let me return to my old master, sir; do not refuse me, or, if you do, take care: I will murder you!”

If a chaffinch or a goldfinch had suddenly spoken, and threatened to swallow a large bird, I should not have been more astonished than I was to hear Ivan speak thus. Ivan, the dancer, buffoon, and jester, the be- loved of children, himself a child, this good-souled creature, to become a murderer! The idea was too ridicu- lous. Not for a moment did I believe him; but what I could not understand was that he should even talk of such a thing. I had, however, a long conversation with Alexis Sergeivitch, and employed every form of entreaty that he would somehow or other arrange the affair. “My dear sir,”

the old man replied, "I should indeed be glad to do so, but it is impossible. I have already offered the pig-headed fellow a good price, three hundred roubles, on my word of honour, and he will not hear of it; so, what can I do? Of course it is illegal, and the exchange was made in the old-fashioned way, as between men of honour, and now it promises to end badly. You will see, the man will take Ivan from me by force—he is very powerful, the Governor-General often dines at his house—and he will send soldiers to arrest him. And I have a mortal fear of soldiers! The time was, I would never have given up Ivan, let him storm as loudly as he chose; but now, only look at me, what a poor cripple I am. How can I fight against a man like that?" And in truth, Alexis Sergeivitch had of late aged greatly: his eyes now wore a childish expression, and in place of the intelligent smile that once lit up his features, there played round his lips that mild unconscious simper which I have remarked that very old people will preserve even in their sleep.

I communicated the result of our interview to Ivan, who heard me in silence with his head bent. "Well," he at last exclaimed, "it is given to no one to escape his fate. But I shall keep my word; there is only one thing to do; and I will give him a surprise. If you don't mind, sir, give me a little money to buy some *vodka*." I gave him some, and that day Ivan drank heavily; but in the evening he favoured us with the "fish-dance," and danced so that the girls and women were in ecstasies. Never before had I seen him in such force.

The next day I returned home, and three months later, when I was in St. Petersburg, I learned that Ivan had kept his vow. He was sent off to his new master, who at once called him into his study and informed him that he was to act as coachman, that three of his bay horses would be given into his charge, and that it would be the worse for him if he did

not look well after them, or in any way neglected his duties. "I am not a man to be joked with," added he. Ivan listened to all his master had to say, and then throwing himself at his feet declared that, whatever his honour might wish, he never could be his serf. "Let me go back, I beseech your honour; or if you like, send me to be a soldier; or before long evil will come upon you!"

His master flew into a furious passion. "Oh, you are one of that sort, are you? How dare you talk to me in that way! First, please to know that I am not your honour, but your excellency; and next, do not forget that you are long past the age for a soldier, even if they would take such a dwarf; and lastly, pray, what is it you threaten me with? Do you mean to burn my house down?" "No, your excellency, I shall never set fire to your house." "What then, are you going to murder me?" Ivan made no reply. "I will never be your serf," he muttered at last. "I will just show you, whether you are my serf or not," roared his master. And Ivan was severely punished; but for all that, the three bay horses were put under his care, and he received the place of coachman.

Ivan appeared to submit to his fate, and as he soon proved that he understood his business, he quickly won the favour of his master, the more so because in general he was quiet and civil in his behaviour, while the horses entrusted to him were so well cared for that everybody declared it was a treat to look at them. His master evidently preferred driving out with Ivan to going with any of the other coachmen. Sometimes he would laugh, and say: "Well, Ivan, do you recollect how badly we got on at our first meeting? but I fancy we have driven out the devil after all." To these words Ivan never made any answer. But one day, just about Epiphany time, his master drove to town with Ivan as coachman, the bells jingling merrily from the necks

of the three bay horses. They were just beginning to mount a rather steep hill at foot-pace, when Ivan slid off the box and went behind the sledge, as if to pick up something he had let fall. It was a sharp frost, and his master sat huddled up in a thick fur, with a warm cap drawn close over his ears. Then Ivan took from under his long coat a hatchet which he carried in his belt, came close up behind his master, knocked off his cap, and with the words, "I warned you once, Peter Petrovitch, so you have only yourself to thank," at one blow cut his head open. He then stopped the horses, replaced the cap carefully on the head of the dead man, and taking his place

again on the box drove into town straight up to the police station.

"I have brought you General Suchinsky's dead body, it is I myself who killed him. I told him I would, and I have done it. So, take me."

He was arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to the knout, and then sent for life to the mines in Siberia. And thus, Ivan, the gay, light-hearted dancer, disappeared for ever from the world of light.

Yes, involuntarily, but in a different sense, we exclaim with Alexis Sergievitch: "The old times were good, but they are gone—and peace be with them!"

C. E. TURNER.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XLVII.

MISS STACKPOLE'S other topic was very different; she gave Isabel the latest news about Mr. Bantling. He had been out in the United States the year before, and she was happy to say she had been able to show him considerable attention. She didn't know how much he had enjoyed it, but she would undertake to say it had done him good; he wasn't the same man when he left that he was when he came. It had opened his eyes and shown him that England was not everything. He was very much liked over there, and thought extremely simple—more simple than the English were commonly supposed to be. There were some people thought him affected; she didn't know whether they meant that his simplicity was an affectation. Some of his questions were too discouraging; he thought all the chambermaids were farmers' daughters—or all the farmer's daughters were chambermaids—she couldn't exactly remember which. He hadn't seemed able to grasp the school-system; it seemed really too much for him. On the whole he had appeared as if there were too much—as if he could only take a small part. The part he had chosen was the hotel system, and the river navigation. He seemed really fasci-

nated with the hotels; he had a photograph of every one he had visited. But the river steamers were his principal interest; he wanted to do nothing but sail on the big boats. They had travelled together from New York to Milwaukee, stopping at the most interesting cities on the route; and whenever they started afresh he had wanted to know if they could go by the steamer. He seemed to have no idea of geography—had an impression that Baltimore was a western city, and was perpetually expecting to arrive at the Mississippi. He appeared never to have heard of any river in America but the Mississippi, and was unprepared to recognise the existence of the Hudson, though he was obliged to confess at last that it was fully equal to the Rhine. They had spent some pleasant hours in the palace-cars; he was always ordering ice-cream from the coloured man. He could never get used to that idea—that you could get ice-cream in the cars. Of course you couldn't, nor fans, nor candy, nor anything, in the English cars! He found the heat quite overwhelming, and she had told him that she expected it was the greatest he had ever experienced. He was now in England, hunting—"hunting round," Henrietta called it. These amusements were those of the American

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Indians; we had left that behind long ago, the pleasures of the chase. It seemed to be generally believed in England that we wore tomahawks and feathers; but such a costume was more in keeping with English habits. Mr. Bantling would not have time to join her in Italy, but when she should go to Paris again he expected to come over. He wanted very much to see Versailles again; he was very fond of the ancient *régime*. They didn't agree about that, but that was what she liked Versailles for, that you could see the ancient *régime* had been swept away. There were no dukes and marquises there now; on the contrary, she remembered one day when there were five American families, all walking round. Mr. Bantling was very anxious that she should take up the subject of England again, and he thought she might get on better with it now; England had changed a good deal within two or three years. He was determined that if she went there he should go to see his sister, Lady Pensil, and that this time the invitation should come to her straight. The mystery of that other one had never been explained.

Caspar Goodwood came at last to the Palazzo Roccanera; he had written Isabel a note beforehand, to ask leave. This was promptly granted; she would be at home at six o'clock that afternoon. She spent the day wondering what he was coming for—what good he expected to get of it. He had presented himself hitherto as a person destitute of the faculty of compromise, who would take what he had asked for or nothing. Isabel's hospitality, however, asked no questions, and she found no great difficulty in appearing happy enough to deceive him. It was her conviction, at least, that she deceived him, and made him say to himself that he had been misinformed. But she also saw, so she believed, that he was not disappointed, as some other men, she was sure, would have been; he had not come to Rome to look for an opportunity. She never found out

what he had come for; he offered her no explanation; there could be none but the very simple one that he wanted to see her. In other words he had come for his amusement. Isabel followed up this induction with a good deal of eagerness, and was delighted to have found a formula that would lay the ghost of this gentleman's ancient grievance. If he had come to Rome for his amusement this was exactly what she wanted; for if he cared for amusement he had got over his heartache. If he had got over his heartache everything was as it should be, and her responsibilities were at an end. It was true that he took his recreation a little stiffly, but he had never been demonstrative, and Isabel had every reason to believe that he was satisfied with what he saw. Henrietta was not in his confidence, though he was in hers, and Isabel consequently received no side-light upon his state of mind. He had little conversation upon general topics; it came back to her that she had said of him once, years before—"Mr. Goodwood speaks a good deal, but he doesn't talk." He spoke a good deal in Rome, but he talked, perhaps, as little as ever; considering, that is, how much there was to talk about. His arrival was not calculated to simplify her relations with her husband, for if Osmond didn't like her friends, Mr. Goodwood had no claim upon his attention save having been one of the first of them. There was nothing for her to say of him but that he was an old friend; this rather meagre synthesis exhausted the facts. She had been obliged to introduce him to Osmond; it was impossible she should not ask him to dinner, to her Thursday evenings, of which she had grown very weary, but to which her husband still held for the sake not so much of inviting people as of not inviting them. To the Thursdays Mr. Goodwood came regularly, solemnly rather early; he appeared to regard them with a good deal of gravity. Isabel every now and then had a moment of anger; there was

something so literal about him ; she thought he might know that she didn't know what to do with him. But she couldn't call him stupid ; he was not that in the least ; he was only extraordinarily honest. To be as honest as that made a man very different from most people ; one had to be almost equally honest with him. Isabel made this latter reflection at the very time she was flattering herself that she had persuaded him that she was the most light-hearted of women. He never threw any doubt on this point, never asked her any personal questions. He got on much better with Osmond than had seemed probable. Osmond had a great dislike to being counted upon ; in such a case he had an irresistible need of disappointing you. It was in virtue of this principle that he gave himself the entertainment of taking a fancy to a perpendicular Bostonian whom he had been depended upon to treat with coldness. He asked Isabel if Mr. Goodwood also had wanted to marry her, and expressed surprise at her not having accepted him. It would have been an excellent thing, like living under a tall belfry, which would strike all the hours and make a queer vibration in the upper air. He declared he liked to talk with the great Goodwood ; it wasn't easy at first, you had to climb by an interminable steep staircase up to the top of the tower ; but when you got there you had a big view and felt a little fresh breeze. Osmond, as we know, had delightful qualities, and he gave Caspar Goodwood the benefit of them all. Isabel could see that Mr. Goodwood thought better of her husband than he had ever wished to ; he had given her the impression that morning in Florence of being inaccessible to a good impression. Osmond asked him repeatedly to dinner, and Goodwood smoked a cigar with him afterwards, and even desired to be shown his collections. Osmond said to Isabel that he was very original ; he was as strong as an English portmanteau. Caspar Goodwood took to riding on the Campagna, and de-

voted much time to this exercise ; it was therefore mainly in the evening that Isabel saw him. She bethought herself of saying to him one day that if he were willing he could render her a service. And then she added, smiling—

"I don't know, however, what right I have to ask a service of you."

"You are the person in the world who has most right," he answered. "I have given you assurances that I have never given any one else."

The service was that he should go and see her cousin Ralph, who was ill at the Hôtel de Paris, alone, and be as kind to him as possible. Mr. Goodwood had never seen him, but he would know who the poor fellow was ; if she was not mistaken, Ralph had once invited him to Gardencourt. Caspar remembered the invitation perfectly, and, though he was not supposed to be a man of imagination, had enough to put himself in the place of a poor gentleman who lay dying at a Roman inn. He called at the Hôtel de Paris, and on being shown into the presence of the master of Gardencourt, found Miss Stackpole sitting beside his sofa. A singular change had, in fact, occurred in this lady's relations with Ralph Touchett. She had not been asked by Isabel to go and see him, but on hearing that he was too ill to come out had immediately gone of her own motion. After this she had paid him a daily visit—always under the conviction that they were great enemies. "Oh yes, we are intimate enemies," Ralph used to say ; and he accused her freely—as freely as the humour of it would allow—of coming to worry him to death. In reality they became excellent friends, and Henrietta wondered that she should never have liked him before. Ralph liked her exactly as much as he had always done ; he had never doubted for a moment that she was an excellent fellow. They talked about everything, and always differed ; about everything, that is, but Isabel—a topic as to which Ralph always had a thin

forefinger on his lips. On the other hand, Mr. Bantling was a great resource; Ralph was capable of discussing Mr. Bantling with Henrietta for hours. Discussion was stimulated of course by their inevitable difference of view—Ralph having amused himself with taking the ground that the genial ex-guardsmen was a regular Machiavelli. Caspar Goodwood could contribute nothing to such a debate; but after he had been left alone with Touchett, he found there were various other matters they could talk about. It must be admitted that the lady who had just gone out was not one of these; Caspar granted all Miss Stackpole's merits in advance, but had no further remark to make about her. Neither, after the first allusions, did the two men expatiate upon Mrs. Osmond—a theme in which Goodwood perceived as many dangers as his host. He felt very sorry for Ralph; he couldn't bear to see a pleasant man so helpless. There was help in Goodwood, when once the fountain had been tapped; and he repeated several times his visit to the Hôtel de Paris. It seemed to Isabel that she had been very clever; she had disposed of the superfluous Caspar. She had given him an occupation; she had converted him into a caretaker of Ralph. She had a plan of making him travel northward with her cousin as soon as the first mild weather should allow it. Lord Warburton had brought Ralph to Rome, and Mr. Goodwood should take him away. There seemed a happy symmetry in this, and she was now intensely eager that Ralph should leave Rome. She had a constant fear that he would die there, and a horror of this event occurring at an inn, at her door, which she had so rarely entered. Ralph must sink to his last rest in his own dear house, in one of those deep, dim chambers of Gardencourt, where the dark ivy would cluster round the edges of the glimmering window. There seemed to Isabel in these days something sacred about Gardencourt; no chapter of the past was more

perfectly irrecoverable. When she thought of the months she had spent there the tears rose to her eyes. She flattered herself, as I say, upon her ingenuity, but she had need of all she could muster; for several events occurred which seemed to confront and defy her. The Countess Gemini arrived from Florence—arrived with her trunks, her dresses, her chatter, her little fibs, her frivolity, the strange memory of her lovers. Edward Rosier, who had been away somewhere—no one, not even Pansy, knew where—reappeared in Rome and began to write her long letters, which she never answered. Madame Merle returned from Naples and said to her with a strange smile—"What on earth did you do with Lord Warburton?" As if it were any business of hers!

XLVIII.

ONE day, toward the end of February, Ralph Touchett made up his mind to return to England. He had his own reasons for this decision, which he was not bound to communicate; but Henrietta Stackpole, to whom he mentioned his intention, flattered herself that she guessed them. She forbore to express them, however; she only said, after a moment, as she sat by his sofa—

"I suppose you know that you can't go alone."

"I have no idea of doing that," Ralph answered. "I shall have people with me."

"What do you mean by 'people'? Servants, whom you pay?"

"Ah," said Ralph, jocosely, "after all, they are human beings."

"Are there any women among them?" Miss Stackpole inquired, calmly.

"You speak as if I had a dozen! No, I confess I haven't a soubrette in my employment."

"Well," said Henrietta, tranquilly, "you can't go to England that way. You must have a woman's care."

"The tragedy, then, if you like. You are all looking at me; it makes me uncomfortable."

Henrietta contemplated her a while.

"You are like the stricken deer, seeking the innermost shade. Oh, you do give me such a sense of helplessness!" she broke out.

"I am not at all helpless. There are many things I mean to do."

"It's not you I am speaking of; it's myself. It's too much, having come on purpose, to leave you just as I find you."

"You don't do that; you leave me much refreshed," Isabel said.

"Very mild refreshment — sour lemonade! I want you to promise me something."

"I can't do that. I shall never make another promise. I made such a solemn one four years ago, and I have succeeded so ill in keeping it."

"You have had no encouragement. In this case I should give you the greatest. Leave your husband before the worst comes; that's what I want you to promise."

"The worst? What do you call the worst?"

"Before your character gets spoiled."

"Do you mean my disposition? It won't get spoiled," Isabel answered, smiling. "I am taking very good care of it. I am extremely struck," she added, turning away, "with the off-hand way in which you speak of a woman leaving her husband. It's easy to see you have never had one!"

"Well," said Henrietta, as if she were beginning an argument, "nothing is more common in our western cities, and it is to them, after all, that we must look in the future." Her argument, however, does not concern this history, which has too many other threads to unwind. She announced to Ralph Touchett that she was ready to leave Rome by any train that he might designate, and Ralph immediately pulled himself together for departure. Isabel went to see him at the last, and he made the same remark that Hen-

rietta had made. It struck him that Isabel was uncommonly glad to get rid of them all.

For all answer to this she gently laid her hand on his, and said in a low tone, with a quick smile—

"My dear Ralph!"

It was answer enough, and he was quite contented. But he went on, in the same way, jocosely, ingenuously—"I've seen less of you than I might, but it's better than nothing. And then I have heard a great deal about you."

"I don't know from whom, leading the life you have done."

"From the voices of the air! Oh, from no one else; I never let other people speak of you. They always say you are 'charming,' and that's so flat."

"I might have seen more of you, certainly," Isabel said. "But when one is married one has so much occupation."

"Fortunately I am not married. When you come to see me in England, I shall be able to entertain you with all the freedom of a bachelor." He continued to talk as if they should certainly meet again, and succeeded in making the assumption appear almost just. He made no allusion to his term being near, to the probability that he should not outlast the summer. If he preferred it so, Isabel was willing enough; the reality was sufficiently distinct, without their erecting finger-posts in conversation. That had been well enough for the earlier time, though about this as about his other affairs Ralph had never been egotistic. Isabel spoke of his journey, of the stages into which he should divide it, of the precautions he should take.

"Henrietta is my greatest precaution," Ralph said. "The conscience of that woman is sublime."

"Certainly, she will be very conscientious."

"Will be? She has been! It's only because she thinks it's her duty that she goes with me. There's a conception of duty for you."

"Yes, it's a generous one," said

"Trying to see whether she's happy."

"That's easy to see," said Ralph. "She's the most visibly happy woman I know."

"Exactly so; I am satisfied," Goodwood answered, dryly. For all his dryness, however, he had more to say. "I have been watching her; I was an old friend, and it seemed to me I had the right. She pretends to be happy; that was what she undertook to be; and I thought I should like to see for myself what it amounts to. I have seen," he continued, in a strange voice, "and I don't want to see any more. I am now quite ready to go."

"Do you know it strikes me as about time you should?" Ralph rejoined. And this was the only conversation these gentlemen ever had about Isabel Osmond.

Henrietta made her preparations for departure, and among them she found it proper to say a few words to the Countess Gemini, who returned at Miss Stackpole's *pension* the visit which this lady had paid her in Florence.

"You were very wrong about Lord Warburton," she remarked, to the Countess. "I think it is right you should know that."

"About his making love to Isabel? My poor lady, he was at her house three times a day. He has left traces of his passage!" the Countess cried.

"He wished to marry your niece; that's why he came to the house."

The Countess stared, and then gave an inconsiderate laugh.

"Is that the story that Isabel tells? It isn't bad, as such things go. If he wishes to marry my niece, pray why doesn't he do it? Perhaps he has gone to buy the wedding ring, and will come back with it next month, after I am gone."

"No, he will not come back. Miss Osmond doesn't wish to marry him."

"She is very accommodating! I knew she was fond of Isabel, but I didn't know she carried it so far."

"I don't understand you," said Henrietta, coldly, and reflecting that the Countess was unpleasantly perverse. "I really must stick to my point—that Isabel never encouraged the attentions of Lord Warburton."

"My dear friend, what do you and I know about it? All we know is that my brother is capable of everything."

"I don't know what he is capable of," said Henrietta, with dignity.

"It's not her encouraging Lord Warburton that I complain of; it's her sending him away. I want particularly to see him. Do you suppose she thought I would make him faithless?" the Countess continued, with audacious insistence. "However, she is only keeping him, one can feel that. The house is full of him there; he is quite in the air. Oh yes, he has left traces; I am sure I shall see him yet."

"Well," said Henrietta, after a little, with one of those inspirations which had made the fortune of her letters to the *Interviewer*, "perhaps he will be more successful with you than with Isabel!"

When she told her friend of the offer she had made to Ralph, Isabel replied that she could have done nothing that would have pleased her more. It had always been her faith that, at bottom, Ralph and Henrietta were made to understand each other.

"I don't care whether he understands me or not," said Henrietta. "The great thing is that he shouldn't die in the cars."

"He won't do that," Isabel said, shaking her head, with an extension of faith.

"He won't if I can help it. I see you want us all to go. I don't know what you want to do."

"I want to be alone," said Isabel.

"You won't be that so long as you have got so much company at home."

"Ah, they are part of the comedy. You others are spectators."

"Do you call it a comedy, Isabel Archer?" Henrietta inquired, severely.

"The tragedy, then, if you like. You are all looking at me; it makes me uncomfortable."

Henrietta contemplated her a while.

"You are like the stricken deer, seeking the innermost shade. Oh, you do give me such a sense of helplessness!" she broke out.

"I am not at all helpless. There are many things I mean to do."

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"Will be? She has been! It's only because she thinks it's her duty that she goes with me. There's a conception of duty for you."

"Yes, it's a generous one," said

Isabel, "and it makes me deeply ashamed. I ought to go with you, you know."

"Your husband wouldn't like that."

"No, he wouldn't like it. But I might go, all the same."

"I am startled by the boldness of your imagination. Fancy my being a cause of disagreement between a lady and her husband!"

"That's why I don't go," said Isabel, simply, but not very lucidly.

Ralph understood well enough, however. "I should think so, with all those occupations you speak of."

"It isn't that. I am afraid," said Isabel. After a pause she repeated, as if to make herself, rather than him, hear the words—"I am afraid."

Ralph could hardly tell what her tone meant; it was so strangely deliberate—apparently so void of emotion. Did she wish to do public penance for a fault of which she had not been convicted? or were her words simply an attempt at enlightened self-analysis? However this might be, Ralph could not resist so easy an opportunity. "Afraid of your husband?" he said, jocosely.

"Afraid of myself!" said Isabel, getting up. She stood there a moment, and then she added—"If I were afraid of my husband, that would be simply my duty. That is what women are expected to be."

"Ah yes," said Ralph, laughing; "but to make up for it there is always some man awfully afraid of some woman!"

She gave no heed to this jest, but suddenly took a different turn. "With Henrietta at the head of your little band," she exclaimed abruptly, "there will be nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

"Ah, my dear Isabel," Ralph answered, "he's used to that. There is nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

Isabel coloured, and then she declared, quickly, that she must leave him. They stood together a moment; both her hands were in both of his. "You have been my best friend," she said.

"It was for you that I wanted—that I wanted to live. But I am of no use to you."

Then it came over her more poignantly that she should not see him again. She could not accept that; she could not part with him that way. "If you should send for me I would come," she said at last.

"Your husband won't consent to that."

"Oh yes, I can arrange it."

"I shall keep that for my last pleasure!" said Ralph.

In answer to which she simply kissed him.

It was a Thursday, and that evening Caspar Goodwood came to the Palazzo Roccanera. He was among the first to arrive, and he spent some time in conversation with Gilbert Osmond, who almost always was present when his wife received. They sat down together, and Osmond, talkative, communicative, expansive, seemed possessed with a kind of intellectual gaiety. He leaned back with his legs crossed, lounging and chatting, while Goodwood, more restless, but not at all lively, shifted his position, played with his hat, made the little sofa creak beneath him. Osmond's face wore a sharp, aggressive smile; he was like a man whose perceptions had been quickened by good news. He remarked to Goodwood that he was very sorry they were to lose him; he himself should particularly miss him. He saw so few intelligent men—they were surprisingly scarce in Rome. He must be sure to come back; there was something very refreshing, to an inveterate Italian like himself, in talking with a genuine outsider.

"I am very fond of Rome, you know," Osmond said; "but there is nothing I like better than to meet people who haven't that superstition. The modern world is after all very fine. Now you are thoroughly modern, and yet you are not at all flimsy. So many of the moderns we see are such very poor stuff. If they are the chil-

dren of the future we are willing to die young. Of course the ancients too are often very tiresome. My wife and I like everything that is really new—not the mere pretence of it. There is nothing new, unfortunately, in ignorance and stupidity. We see plenty of that in forms that offer themselves as a revelation of progress, of light. A revelation of vulgarity! There is a certain kind of vulgarity which I believe is really new; I don't think there ever was anything like it before. Indeed I don't find vulgarity, at all, before the present century. You see a faint menace of it here and there in the last, but to-day the air has grown so dense that delicate things are literally not recognised. Now, we have liked you——” And Osmond hesitated a moment, laying his hand gently on Goodwood's knee and smiling with a mixture of assurance and embarrassment. “I am going to say something extremely offensive and patronising, but you must let me have the satisfaction of it. We have liked you because—because you have reconciled us a little to the future. If there are to be a certain number of people like you—*à la bonne heure!* I am talking for my wife as well as for myself, you see. She speaks for me; why shouldn't I speak for her? We are as united, you know, as the candlestick and the snuffers. Am I assuming too much when I say that I think I have understood from you that your occupations have been—a—commercial? There is a danger in that, you know; but it's the way you have escaped that strikes us. Excuse me if my little compliment seems in execrable taste; fortunately my wife doesn't hear me. What I mean is that you *might have been*—a—what I was mentioning just now. The whole American world was in a conspiracy to make you so. But you resisted, you have something that saved you. And yet you are so modern, so modern; the most modern man we know! We shall always be delighted to see you again.”

I have said that Osmond was in

good-humour, and these remarks will give ample evidence of the fact. They were infinitely more personal than he usually cared to be, and if Caspar Goodwood had attended to them more closely he might have thought that the defence of delicacy was in rather odd hands. We may believe, however, that Osmond knew very well what he was about, and that if he chose for once to be a little vulgar, he had an excellent reason for the escapade. Goodwood had only a vague sense that he was laying it on, somehow; he scarcely knew where the mixture was applied. Indeed he scarcely knew what Osmond was talking about; he wanted to be alone with Isabel, and that idea spoke louder to him than her husband's perfectly modulated voice. He watched her talking with other people, and wondered when she would be at liberty, and whether he might ask her to go into one of the other rooms. His humour was not, like Osmond's, of the best; there was an element of dull rage in his consciousness of things. Up to this time he had not disliked Osmond personally; he had only thought him very well-informed and obliging, and more than he had supposed like the person whom Isabel Archer would naturally marry. Osmond had won in the open field a great advantage over him, and Goodwood had too strong a sense of fair play to have been moved to underrate him on that account. He had not tried positively to like him; this was a flight of sentimental benevolence of which, even in the days when he came nearest to reconciling himself to what had happened, Goodwood was quite incapable. He accepted him as a rather brilliant personage of the amateurish kind, afflicted with a redundancy of leisure which it amused him to work off in little refinements of conversation. But he only half trusted him; he could never make out why the deuce Osmond should lavish refinements of any sort upon *him*. It made him suspect that he found some private entertainment in it, and it

ministered to a general impression that his successful rival had a fantastical streak in his composition. He knew indeed that Osmond could have no reason to wish him evil; he had nothing to fear from him. He had carried off a supreme advantage, and he could afford to be kind to a man who had lost everything. It was true that Goodwood at times had wished Osmond were dead, and would have liked to kill him; but Osmond had no means of knowing this, for practice had made Goodwood quite perfect in the art of appearing inaccessible to-day to any violent emotion. He cultivated this art in order to deceive himself, but it was others that he deceived first. He cultivated it, moreover, with very limited success; of which there could be no better proof than the deep, dumb irritation that reigned in his soul when he heard Osmond speak of his wife's feelings as if he were commissioned to answer for them. That was all he had an ear for in what his host said to him this evening; he was conscious that Osmond made more of a point even than usual of referring to the conjugal harmony which prevailed at the Palazzo Roccanera. He was more careful than ever to speak as if he and his wife had all things in sweet community, and it were as natural to each of them to say "we" as to say "I." In all this there was an air of intention which puzzled and angered our poor Bostonian, who could only reflect for his comfort that Mrs. Osmond's relations with her husband were none of his business. He had no proof whatever that her husband misrepresented her, and if he judged her by the surface of things was bound to believe that she liked her life. She had never given him the faintest sign of discontent. Miss Stackpole had told him that she had lost her illusions, but writing for the papers had made Miss Stackpole sensational. She was too fond of early news. Moreover, since her arrival in Rome she had been much on her guard; she had ceased

to flash her lantern at him. This, indeed, it may be said for her, would have been quite against her conscience. She had, now seen the reality of Isabel's situation, and it had inspired her with a just reserve. Whatever could be done to improve it, the most useful form of assistance would not be to inflame her former lovers with a sense of her wrongs. Miss Stackpole continued to take a deep interest in the state of Mr. Goodwood's feelings, but she showed it at present only by sending him choice extracts, humorous and other, from the American journals, of which she received several by every post and which she always perused with a pair of scissors in her hand. The articles she cut out she placed in an envelope addressed to Mr. Goodwood, which she left with her own hand at his hotel. He never asked her a question about Isabel; hadn't he come five thousand miles to see for himself? He was thus not in the least authorised to think Mrs. Osmond unhappy; but the very absence of authorisation operated as an irritant, ministered to the angry pain with which, in spite of his theory that he had ceased to care, he now recognised that, as far as she was concerned, the future had nothing more for him. He had not even the satisfaction of knowing the truth; apparently he could not even be trusted to respect her if she were unhappy. He was hopeless, he was helpless, he was superfluous. To this last fact she had called his attention by her ingenious plan for making him leave Rome. He had no objection whatever to doing what he could for her cousin, but it made him grind his teeth to think that of all the services she might have asked of him this was the one she had been eager to select. There had been no danger of her choosing one that would have kept him in Rome!

To-night what he was chiefly thinking of was that he was to leave her to-morrow and that he had gained nothing by coming but the knowledge that he was as superfluous as ever.

About herself he had gained no knowledge; she was imperturbable, impenetrable. He felt the old bitterness, which he had tried so hard to swallow, rise again in his throat, and he knew that there are disappointments which last as long as life. Osmond went on talking; Goodwood was vaguely aware that he was touching again upon his perfect intimacy with his wife. It seemed to him for a moment that Osmond had a kind of demoniac imagination; it was impossible that without malice he should have selected so unusual a topic. But what did it matter, after all, whether he were demoniac or not, and whether she loved him or hated him? She might hate him to the death without Goodwood's gaining by it.

"You travel, by the by, with Touchett," Osmond said. "I suppose that means that you will move slowly?"

"I don't know; I shall do just as he likes."

"You are very accommodating. We are immensely obliged to you; you must really let me say it. My wife has probably expressed to you what we feel. Touchett has been on our minds all winter; it has looked more than once as if he would never leave Rome. He ought never to have come; it's worse than an imprudence for people in that state to travel; it's a kind of indelicacy. I wouldn't for the world be under such an obligation to Touchett as he has been to—to my wife and me. Other people inevitably have to look after him, and every one isn't so generous as you."

"I have nothing else to do," said Caspar, dryly.

Osmond looked at him a moment, askance. "You ought to marry, and then you would have plenty to do! It is true that in that case you wouldn't be quite so available for deeds of mercy."

"Do you find that as a married man you are so much occupied?"

"Ah, you see, being married is in itself an occupation. It isn't always

active; it's often passive; but that takes even more attention. Then my wife and I do so many things together. We read, we study, we make music, we walk, we drive—we talk even, as when we first knew each other. I delight, to this hour, in my wife's conversation. If you are ever bored, get married. Your wife indeed may bore you, in that case; but you will never bore yourself. You will always have something to say to yourself—always have a subject of reflection."

"I am not bored," said Goodwood. "I have plenty to think about and to say to myself."

"More than to say to others!" Osmond exclaimed, with a light laugh. "Where shall you go next? I mean after you have consigned Touchett to his natural care-takers—I believe his mother is at last coming back to look after him. That little lady is superb; she neglects her duties with a finish! Perhaps you will spend the summer in England?"

"I don't know; I have no plans."

"Happy man! That's a little nude, but it's very free."

"Oh yes, I am very free."

"Free to come back to Rome, I hope," said Osmond, as he saw a group of new visitors enter the room. "Remember that when you do come we count upon you!"

Goodwood had meant to go away early, but the evening elapsed without his having a chance to speak to Isabel otherwise than as one of several associated interlocutors. There was something perverse in the inveteracy with which she avoided him; Goodwood's unquenchable rancour discovered an intention where there was certainly no appearance of one. There was absolutely no appearance of one. She met his eye with her sweet hospitable smile, which seemed almost to ask that he would come and help her to entertain some of her visitors. To such suggestions, however, he only opposed a stiff impatience. He wandered about and waited; he talked to the few people he knew, who found him

for the first time rather self-contradictory. This was indeed rare with Caspar Goodwood, though he often contradicted others. There was often music at the Palazzo Roccanero, and it was usually very good. Under cover of the music he managed to contain himself; but toward the end, when he saw the people beginning to go, he drew near to Isabel and asked her in a low tone if he might not speak to her in one of the other rooms, which he had just assured himself was empty.

She smiled as if she wished to oblige him, but found herself absolutely prevented. "I'm afraid it's impossible. People are saying good-night, and I must be where they can see me."

"I shall wait till they are all gone, then!"

She hesitated a moment. "Ah, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed.

And he waited, though it took a long time yet. There were several people, at the end, who seemed tethered to the carpet. The Countess Gemini, who was never herself till midnight, as she said, displayed no consciousness that the entertainment was over; she had still a little circle of gentlemen in front of the fire, who every now and then broke into a united laugh. Osmond had disappeared—he never bade good-bye to people; and as the Countess was extending her range, according to her custom at this period of the evening, Isabel had sent Pansy to bed. Isabel sat a little apart; she too appeared to wish that her sister-in-law would sound a lower note and let the last loiterers depart in peace.

"May I not say a word to you now?" Goodwood presently asked her.

She got up, immediately, smiling. "Certainly, we will go somewhere else, if you like."

They went together, leaving the Countess with her little circle, and for a moment after they had crossed the threshold neither of them spoke. Isabel would not sit down; she stood in the middle of the room slowly fanning herself, with the same familiar grace.

She seemed to be waiting for him to speak. Now that he was alone with her, all the passion that he had never stifled surged into his senses; it hummed in his eyes and made things swim around him. The bright, empty room grew dim and blurred, and through the rustling tissue he saw Isabel hover before him with gleaming eyes and parted lips. If he had seen more distinctly he would have perceived that her smile was fixed and a trifle forced—that she was frightened at what she saw in his own face.

"I suppose you wish to bid me good-bye?" she said.

"Yes—but I don't like it. I don't want to leave Rome," he answered, with almost plaintive honesty.

"I can well imagine. It is wonderfully good of you. I can't tell you how kind I think you."

For a moment more he said nothing. "With a few words like that you make me go."

"You must come back some day," Isabel rejoined, brightly.

"Some day? You mean as long a time hence as possible."

"Oh no; I don't mean all that."

"What do you mean? I don't understand! But I said I would go, and I will go," Goodwood added.

"Come back whenever you like," said Isabel, with attempted lightness.

"I don't care a straw for your cousin!" Caspar broke out.

"Is that what you wished to tell me?"

"No, no; I didn't want to tell you anything; I wanted to ask you—" he paused a moment, and then—"what have you really made of your life?" he said, in a low, quick tone. He paused again, as if for an answer; but she said nothing, and he went on—"I can't understand, I can't penetrate you! What am I to believe—what do you want me to think?" Still she said nothing; she only stood looking at him, now quite without pretending to smile. "I am told you are unhappy, and if you are I should like to know it. That would

be something for me. But you yourself say you are happy, and you are somehow so still, so smooth. You are completely changed. You conceal everything; I haven't really come near you."

"You come very near," Isabel said, gently, but in a tone of warning.

"And yet I don't touch you! I want to know the truth. Have you done well?"

"You ask a great deal."

"Yes—I have always asked a great deal. Of course you won't tell me. I shall never know, if you can help it. And then it's none of my business." He had spoken with a visible effort to control himself, to give a considerate form to an inconsiderate state of mind. But the sense that it was his last chance, that he loved her and had lost her, that she would think him a fool whatever he should say, suddenly gave him a lash and added a deep vibration to his low voice. "You are perfectly inscrutable, and that's what makes me think you have something to hide. I say that I don't care a straw for your cousin, but I don't mean that I don't like him. I mean that it isn't because I like him that I go away with him. I would go if he were an idiot, and you should have asked me. If you should ask me, I would go to Patagonia to-morrow. Why do you want me to leave the place? You must have some reason for that; if you were as contented as you pretend you are, you wouldn't care. I would rather know the truth about you, even if it's damnable, than have come here for nothing. That isn't what I came for. I thought I shouldn't care. I came because I wanted to assure myself that I needn't think of you any more. I haven't thought of anything else, and you are quite right to wish me to go away. But if I must go, there is no harm in my letting myself out for a single moment, is there? If you are really hurt—if he hurts you—nothing I say will hurt you. When I tell you I love you, it's simply what I came for. I thought it was for something else; but

it was for that. I shouldn't say it if I didn't believe I should never see you again. It's the last time—let me pluck a single flower! I have no right to say that, I know; and you have no right to listen. But you don't listen; you never listen, you are always thinking of something else. After this I must go, of course; so I shall at least have a reason. Your asking me is no reason, not a real one. I can't judge by your husband," he went on, irrelevantly, almost incoherently, "I don't understand him; he tells me you adore each other. Why does he tell me that? What business is it of mine? When I say that to you, you look strange. But you always look strange. Yes, you have something to hide. It's none of my business—very true. But I love you," said Caspar Goodwood.

As he said, she looked strange. She turned her eyes to the door by which they had entered, and raised her fan as if in warning.

"You have behaved so well; don't spoil it," she said, softly.

"No one hears me. It's wonderful what you try to put me off with. I love you as I have never loved you."

"I know it. I knew it as soon as you consented to go."

"You can't help it—of course not. You would if you could, but you can't, unfortunately. Unfortunately for me, I mean. I ask nothing—nothing, that is, that I shouldn't. But I do ask one sole satisfaction—that you tell me—that you tell me——"

"That I tell you what?"

"Whether I may pity you."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, trying to smile again.

"To pity you? Most assuredly! That at least would be doing something. I would give my life to it."

She raised her fan to her face, which it covered, all except her eyes. They rested a moment on his.

"Don't give your life to it; but give a thought to it every now and then."

And with that Isabel went back to the Countess Gemini.

XLIX.

MADAME MERLE had not made her appearance at the Palazzo Roccanera, on the evening of that Thursday of which I have narrated some of the incidents, and Isabel, though she observed her absence, was not surprised by it. Things had passed between them which added no stimulus to sociability, and to appreciate which we must glance a little backward. It has been mentioned that Madame Merle returned from Naples shortly after Lord Warburton had left Rome, and that on her first meeting with Isabel (whom, to do her justice, she came immediately to see) her first utterance was an inquiry as to the whereabouts of this nobleman, for whom she appeared to hold her dear friend accountable.

"Please don't talk of him," said Isabel, for answer; "we have heard so much of him of late."

Madame Merle bent her head on one side a little, protestingly, and smiled in the left corner of her mouth.

"You have heard, yes. But you must remember that I have not, in Naples. I hoped to find him here, and to be able to congratulate Pansy."

"You may congratulate Pansy still; but not on marrying Lord Warburton."

"How you say that! Don't you know I had set my heart on it?" Madame Merle asked, with a great deal of spirit, but still with the intonation of good-humour.

Isabel was discomposed, but she was determined to be good-humoured too.

"You shouldn't have gone to Naples, then. You should have stayed here to watch the affair."

"I had too much confidence in you. But do you think it is too late?"

"You had better ask Pansy," said Isabel.

"I shall ask her what you have said to her."

These words seemed to justify the impulse of self-defence aroused on

Isabel's part by her perceiving that her visitor's attitude was a critical one. Madame Merle, as we know, had been very discreet hitherto; she had never criticised; she had been excessively afraid of intermeddling. But apparently she had only reserved herself for this occasion; for she had a dangerous quickness in her eye, and an air of irritation which even her admirable smile was not able to transmute. She had suffered a disappointment which excited Isabel's surprise—our heroine having no knowledge of her zealous interest in Pansy's marriage; and she betrayed it in a manner which quickened Mrs. Osmond's alarm. More clearly than ever before, Isabel heard a cold, mocking voice proceed from she knew not where, in the dim void that surrounded her, and declare that this bright, strong, definite, worldly woman, this incarnation of the practical, the personal, the immediate, was a powerful agent in her destiny. She was nearer to her than Isabel had yet discovered, and her nearness was not the charming accident that she had so long thought. The sense of accident indeed had died within her that day when she happened to be struck with the manner in which Madame Merle and her own husband sat together in private. No definite suspicion had as yet taken its place; but it was enough to make her look at this lady with a different eye to have been led to reflect that there was more intention in her past behaviour than she had allowed for at the time. Ah, yes, there had been intention, there had been intention, Isabel said to herself; and she seemed to wake from a long, pernicious dream. What was it that brought it home to her that Madame Merle's intention had not been good? Nothing but the mistrust which had lately taken body, and which married itself now to the fruitful wonder produced by her visitor's challenge on behalf of poor Pansy. There was something in this challenge which at the very outset excited an answering defiance; a nameless vitality which Isabel now saw to have been

absent from her friend's professions of delicacy and caution. Madame Merle had been unwilling to interfere, certainly, but only so long as there was nothing to interfere with. It will perhaps seem to the reader that Isabel went fast in casting doubt, on mere suspicion, on a sincerity proved by several years of good offices. She moved quickly, indeed, and with reason, for a strange truth was filtering into her soul. Madame Merle's interest was identical with Osmond's; that was enough.

"I think Pansy will tell you nothing that will feed your resentment," she said, in answer to her companion's last remark.

"I have no resentment. I have only a great desire to retrieve the situation. Do you think his lordship has left us for ever?"

"I can't tell you; I don't understand you. It's all over; please let it rest. Osmond has talked to me a great deal about it, and I have nothing more to say or to hear. I have no doubt," Isabel added, "that he will be very happy to discuss the subject with you."

"I know what he thinks; he came to see me last evening."

"As soon as you had arrived? Then you know all about it, and you needn't apply to me for information."

"It isn't information I want. At bottom, it's sympathy. I had set my heart on that marriage; the idea did what so few things do—it satisfied the imagination."

"Your imagination, yes. But not that of the persons concerned."

"You mean by that of course that I am not concerned. Of course not directly. But when one is such an old friend, one can't help having something at stake. You forget how long I have known Pansy. You mean, of course," Madame Merle added, "that *you* are one of the persons concerned."

"No; that's the last thing I mean. I am very weary of it all."

Madame Merle hesitated a little. "Ah yes, your work's done."

"Take care what you say," said Isabel, very gravely.

"Oh, I take care; never perhaps more than when it appears least. Your husband judges you severely."

Isabel made for a moment no answer to this; she felt choked with bitterness. It was not the insolence of Madame Merle's informing her that Osmond had been taking her into his confidence as against his wife that struck her most; for she was not quick to believe that this was meant for insolence. Madame Merle was very rarely insolent, and only when it was exactly right. It was not right now, or at least it was not right yet. What touched Isabel like a drop of corrosive acid upon an open wound, was the knowledge that Osmond dishonoured her in his words as well as in his thoughts.

"Should you like to know how I judge him?" she asked at last.

"No, because you would never tell me. And it would be painful for me to know."

There was a pause, and for the first time since she had known her, Isabel thought Madame Merle disagreeable. She wished she would leave her.

"Remember how attractive Pansy is, and don't despair," she said abruptly, with a desire that this should close their interview.

But Madame Merle's expansive presence underwent no contraction. She only gathered her mantle about her, and, with the movement, scattered upon the air a faint, agreeable fragrance.

"I don't despair," she answered; "I feel encouraged. And I didn't come to scold you; I came if possible to learn the truth. I know you will tell it if I ask you. It's an immense blessing with you, that one can count upon that. No, you won't believe what a comfort I take in it."

"What truth do you speak of?" Isabel asked, wondering.

"Just this: whether Lord Warburton changed his mind quite of his own movement, or because you recommended it. To please himself, I

mean; or to please you. Think of the confidence I must still have in you, in spite of having lost a little of it," Madame Merle continued with a smile, "to ask such a question as that!" She sat looking at Isabel a moment, to judge of the effect of her words, and then she went on—"Now don't be heroic, don't be unreasonable, don't take offence. It seems to me I do you an honour in speaking so. I don't know another woman to whom I would do it. I haven't the least idea that any other woman would tell me the truth. And don't you see how well it is that your husband should know it? It is true that he doesn't appear to have had any tact whatever in trying to extract it; he has indulged in gratuitous suppositions. But that doesn't alter the fact that it would make a difference in his view of his daughter's prospects to know distinctly what really occurred. If Lord Warburton simply got tired of the poor child, that's one thing; it's a pity. If he gave her up to please you, it's another. That's a pity, too; but in a different way. Then, in the latter case, you would perhaps make an attempt to find your pleasure in a new appeal to your friend."

Madame Merle had proceeded very deliberately, watching her companion and apparently thinking she could proceed safely. As she went on, Isabel grew pale; she clasped her hands more tightly in her lap. It was not that Madame Merle had at last thought it the right time to be insolent; for this was not what was most apparent. It was a worse horror than that. "Who are you—what are you?" Isabel murmured. "What have you to do with my husband?" It was strange that, for the moment, she drew as near to him as if she had loved him.

"Ah, then you take it heroically! I am very sorry. Don't think, however, that I shall do so."

"What have you to do with me?" Isabel went on.

Madame Merle slowly got up, strok-

ing her muff, but not removing her eyes from Isabel's face.

"Everything!" she answered.

Isabel sat there looking up at her, without rising; her face was almost a prayer to be enlightened. But the light of her visitor's eyes seemed only a darkness.

"Oh, misery!" she murmured at last; and she fell back, covering her face with her hands. It had come over her like a high-surfing wave that Mrs. Touchett was right. Madame Merle had married her! Before she uncovered her face again, this lady had left the room.

Isabel took a drive, alone, that afternoon; she wished to be far away, under the sky, where she could descend from her carriage and tread upon the daisies. She had long before this taken old Rome into her confidence, for in a world of ruins the ruin of her happiness seemed a less unnatural catastrophe. She rested her weariness upon things that had crumbled for centuries and yet still were upright; she dropped her secret sadness into the silence of lonely places, where its very modern quality detached itself and grew objective, so that as she sat in a sun-warmed angle on a winter's day, or stood in a mouldy church to which no one came, she could almost smile at it and think of its smallness. Small it was, in the large Roman record, and her haunting sense of the continuity of the human lot easily carried her from the less to the greater. She had become deeply, tenderly acquainted with Rome; it interfused and moderated her passion. But she had grown to think of it chiefly as the place where people had suffered. This was what came to her in the starved churches, where the marble columns, transferred from pagan ruins, seemed to offer her a companionship in endurance and the musty incense to be a compound of long-unanswered prayers. There was no gentler nor less consistent heretic than Isabel; the firmest of worshippers, gazing at dark altar-pictures or

clustered candles, could not have felt more intimately the suggestiveness of these objects nor have been more liable at such moments to a spiritual visitation. Pansy, as we know, was almost always her companion, and of late the Countess Gemini, balancing a pink parasol, had lent brilliancy to their equipage; but she still occasionally found herself alone when it suited her mood, and where it suited the place. On such occasions she had several resorts; the most accessible of which perhaps was a seat on the low parapet which edges the wide grassy space lying before the high, cold front of St. John Lateran; where you look across the Campagna at the far-trailing outline of the Alban Mount, and at that mighty plain between, which is still so full of all that has vanished from it. After the departure of her cousin and his companions she wandered about more than usual; she carried her sombre spirit from one familiar shrine to the other. Even when Pansy and the Countess were with her, she felt the touch of a vanished world. The carriage, passing out of the walls of Rome, rolled through narrow lanes, where the wild honeysuckle had begun to tangle itself in the hedges, or waited for her in quiet places where the fields lay near, while she strolled further and further over the flower-freckled turf, or sat on a stone that had once had a use, and gazed through the veil of her personal sadness at the splendid sadness of the scene—at the dense, warm light, the far gradations and soft confusions of colour, the motionless shepherds in lonely attitudes, the hills where the cloud-shadows had the lightness of a blush.

On the afternoon I began with speaking of, she had taken a resolution not to think of Madame Merle; but the resolution proved vain, and this lady's image hovered constantly before her. She asked herself, with an almost childlike horror of the supposition, whether to this intimate friend of several years the great

historical epithet of *wicked* was to be applied. She knew the idea only by the Bible and other literary works; to the best of her belief she had no personal acquaintance with wickedness. She had desired a large acquaintance with human life, and in spite of her having flattered herself that she cultivated it with some success, this elementary privilege had been denied her. Perhaps it was not wicked—in the historic sense—to be false; for that was what Madame Merle had been. Isabel's Aunt Lydia had made this discovery long before, and had mentioned it to her niece; but Isabel had flattered herself at this time that she had a much richer view of things, especially of the spontaneity of her own career and the nobleness of her own interpretations, than poor stiffly-reasoning Mrs. Touchett. Madame Merle had done what she wanted; she had brought about the union of her two friends; a reflection which could not fail to make it a matter of wonder that she should have desired such an event. There were people who had the matchmaking passion, like the votaries of art for art; but Madame Merle, great artist as she was, was scarcely one of these. She thought too ill of marriage, too ill even of life; she had desired that marriage, but she had not desired others. She therefore had had an idea of gain, and Isabel asked herself where she had found her profit. It took her, naturally, a long time to discover, and even then her discovery was very incomplete. It came back to her that Madame Merle, though she had seemed to like her from their first meeting at Gardencourt, had been doubly affectionate after Mr. Touchett's death, and after learning that her young friend was a victim of the good old man's benevolence. She had found her profit not in the gross device of borrowing money from Isabel, but in the more refined idea of introducing one of her intimates to the young girl's fortune. She had naturally chosen her closest intimate,

and it was already vivid enough to Isabel that Gilbert Osmond occupied this position. She found herself confronted in this manner with the conviction that the man in the world whom she had supposed to be the least sordid, had married her for her money. Strange to say, it had never before occurred to her: if she had thought a good deal of harm of Osmond, she had not done him this particular injury. This was the worst she could think of, and she had been saying to herself that the worst was still to come. A man might marry a woman for her money, very well; the thing was often done. But at least he should let her know! She wondered whether, if he wanted her money, her money to-day would satisfy him. Would he take her money and let her go? Ah, if Mr. Touchett's great charity would help her to-day, it would be blessed indeed! It was not slow to occur to her that if Madame Merle had wished to do Osmond a service, his recognition of the fact must have lost its warmth. What must be his feelings to-day in regard to his too zealous benefactress, and what expression must they have found on the part of such a master of irony? It is a singular, but a characteristic, fact that before Isabel returned from her silent drive she had broken its silence by the soft exclamation—

"Poor Madame Merle!"

Her exclamation would perhaps have been justified if on this same afternoon she had been concealed behind one of the valuable curtains of time-softened damask which dressed the interesting little *salon* of the lady to whom it referred; the carefully-arranged apartment to which we once paid a visit in company with the discreet Mr. Rosier. In that apartment, towards six o'clock, Gilbert Osmond was seated, and his hostess stood before him as Isabel had seen her stand on an occasion commemorated in this history with an emphasis appropriate not so much to its apparent as to its real importance.

"I don't believe you are unhappy; I believe you like it," said Madame Merle.

"Did I say I was unhappy?" Osmond asked, with a face grave enough to suggest that he might have been so.

"No, but you don't say the contrary, as you ought in common gratitude."

"Don't talk about gratitude," Osmond returned, dryly. "And don't aggravate me," he added, in a moment.

Madame Merle slowly seated herself, with her arms folded and her white hands arranged as a support to one of them and an ornament, as it were, to the other. She looked exquisitely calm, but impressively sad.

"On your side, don't try to frighten me," she said. "I wonder whether you know some of my thoughts."

"No more than I can help. I have quite enough of my own."

"That's because they are so delightful."

Osmond rested his head against the back of his chair and looked at his companion for a long time, with a kind of cynical directness which seemed also partly an expression of fatigue. "You do aggravate me," he remarked in a moment. "I am very tired."

"*Eh moi, donc!*" cried Madame Merle.

"With you, it's because you fatigue yourself. With me, it's not my own fault."

"When I fatigue myself it's for you. I have given you an interest; that's a great gift."

"Do you call it an interest?" Osmond inquired, languidly.

"Certainly, since it helps you to pass your time."

"The time has never seemed longer to me than this winter."

"You have never looked better; you have never been so agreeable, so brilliant."

"Damn my brilliancy!" Osmond murmured, thoughtfully. "How little, after all, you know me!"

"If I don't know you, I know nothing," said Madame Merle, smiling. "You have the feeling of complete success."

"No, I shall not have that till I have made you stop judging me."

"I did that long ago. I speak from old knowledge. But you express yourself more, too."

Osmond hesitated a moment. "I wish you would express yourself less!"

"You wish to condemn me to silence? Remember that I have never been a chatterbox. At any rate, there are three or four things that I should like to say to you first.—Your wife doesn't know what to do with herself," she went on, with a change of tone.

"Excuse me; she knows perfectly. She has a line sharply marked out. She means to carry out her ideas."

"Her ideas, to-day, must be remarkable."

"Certainly they are. She has more of them than ever."

"She was unable to show me any this morning," said Madame Merle. "She seemed in a very simple, almost in a stupid, state of mind. She was completely bewildered."

"You had better say at once that she was pathetic."

"Ah no, I don't want to encourage you too much."

Osmond still had his head against the cushion behind him; the ankle of one foot rested on the other knee. So he sat for a while. "I should like to know what is the matter with you," he said, at last.

"The matter—the matter—" And here Madame Merle stopped. Then she went on, with a sudden outbreak of passion, a burst of summer thunder in a clear sky—"The matter is that I would give my right hand to be able to weep, and that I can't!"

"What good would it do you to weep?"

"It would make me feel as I felt before I knew you."

"If I have dried your tears, that's

something. But I have seen you shed them."

"Oh, I believe you will make me cry still. I have a great hope of that. I was vile this morning; I was horrid," said Madame Merle.

"If Isabel was in the stupid state of mind you mention, she probably didn't perceive it," Osmond answered.

"It was precisely my devilry that stupefied her. I couldn't help it; I was full of something bad. Perhaps it was something good; I don't know. You have not only dried up my tears; you have dried up my soul."

"It is not I then that am responsible for my wife's condition," Osmond said. "It is pleasant to think that I shall get the benefit of your influence upon her. Don't you know the soul is an immortal principle? How can it suffer alteration?"

"I don't believe at all that it's an immortal principle. I believe it can perfectly be destroyed. That's what has happened to mine, which was a very good one to start with; and it's you I have to thank for it.—You are very bad," Madame Merle added, gravely.

"Is this the way we are to end?" Osmond asked, with the same studied coldness.

"I don't know how we are to end. I wish I did! How do bad people end? You have made me bad."

"I don't understand you. You seem to me quite good enough," said Osmond, his conscious indifference giving an extreme effect to the words.

Madame Merle's self-possession tended on the contrary to diminish, and she was nearer losing it than on any occasion on which we have had the pleasure of meeting her. Her eye brightened, even flashed; her smile betrayed a painful effort. "Good enough for anything that I have done with myself? I suppose that's what you mean."

"Good enough to be always charming!" Osmond exclaimed, smiling too.

"Oh God!" his companion murmured.

mured ; and, sitting there in her ripe freshness, she had recourse to the same gesture that she had provoked on Isabel's part in the morning ; she bent her face and covered it with her hands.

"Are you going to weep, after all ?" Osmond asked ; and on her remaining motionless he went on—"Have I ever complained to you ?"

She dropped her hands quickly. "No, you have taken your revenge otherwise—you have taken it on *her*."

Osmond threw back his head further ; he looked a while at the ceiling, and might have been supposed to be appealing, in an informal way, to the heavenly powers. "Oh, the imagination of women ! It's always vulgar, at bottom. You talk of revenge like a third-rate novelist."

"Of course you haven't complained. You have enjoyed your triumph too much."

"I am rather curious to know what you call my triumph."

"You have made your wife afraid of you."

Osmond changed his position ; he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees and looking a while at a beautiful old Persian rug, at his feet. He had an air of refusing to accept any one's valuation of anything, even of time, and of preferring to abide by his own ; a peculiarity which made him at moments an irritating person to converse with. "Isabel is not afraid of me, and it's not what I wish," he said at last. "To what do you wish to provoke me when you say such things as that ?"

"I have thought over all the harm you can do me," Madame Merle answered. "Your wife was afraid of me this morning, but in me it was really you she feared."

"You may have said things that were in very bad taste ; I am not responsible for that. I didn't see the use of your going to see her at all ; you are capable of acting without her. I have not made you afraid of me, that I can see," Osmond went on ; "how then should I have made her ? You

are at least as brave. I can't think where you have picked up such rubbish ; one might suppose you knew me by this time." He got up, as he spoke, and walked to the chimney, where he stood a moment bending his eye, as if he had seen them for the first time, on the delicate specimens of rare porcelain with which it was covered. He took up a small cup and held it in his hand ; then, still holding it and leaning his arm on the mantel, he continued : "You always see too much in everything ; you overdo it ; you lose sight of the real. I am much simpler than you think."

"I think you are very simple." And Madame Merle kept her eye upon her cup. "I have come to that with time. I judged you, as I say, of old ; but it is only since your marriage that I have understood you. I have seen better what you have been to your wife than I ever saw what you were for me. Please be very careful of that precious object."

"It already has a small crack," said Osmond, dryly, as he put it down. "If you didn't understand me before I married, it was cruelly rash of you to put me into such a box. However, I took a fancy to my box myself ; I thought it would be a comfortable fit. I asked very little ; I only asked that she should like me."

"That she should like you so much !"

"So much, of course ; in such a case one asks the maximum. That she should adore me, if you will. Oh yes, I wanted that."

"I never adored you," said Madame Merle.

"Ah, but you pretended to !"

"It is true that you never accused me of being a comfortable fit," Madame Merle went on.

"My wife has declined—declined to do anything of the sort," said Osmond. "If you are determined to make a tragedy of that, the tragedy is hardly for her."

"The tragedy is for me !" Madame Merle exclaimed rising, with a long

low sigh, but giving a glance at the same time at the contents of her mantel-shelf. "It appears that I am to be severely taught the disadvantages of a false position."

"You express yourself like a sentence in a copy-book. We must look for our comfort where we can find it. If my wife doesn't like me, at least my child does. I shall look for compensations in Pansy. Fortunately I haven't a fault to find with her."

"Ah," said Madame Merle, softly, "if I had a child—"

Osmond hesitated a moment; and then, with a little formal air—"The children of others may be a great interest!" he announced.

"You are more like a copy-book than I. There is something, after all, that holds us together."

"Is it the idea of the harm I may do you?" Osmond asked.

"No; it's the idea of the good I may do for you. It is that," said Madame Merle, "that made me so jealous of Isabel. I want it to be *my* work," she added, with her face, which had grown hard and bitter, relaxing into its usual social expression.

Osmond took up his hat and his umbrella, and after giving the former article two or three strokes with his coat-cuff—"On the whole, I think," he said, "you had better leave it to me."

After he had left her, Madame Merle went and lifted from the mantel-shelf the attenuated coffee-cup in which he had mentioned the existence of a crack; but she looked at it rather abstractedly. "Have I been so vile all for nothing?" she murmured to herself.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE JULY ANNIVERSARIES.

THE month of July last brought us, no doubt, a very heated term, thermometrically speaking; but there is another sense in which we have so far been vouchsafed an exceptionally grateful temperature. The "July Anniversaries," as they are called in Ireland, have come and gone. It may be said, indeed, that they have been upon us and we knew it not. There are many Englishmen who will not be able, without a little reflection, to realise all that is implied in the fact that "July the Twelfth" has rolled over our heads without an incident to remind us of a *Dies Irae*. Yet if fortunate be the country that has no history, happy is the July in northern Ireland that furnishes no item for the annalist. For the first time in a long series of years the early weeks of that month have passed by in the sister country without the customary conflict, riot, and bloodshed. With a dismal regularity the episode used to come round. In many places the newspaper reporters might almost have prepared their "copy" beforehand, one year's story was so like another's. As surely as June began to wane, so surely did the authorities in Dublin Castle commence their annual preparations. Troops were gradually moved northwards. Contingents of police, drawn from the other provinces, marched by converging routes on Ulster. From Newry to Tanderagee the gunsmith's trade, dull enough mayhap all the rest of the year, grew brisk. Revolvers and blunderbuses, powder and ball, were laid in by every householder; and where, in the large towns, the municipal authorities were "impartial" the metalling of roads and streets was temporarily suspended, and all piles of spare macadam material were carefully removed. It is scarcely an exaggera-

tion to say that in Belfast the town surgeries and public hospitals got ready for "the Twelfth" very much as an Ambulance Corps might prepare for a general action. Every newspaper editor in Great Britain knew what Irish news the wire was sure to bring him for his evening editions of that day or the morning issues of the next. Very often for a week, not seldom for two or three weeks at a time, in the town of Belfast, the capital of Ulster, a savage struggle intermittently raged, and the scenes which disgraced Bristol in 1831 went on from day to day.

It is a familiar story how the executive and the legislature alike have long and vainly striven to avert these disgraceful conflicts. As a Pope was once found to banish the Jesuits, the Order specially established for the militant service of the Church, so did a Protestant Sovereign less than fifty years ago suppress the Orange Society, which loudly proclaimed as its *raison d'être* the maintenance of the House of Brunswick, the Bible, and the Throne. Later on, after the organisation had been reconstituted, the Party Processions Act was passed, forbidding the displays and parades which a whole series of Royal Commissions and official reports had declared to be the sole cause and origin of those periodical scenes of tumult. The fate of all such attempts to cope with the evil merely illustrated anew the futility of endeavouring to suppress religious bigotry or politico-theological fanaticism by Acts of Parliament. In 1867 Mr. William Johnson of Ballykilbeg, the then Grand Master of the Orange Society, gave public notice that on the next "Twelfth" he would openly defy the proscriptive Act. He was as good as his word. He assembled and marched a monster procession of

the brethren in full regalia, with all the incidents and accompaniments specifically forbidden by the statute. He was, no doubt, arrested, tried, convicted of the offence, and sent to Downpatrick gaol to undergo a sentence of six months' imprisonment. But in Ireland the public man, be he Tory or Home Ruler, Orangeman or Land Leaguer, who is sent to gaol for his principles, is marked out for Parliamentary honours. Mr. Johnson's imprisonment led to his triumphant return for Belfast in 1868; and his first and only achievement as a legislator was to enlist the support of the Catholic members in an attempt, ultimately successful, to repeal the Party Processions Act. That statute disappeared in 1870, in the first early glow of that fraternal feeling which the Irish Tory conversion, or affected conversion, to nationality, succeeded in diffusing. For a while it did seem as if even in Ulster the Orange lion was about to lie down with the Popish lamb; but soon it was made clear that if he did, it was only in order that he might devour the lamb the more conveniently. For the first year or two the lists of killed and wounded were greatly reduced; but ere long "the war that for a space did fail, now trebly thundering swelled the gale." The most sanguinary struggle of half a century took place not long subsequently.

In view of all these circumstances one naturally enough inquires what marvellous influence has wrought the pacification or truce of 1881. It is just here that we are confronted with the strangest fact of all. Indeed there may be politicians who would prefer the anniversaries kept in the good old style, however heavy the "butcher's bill," rather than have tranquillity so obtained. Most men, happily, will probably adopt the line of philosophy which counsels us not to look a gift horse in the mouth, and so will rejoice even when they hear the astonishing story that the Land League and Land Leaguism have kept the peace in

Ulster on this occasion. It is now eight months since the Land League conceived the idea of carrying the agrarian agitation into Ulster, and enlisting the sympathies of the "Orange North" in the war against rack-rents and evictions. At first the project was greeted with derision by the Tory landlords. But it was a propitious time for such a venture. As the emigration and eviction returns show, Ulster had been suffering sorely ever since 1876. The depression, each year intensifying, had had the effect of eating into, nay, destroying, the tenant right before the landlord's rent could be made to give way in the least; and rent-raising, especially following upon the Land Act of 1870, had already heavily weighted the farming class in Ulster as elsewhere. "The purse has no politics." Lord Orichton and Lord Belmore beheld with alarm the Land League emissaries received, not with brickbats, but with cheers. "The three F's" or "Every farmer his own landlord" were cries that touched the sympathies, as they affected the pockets, of Orangeman and Papist alike; nor could the Grand Lodge functionaries countervail them in aught by rhapsodies about Brass Money and Wooden Shoes. Orangemen presided at Land League meetings, Orangemen attended as delegates at the Land League Conference. The Rev. Harold Rylett, an Ulster Non-conformist clergyman, was appointed Land League Organiser for the province, and as early as April last it became plain that a truly singular struggle was going forward in the Orange mind, in the minds of the agricultural brethren. The League directory were astute enough to discern their opportunity, and they struck in at the decisive moment with a telling blow. The landlord party, discomfited for the moment, found consolation in the reflection that the "July Anniversaries" would shatter to pieces the union which had so far been established, and they called for a "rousing celebration" this time. The

League trumped this by calling on the Catholics of Ulster to remain within doors on the twelfth, and to avoid all interference with, or notice of, any demonstrations which "their Protestant fellow-tenant farmers" might desire to hold. The result was looked forward to by some with doubt; by many with anxiety. Strange to say the Government were so far persuaded of the League's success that the invariable march of infantry and cavalry on the north was not attempted; and all the available troops were left undisturbed to protect process-servers and seize rent-pigs in Connaught, Leinster, and Munster. The result is before us now. When the morning papers of Wednesday, July the 13th, appeared without the annual announcements of "Desperate Rioting in Belfast: Five Chapels Wrecked," men marvelled greatly, but thought it wise to wait a little. Perhaps the conflagration would break out later on. All Orangemen are not tenant-farmers, and the brethren in the towns would surely stand up for the time-honoured practice with ball-cartridge and paving stones. Not

so, however. One policeman badly wounded, and a Catholic shoemaker shot, in a remote village of Donegal, are the only incidents that have this year marked a period usually given over to the hideous scenes of a sanguinary sectarian war.

It were lamentably to misread the meaning and moral of this remarkable circumstance, to consider it merely as a display of "Land-League tactics," or "Land-League power." It supplies us with a clue to that Irish problem, the first step towards a solution of which the writer has always maintained to be the passing of a just and comprehensive measure of Land Reform. The sense of a common wrong, the hope of a common redress, of a common right to be won, has overwhelmed sectarian feeling, and laid a foundation for future concord, which coercive statutes failed to establish. We shall see even greater miracles wrought by that common charter of justice and liberty, which Irish tenants, North and South, await with hope and confidence.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

BORMUS,

A LINUS SONG.

. λίνον δ' ἐπὶ καλὸν κείδε
 Λεπταλέη φωνῇ.—*Il.* xviii. 571.

Down from the lifted cornfield trips
 The child with ripe red-berried lips,
 The radiant mountain boy with eyes
 Blue as wet gentians in the shade,
 His golden hair all wet with heat,
 Limp as the meadow-gold new laid ;
 And as a russet fir-cone brown,
 An earthen pitcher gaily swings
 Upon his little shoulder borne,
 Water to fetch from sunless springs ;
 And while the flowers his bare feet brush
 Loud sings he like a mountain thrush.
 Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

By paths that through sweet hay new mown
 Like hillside brooks come leaping down,
 Past silver slabs of morning, where
 The wet crags flash the sunlight back,
 Past the warm runnels in the grass,
 Whose course the purple orchids track,
 And down the shining upland slopes,
 And herby dells all dark with pine,
 Incarnate gladness, leaps the child,
 Still singing like a bird divine,
 His little pattering sunburnt feet
 With bruised meadow spikenard sweet.
 Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

Too soon, ah me, too bitter soon
 He reached the dell unsunned at noon,
 Where in long flutes the water falls
 Into a deep and glimmering pool,
 And struck from out the dripping rocks
 The silver water sparks all cool
 Spangle the chilly cavern-dark,
 And clear cut ferns green fringe the gloom,
 And with continuous sound the air
 Trembles, and all the still perfume,—
 Here came the child for water chill,
 The sultry reapers' thirst to still.
 Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

"Hither, come hither, thou fair child,"
 Loud sang the water voices wild,
 "Come hither, thou delightful boy,
 And tread our cool translucent floors,
 Where never scorching heats may come,
 Nor ever wintry tempest roars ;
 Nor the sharp tooth of envious age
 May fret thy beauty with decay,
 And thou grow sad mid wailful men ;
 But in thy deathless spring-time stay,
 Made one with our eternal joy,
 For ever an immortal boy."

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

He dipped his pitcher o'er the brink,
 About it dimpling sunlights wink,
 The smooth rill fills its darkling throat
 With hollow tinklings mounting shrill
 And shriller to its thirsty lip ;
 But sweeter, wilder, louder still
 The water voices ringing sing ;
 And beckon him, and draw him down
 The cool-armed silver-wristed nymphs,
 His warm lips with cold kisses crown ;
 And to their chilly bosoms prest,
 He sinks away in endless rest.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

But still in the warm twilight eves,
 Threading the lone moon-silvered sheaves,
 Or where in fragrant dusky heaps
 The dim-seen hay cool scents emits,
 The boy across the darkening hills
 Bearing his little pitcher flits,
 With feet that light as snowflakes fall,
 Nor, passing, stir the feathered grass ;
 And sings a song no man may know,
 Of old forgotten things that pass,
 And Love that endeth in a sigh,
 And beauty only born to die.

Blue cornflowers weep, red poppies sigh,
 For all we love must ever die.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

NOTE.—The "Linus Songs" were sung in the harvest-fields, or in the vineyards at vintage. They were of a tender and melancholy character, with a pathetic burthen, in which all joined, beating time with their feet ; and seem to have been inspired by some sort of unconscious sense of sadness over the golden corn laid low and the purpling grapes gathered and crushed. They derive their name from Linus, a beautiful boy brought up among the sheep-folds, and torn to death by wild dogs.

HOW I FOUND THE DOTTEREL'S NEST.

WHERE is the schoolboy who has not a strong love for bird-nesting? Or where is the "old boy" either, who, from amid the bustle and dust of a city life, does not look back on the same pursuit with feelings of the keenest pleasure?

How well we remember that long day about the middle of April, with its treacherous glimpses of sunshine, alternating with showers of sleet, when, high up in the wooded glen, where everything was bare and brown, except the mosses and the young ferns, the huge dome-shaped nest of the water ouzel was found, stuck in a cranny of rock, close by the rush of water falling into the big linn.

Or that other day on the purple moor, with its scattered rushy tarns. its stretches of green bracken, its wide view of wooded plain and distant hill, and above, the deep sky with Alpine scenery of snowy cloud, where after long searching the eggs of the golden plover and curlew were first added to the growing collection.

"Though absent long
These forms of beauty have not been to us
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye.
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, we have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet—
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into our purer mind
With tranquil restoration."

But why need I further preface my description of a single day's excursion among the hills by descanting on the beauties of nature? every one of my readers must have memories of like days, whether undertaken in pursuit of sport or scenery.

I had been staying at Braemar in Aberdeenshire for several days, making excursions to the tops of the highest hills in the vicinity, searching for the summer haunts of the snow-

bunting. Two days had been spent wandering over the broad rounded shoulders of Ben Muic Dhui. Two more days saw me sitting shivering in the "Barren Hollow" which lies between the lofty peak of Cairn Toul and the Braeriach cliffs; while two nights, of three other days, threw their shadows on me, as I nestled in a cranny of rock at the foot of one of the huge crags which rise a thousand feet high from the white pebbled edge of "dark Lochnagar."

One evening, tired of the long lonely unsuccessful hunt, I bethought me of an old promise my gamekeeper friend, Donald of Loch Callater, had made, that he would guide me over the Glas Maol range into a wild spot said to be frequented by the dotterel. This Glas Maol range was quite a *terra incognita* to me, and even if unsuccessful in finding the nest, I should see new ground, and have a companion for the day.

Allow me, before I start, to give some idea of what the dotterel is. This bird is the most beautiful of our British plovers, and one of the rarest. Two well-known naturalists published, in a recent work on the "Birds of Europe," an account of taking the nest of the dotterel ten years ago. They had a very good knowledge of the different breeding stations of the bird in Scotland, and as the result of their many excursions into its haunts, they state that not more than a dozen pairs can breed in this country.

Here and there among the hills, far from all signs of human habitation, nay, of life itself, are ghastly stretches of dreary bog: where solitude wrapped in a gray mantle of mist holds undisputed reign; spots of dreary death and desolation, wept over by the driving rain, and swept by cold and wintry blasts. In such spots as these

the summer haunts of the dotterel must be sought.

But to return. Having quickly decided to go, I threw a telescope over my shoulder, and, stick-gun in hand, set out. Two hours' hard walking brought me in sight of Donald's hut. This hut or shieling is built near the edge of a dark Highland loch, at the head of a dreary glen with high hills on all sides. Built of rough gray stones and thatched with heather, it seems part and parcel of the wild moorland on which it is built.

When I entered the kitchen, it was empty and silent, but for the loud monotonous tick of a clock which stood in one corner. The room was almost dark. A peat fire which smouldered in the huge fireplace, now and then flickered into flame, throwing out ruddy gleams of light. The light shone on the low smoke-blackened ceiling, and glanced off the polished stone floor.

On one side the rows of shining plates ranged against the wall on narrow shelves were bathed in the warm colour, and on the other the light was reflected from a small square window, through which a patch of gray sky and the dark hill side could be dimly seen.

In the centre of the room stood a wooden table, on which lay an opened book, and a half-finished stocking. This and a child's doll, lying on the floor in front of the fire, were evident signs of recent habitation.

As I stood there, admiring the play of colour in the fire-lit room, Donald's wife, who was still awake, welcomed me from a dark recess at the end of the room furthest from the fire, apologised for having retired to bed so early, and saying, as she awoke her husband, that Donald was getting up. This Donald proceeded to do, and coming out of the gloom, in a very sleepy condition, he lit a lamp and asked me to sit down. I took the proffered seat, and then asked him if he could go over the Glas Maol next day. He was afraid not, as there were

turnips to be sown. Here the wife, good body, said very quietly from her dark corner, "Don't you think, Donald, you could leave the neeps over for a day and go with Mr. Bruce!" It was settled.

Donald and I talked for about an hour by the peat fire. These Highland peasants are delightfully curious and inquisitive about what is going on outside their own little world, and are most attentive listeners. There is nothing they like better than to have a long day on the hills with a stranger, if only the stranger be communicative. They dislike going with more than one, as Donald once said to me *anent* a famous botanist: "I once took Dr. — and a friend of his up Loch-nagar; he was a bit withered-up-looking body, and took no more notice of me than a blind man does of his dog, but kept on stringing off long nebbled Latin words to his friend, about the bit mosses and plants they gathered."

When our talk was over, Donald took me to the other room where I was to sleep. This was the best room of the house, and was carpeted with soft deer skins. In one corner stood a chest of drawers, on the top of which were two large stuffed birds, and the keeper's small collection of books.

The stuffed birds were both birds of prey. One a beautiful female peregrine, or, as Donald called it, the "blue or real game hawk"; the other, an immature specimen of that rarest of British birds, miscalled the common kite. "When did you shoot the kite, Donald?" I asked. "Well, sir, I shot it one Sunday morning," replied the keeper. "I had on the breeks and was just going to kirk with the wife. I was in the house when I heard the wife cry to me, 'Man Donald, come out and see the muckle birdie!'"

Donald then went on to relate how he ran out and saw the large bird hovering within thirty yards of him. It then sailed slowly round a large field and came back again within shot.

This was too much for the sport-loving Donald. With a little bad Gaelic word he said, "Do you that again, and I'll give you something to carry away from Loch Callater."

He then ran into the kitchen, and picked his loaded gun off its perch above the door. The bird repeated the same manœuvre, again came quite close, when Donald, aiming under one of its wings, brought it down quite dead. He carried the dead bird into the kitchen where he found his wife trying to read the Bible through her tears. "Eh man, Donald," said the good woman, "and could you no have let alane the birdie that was so tame kennin it was the sabbath?"

Early next morning, after having breakfasted off a delicious salmon, which Donald had caught that morning at daybreak, in the burn near the shieling, we started for the haunts of the dotterel. As we were sure to have a long and toilsome day, the good wife had amply provided each of us with a large parcel of newly-baked scones and huge slices of salmon.

Donald led the way up the steep hill side with the elastic step of a born mountaineer. I toiled after him for the first mile or two speechless and breathless, caring for nothing but to keep up with him, and listening to the loud throb of my overtaxed heart.

The path we at first pursued had been famous in time gone by as that by which the smugglers of the district had travelled to dispose of their whisky. When we reached the top of the first hill, we sat down to enable me to regain breath.

What a glorious stretch of wooded plain and lofty mountain lay spread out before us, shining in the early morning sun! In the foreground the steep hill side, clothed in brown heather and the greenest of bracken, with here and there huge boulders of granite covered with bright-coloured mosses. At our feet lay the little lake, one half of which showed like liquid silver, as the sunbeams danced

and played on the tiny rippling wavelets. The other end looked dark and dismal from the reflection of the black rocks as they rose in precipices from its margin.

In the middle distance stretched the well-wooded plain in which Braemar stands. An amber-coloured stream, fringed with hazel trees and oak copse, wound through it, while on either side were bright corn fields, with a red-roofed farmhouse at intervals.

In the distance rose the mountains, ridge beyond ridge, like huge waves, the lowest covered to their summits by silver-stemmed birches and green larch trees; those higher, with dark pines climbing their sides, and towering above all, the huge, snow-crowned, serrated peaks of Ben Muic Dhui and Cairn Toul.

The valley below us had once been thickly peopled, and we could still plainly see the grass-grown mounds marking the spots where the huts of the peasantry had stood. But now in the lonely glen, instead of the voices of children at play on the hill sides, nothing is heard but the bleating of sheep, the shepherd calling in his dog, and in the autumn the sharp report of the breechloader, as the bonny red-grouse falls, scattering its feathers over the purple heather.

But we feel less sad when we think that these vanished Highland peasants or their sons are now prosperous farmers in the "far west," removed from danger of famine and its accompanying miseries. For famine in these glens was of common occurrence. Every hill round about has its tradition or legend. For example that low hill lying over there about four miles to the north-east, is called Cairn Taggart, or the Priest's hill.

The story connected with it is, that one spring the snow remained so long that the inhabitants of the glen, pinched with famine, determined to leave in a body. On this the priest made his way through the snow to the top of Cairn Taggart, where he spent some time in prayer, and saw before

he left, like a second Elijah, on the distant horizon, signs of a coming change. On getting down again, almost dead with fatigue and benumbed with cold, he besought the people to remain one more day. They obeyed, and in a few hours the thaw began.

As we walked on the weather changed. A thick mist came rolling down, accompanied by a bitter cold wind, and blotted out everything. Hour after hour we tramped on. I was wondering how Donald kept the right direction, and coming at this moment to what I thought a mere patch of snow, several of which we had crossed, I carelessly stepped on to it, and was about to make another step, when suddenly my arm was grasped, and I was dragged back so violently as to fall. Looking up at Donald I saw he was pale, and trembling violently. In a few seconds, when he had regained his power of articulation, he said, "That was a near shave, sir; another step and you were over the Canlochan Crag." He had gone off the right track, and the patch in front was the narrow rim of snow which clings to the top of the crags for many weeks after most of the snow round about has disappeared.

We sat down, and although I tried to speak lightly of the circumstance, it was not till the application of some brandy from my flask that Donald regained his wonted colour.

These Canlochan crags are huge precipices which form a semi-circle of about two miles in extent, and are still much frequented by eagles.

In a few minutes a glimpse of sunshine shone through the mist, and in a short time it was broken up, and sent rolling in eddying masses, reflecting the most brilliant rainbow colours, as it passed away lit up by the bright sun, and disclosing the whole line of cliffs. Suddenly a great black bird rose from the edge of the crags, in a short time another, and following on it a third. Donald whispered "the eagles." I got out the telescope and watched the huge majestic birds soar-

ing round in great circles, up, up, till out of sight to the naked eye. They seemed to rise without any exertion, their broad sail-like wings slightly inclined upwards. The birds formed a most fitting adjunct to the wild scene, as they sailed slowly round in spiral flight on almost motionless pinions.

Sail on ye noble birds, may many winters bleach the rugged brow of Cairn Gorm over which you are floating, and many wintry winds blow the light and feathery snow over these rugged Canlochan Crag, e'er the ruthless hand of man robs you of life or liberty!

As I was, with, let me hope the pardonable enthusiasm of youth, inwardly apostrophising the birds in this manner, I heard the practical Donald whisper excitedly, "Eh man, if I had only the rifle instead of this shot gun, I might get one of them. I have tried to shoot one for the last five years, ever since Mr. P—— of Liverpool offered me five guineas for a dead eagle."

Skirting the edge of the cliffs for about a mile, we struck off, and began to ascend the rough stony summit of the Glasha, which lay immediately in front of us. Near the top this hill side is covered with rough masses of gray granite, hard, angular and uncouth. The dismal gray colour of the stones, is enlivened and relieved, however, by the brilliant yellow and white lichens spreading over their surfaces, and here and there between the stones, patches of dark green moss. The only inhabitant of this dismal wilderness of stones is the Ptarmigan. What a hoarse croaking cry they have as they sit perched on some large block of granite, or fly low down along the hill side with rapid beats of their stiff white wings. One favourite amusement of the Ptarmigan is to shoot up suddenly into the air in a slanting direction, and after reaching a considerable height, to sink rapidly down again, almost perpendicularly, with outstretched wings. The male is a gallant fellow, and when

perched on a stone will allow you to approach within a few feet of him, but as soon as his mate springs up, away he goes with a complacent croak. Here we found a Ptarmigan's nest, with the female sitting on the eggs; she remained on the nest as we stood by, and allowed me to introduce one finger under her, so as to feel the eggs, before she flew off.

As it was now well on in the afternoon, and we had been toiling all day, I asked Donald if we were still far from the dotterel ground, and was relieved by being told we had only one more mile to walk.

After we had descended the other side of the Glasha, I saw at a glance that here at last was ground suitable for the dotterel. Who could paint the desolation of the scene? A thin driving mist obscured the sky and the more distant objects. In front of us ran a long ridge which rose gradually into the broad rounded summit of the Glas Maol. This ridge was not covered with stones, but with a thick layer of gray woolly moss and stunted sedge. Here and there a large, damp, black patch of peat bog. On the right hand lay a steep stony corrie, and on the left the ridge sloped gradually down to the edge of a line of precipices. All was still and silent as the grave, but for the mournful sigh of the north-east wind as it swept gloomily over the cold, dank, dismal waste.

Here we separated in order to beat the ground, Donald keeping along the centre of the ridge, while I, every sense keenly awake, held on about fifty paces to his right. After we had proceeded in this way for some time, I was attracted by the tinkling note of a small bird coming from the edge of the corrie. Surprised at the sound, and thinking it might be the long-looked-for snow-bunting, also a lover of the desolate, I turned to the right and walked in the direction of the sound. Before I had advanced many paces, I saw a brown bird rise from the middle of a patch of stones, near the edge of the corrie, and go shuffling

off, trailing its wings on the ground as if wounded.

At my signal Donald came running up and saw the bird just as it disappeared over the edge. He at once pronounced it to be the dotterel. After a little search I found the eggs, lying in a slight hollow, between two stones. They were rather smaller than the eggs of the lapwing, and marked with large distinct patches of dark brown on a grayish yellow ground. The nest, if nest it could be called, was a mere hollow among the stones, lined with a few pieces of the broken stalks of *carex*. These pieces of sedge might have been placed there by the bird, or merely there by accident, as several stunted plants grew within a few feet.

I shall not attempt to describe our enthusiasm at this moment. While I sat among the stones, Donald, forgetting his Highland sobriety of demeanour, went capering about like a mad goat, alternately congratulating me in English and himself in Gaelic.

It was the first nest of this bird he had seen, although he had been on the outlook for many years, having been repeatedly offered large bribes for the bird and eggs.

Being desirous of again seeing the bird, we ensconced ourselves near the top of a slight eminence, which overlooked the patch of stones, about fifty paces distant. After lying exactly half an hour the dotterel suddenly appeared at some little distance on the other side of the nest.

On account of her similarity in colour to the moss-covered ground, it was impossible to make her out except when in motion. Fixing the telescope on her I followed her various manoeuvres with ease. These consisted of little runs of two or three yards with lowered head and crouching body. Then a pause for a few seconds, now and then picking up a beetle or grub.

In this way she proceeded, keeping at the same distance from the nest, till she had almost completed half a circle. Then in the same manner she

went towards the nest, till within a few feet, when throwing aside all cunning she raised her head and ran up to it. She seemed to give a sigh of relief as she settled herself down cosily on the yet untouched eggs, and then remained motionless.

There she sat with her shapely head and slender bill turned towards us, and her bright black eye glancing in our direction. With the glass I could make out the colours of her plumage to perfection. Her head and back were of a dark brown, each feather having a broad margin of yellow. Above the eyes a strip of pure white, and a broad band of the same colour, margined by black, formed a collar round the lower part of her neck, below which the breast was bright red.

I gazed my fill at the bright, beautiful bird sitting motionless among the grey stones. It was the only form of beauty in the wild and weird landscape.

Then we held a council of war as to whether the bird should be shot or not. I was strongly opposed to it, knowing its extreme rarity. Donald, on the other hand, would have the bird. What was the good of it, he asked, rare or not rare, if no one ever saw it? whereas if he had it, he would use some of its

feathers to busk hooks with, and I could take the skin down south, and many people would then have the pleasure of seeing it; and he ended by saying, "If you don't shoot the bird, I shall," and he picked up his breech-loader. "In that case I had better do it with the stick-gun," I said, "as it won't mark the bird so much."

So with many a qualm of conscience, I crept noiselessly towards the bird. When within a few yards of her I rose—the dotterel rose also—a loud report and the beautiful little creature lay dead among the gray stones. It was melancholy to think as I picked up the dead thing, that this was the outcome of my constant inveighing against the reprehensible habit of shooting our rare indigenous birds.

As we shortly afterwards quitted the spot, its loneliness seemed increased twofold. Several hours hard walking brought us shortly after nightfall to Donald's hut. After partaking of the good wife's hospitality, I started for my inn at Braemar. It was a wild and stormy night, the hurrying moon showing at intervals through ragged rifts in the driving clouds; but little recked I, for had not the dotterel's nest been found and taken?

DAVID BRUCE

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

THE materials for the life of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley have been left entirely in the hands of literary executors, who, for the present, can allow no reference to them. But I have been asked to tell from recollection, and from the scanty materials at my own disposal, what I remember of a cousin who was the most intimate friend of my childhood and boyhood, and whose life was long interwoven with my own.

There are few country places in England which possess such a singular charm as Alderley. All who have lived in it have loved it, and to the Stanley family it has ever presented the ideal of that which is most interesting and beautiful. There the usually flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderley Edge, with its Holy Well under an overhanging cliff, its gnarled pine trees, and its storm-beaten beacon tower ready to give notice of an invasion, looking far over the green plain to the smoke of Stockport and Macclesfield, which indicates the presence of great towns on the horizon. Beautiful are the beech woods which clothe the western side of the Edge, and feather over mossy lawns to the mere, which receives a reflection of their gorgeous autumnal tints, softened by a blue haze on its still waters.

Beyond the mere and Lord Stanley's park, on the edge of the pasture-lands, are the church and its surroundings—a wonderfully harmonious group, encircled by trees, with the old timbered inn of "The Eagle and Child" at the corner of the lane which turns up to them. In later times the church itself has undergone a certain amount of "restoration," but sixty years ago it was marvellously picturesque, its chancel mantled in ivy of massy folds, which, while they concealed the rather in-

different architecture, had a glory of their own very different to the clipped, ill-used ivy which we generally see on such buildings; but the old clock-tower, the outside stone staircase leading to the Park pew, the crowded groups of large square, lichen-stained grave-stones, the disused font in the churchyard overhung by a yew tree, and the gable-ended schoolhouse at the gate, built of red sandstone, with gray copings and mullioned windows, were the same.

Close by was the rectory, with its garden—the "Dutch Garden," of many labyrinthine flower-beds—joining the churchyard. A low house, with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper story, where bird-cages hung amongst the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and the old carved oak furniture, usually little sought or valued in those days, but which the rector delighted to pick up amongst his cottages.

This rector, Edward Stanley, younger brother of the Sir John who was living at the Park, was a little man, active in figure and in movement, with dark, piercing eyes, rendered more remarkable by the snow-white hair which was his characteristic even when very young. With the liveliest interest on all subjects—political, philosophical, scientific, theological; with inexhaustible plans for the good of the human race in general, but especially for the benefit of his parishioners and the amusement of his seven nieces at the Park, he was the most popular character in the country-side. To children he was indescribably delightful. There was nothing that he was not supposed to know—and indeed who was there who knew more?—of insect life, of the ways and habits of birds, of fossils and where to find them, of drawing, of etching on wood and litho-

graphing on stone, of plants and gardens, of the construction of ships and boats, and of the thousand home manufactures of which he was a complete master.

In his thirty-first year Edward Stanley had married Catherine, eldest daughter of Oswald Leycester, afterwards rector of Stoke-upon-Terne, of an old Cheshire family, which, through many generations, had been linked with that of the Stanleys in the intimacy of friendship and neighbourhood, for Toft, the old seat of the Leycesters and the pleasantest of family homes, was only a few miles from Alderley.

At the time of her engagement Catherine Leycester was only sixteen, and eighteen at the time of her marriage, but from childhood she had been accustomed to form her own character by thinking, reading, and digesting what she read. Owing to her mother's ill health she had very early in life had the responsibility of educating and training her sister, who was much younger than herself. She was the best of listeners, fixing her eyes upon the speaker, but saying little herself, so that her old uncle, Hugh Leycester, used to assert of her, "Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change." To the frivolity of an ordinary acquaintance, her mental superiority and absolute self-possession of manner must always have made her somewhat alarming; but those who had the opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface were no less astonished at her originality and freshness of ideas, and her keen, though quiet, enjoyment of life, its pursuits and friendships, than by the calm wisdom of her advice, and her power of penetration into the characters, and consequently the temptations and difficulties, of others.

In the happy home of Alderley Rectory her five children were brought up. Her eldest son, Owen, had from the first shown that interest in all things relating to ships and naval affairs which had been his father's natural inclination in early life; and the

youngest, Charles, from an early age had turned his hopes to the profession of a Royal Engineer, in which he afterwards became distinguished. Arthur, the second boy, born December 13, 1815, was always delicate, so delicate that it was scarcely hoped at first he would live to grow up. From his earliest childhood, his passion for poetry, and historical studies of every kind, gave promise of a literary career, and engaged his mother's unwearied interest in the formation of his mind and character. A pleasant glimpse of the home life at Alderley in May, 1818, is given in a letter from Mrs. Stanley to her sister, Maria Leycester:—

"How I have enjoyed these fine days,—and one's pleasure is doubled, or rather I should say trebled, in the enjoyment of the three little children basking in the sunshine on the lawns and picking up daisies and finding new flowers every day,—and in seeing Arthur expand like one of the flowers in the fine weather. Owen trots away to school at nine o'clock every morning, with his Latin grammar under his arm, leaving Mary with a strict charge to unfurl his flag, which he leaves carefully furled, through the little Gothic gate, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. So Mary unfurls the flag and then watches till Owen comes in sight, and as soon as he spies her signal, he sets off full gallop towards it, and Mary creeps through the gate to meet him, and then comes with as much joy to announce Owen's being come back, as if he was returned from the North Pole. Meanwhile I am sitting with the doors open into the trellice, so that I can see and hear all that passes."

In the same year, after an absence, Mrs. Stanley wrote:—

"ALDERLEY, *Sept.* 14, 1818.—What happy work it was getting home! The little things were as happy to see us as we could desire. They all came dancing out, and clung round me, and kissed me by turns, and were certainly more delighted than they had ever been before to see us again. They had not only not forgot us, but not forgot a bit about us. Everything that we had done and said and written was quite fresh and present to their minds, and I should be assured in vain that all my trouble in writing to them was thrown away. Arthur is grown so interesting, and so entertaining too,—he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees, and intelligence: the dear little creature would not leave me, or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others.

He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call 'so fine a boy.'

When he was four years old, we find his mother writing to her sister:—

"January 30, 1820.—As for the children, my Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for pictures and birds, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le printemps*, *les oiseaux*, and *les fleurs*, when he walks out. When we went to Highlake, he asked—quite gravely—whether it would not be good for his little wooden horse to have some sea-bathing!"

And again, in the following summer:—

"ALDERLEY, July 6, 1820.—I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony to Owen's favourite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said, colouring, he would go, he thought: 'But, Mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?' Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, &c., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delights of the evening by reading *Paul and Virginia* to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I.

"You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his little strength—such a beautiful colour, and such soft animation in his blue eyes."

It was often remarked that Mrs. Stanley's children were different from those of any one else; but this was not to be wondered at. Their mother not only taught them their lessons, she learnt all their lessons with them. Whilst other children were plodding through dull histories of disconnected countries and ages, of which they were unutterably weary at the time, and of which they remembered nothing afterwards, Mrs. Stanley's system was to take a particular era, and, upon the basis of its general history, to pick out for her children from different books, whether memoirs, chronicles, or poetry, all that bore upon it, making it at once an interesting study to herself and them, and talking it over with

them in a way which encouraged them to form their own opinion upon it, to have theories as to how such and such evils might have been forestalled or amended, and so to fix it in their recollection.

To an imaginative child, Alderley was the most delightful place possible, and whilst Owen Stanley delighted in the clear brook which dashes through the rectory garden for the ships of his own manufacture—then as engrossing as the fitting out of the *Ariel* upon the mere in later boyhood—little Arthur revelled in the legends of the neighbourhood—of its wizard of Alderley Edge, with a hundred horses sleeping in an enchanted cavern, and of the church bell which fell down a steep hill into Rostherne Mere, and which is tolled by a mermaid when any member of a great neighbouring family is going to die.

Being the poet of the little family, Arthur Stanley generally put his ideas into verse, and there are lines of his written at eleven years old, on seeing the sunrise from the top of Alderley church tower, and at twelve years old, on witnessing the departure of the *Ganges*, bearing his brother Owen, from Spithead, which give evidence of poetical power, more fully evinced two years later in his longer poems on *The Druids* and on *The Maniac of Betharran*. When he was old enough to go to school, his mother wrote an amusing account of the turn-out of his pockets and desk before leaving home, and the extraordinary collection of crumpled scraps of poetry which were found there. In March, 1821, Mrs. Stanley wrote:—

"Arthur is in great spirits and looks, well prepared to do honour to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's *Frank* to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from *Frank*. The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie, and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window, at the end of the passage, so as to break three

panes. He was not hurt, but I heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang-froid*, 'Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie: so now I can go and tell Mamma, and then I shall be like Frank.' I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entrée* after dinner, Arthur came in first in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking—as his eyes do look,—saying the instant the door opened, 'Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window!—and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget.' I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell Mamma something like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *ride* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be hypercritical."

After he was eight years old, Mrs. Stanley, who knew the interest and capacity of her little Arthur about everything, was much troubled by his becoming so increasingly shy, that he never would speak if he could help it, even when he was alone with her, and she dreaded that the companionship of other boys at school, instead of drawing him out, would only make him shut himself up more in himself. Still, in the frequent visits which his parents paid to the sea-side at Highlake, he always recovered his lost liveliness of manner and movement, climbed merrily up the sandhills, and was never tired in mind or body. It was therefore a special source of rejoicing when it was found that Mr. Rawson, the vicar of Seaforth (a place five miles from Liverpool, and only half a mile from the sea), had a school for nine little boys, and thither in 1824 it was decided that Arthur should be sent. In August, his young aunt wrote:—

"Arthur liked the idea of going to school as making him approach nearer to Owen. We took him last Sunday evening from Crosby, and he kept up very well till we were to part, but when he was to separate from us to join his new companions he clung to us in a piteous manner, and burst into tears. Mr. Rawson very good-naturedly offered to walk with us a little way, and walk back with Arthur, which

he liked better, and he returned with Mr. R. very manfully. On Monday evening we went to have a look at him before leaving the neighbourhood, and found the little fellow as happy as possible, much amused with the novelty of the situation, and talking of the boys' proceedings with as much importance as if he had been there for months. He wished us good-bye in a very firm tone, and we have heard since from his Uncle Penrhyn that he had been spending some hours with him, in which he laughed and talked incessantly of all that he did at school. He is very proud of being called 'Stanley,' and seems to like it altogether very much. The satisfaction to Mamma and Auntie is not to be told of having disposed of this little sylph in so excellent a manner. Every medical man has always said that a few years of constant sea-air would make him quite strong, and to find this united to so desirable a master as Mr. R., and so careful and kind a protectress as Mrs. R., is being very fortunate."

In the following summer the same pen writes from Alderley to one of the family:—

"July, 1825.—You know how dearly I love all these children, and it has been such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. Owen, the hero upon whom all their little eyes were fixed, and the delicate Arthur able to take his own share of boyish amusements with them, and telling out his little store of literary wonders to Charlie and Catherine. School has not transformed him into a rough boy yet. He is a little less shy, but not much. He brought back from school a beautiful prize book for history, of which he is not a little proud; and Mr. Rawson has told several people, unconnected with the Stanleys, that he never had a more amiable, attentive, or clever boy than Arthur Stanley, and that he never has had to find fault with him since he came. My sister finds, in examining him, that he not only knows what he has learnt himself, but that he picks up all the knowledge gained by the other boys in their lessons, and can tell what each boy in the school has read, &c. His delight in reading *Madoc* and *Thalaba* is excessive."

In the following year, Miss Leycester writes:—

"Stoke, August 26, 1826.—My Alderley children are more interesting than ever. Arthur is giving Mary quite a literary taste, and is the greatest advantage to her possible, for they are now quite inseparable companions, reading, drawing, and writing together. Arthur has written a poem on the Life of a peacock-butterfly in the Spenserian stanza, with all the old words, with references to Chaucer, &c., at the bottom of the page! To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advant-

ages they have where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them . . . I never saw anything equal to Arthur's memory and quickness in picking up knowledge ; seeming to have just the sort of intuitive sense of everything relating to books that Owen had in ships,—and then there is such affection and sweetness of disposition in him. . . . You will not be tired of all this detail of those so near my heart. It is always such a pleasure to me to write of the rectory, and I can always do it better when I am away from it and it rises before my mental vision."

The summer of 1826 was marked for the Stanleys by the news of the death of their beloved friend Reginald Heber, and by the marriage of Isabella Stanley to Captain Parry, the Arctic voyager, an event at which "his mother could not resist sending for her little Arthur to be present." Meantime he was happy at school and wrote long histories home of all that took place there, especially amused with his drilling serjeant, who told him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and not to look sheepish." But each time of his return to Alderley, he seemed shyer than ever, and his mother became increasingly concerned at his want of boyishness.

"January 27, 1828.—Oh, it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing so terribly to heart, and enacts Prince Pitiful; and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading because I try to draw him *also* to other things, and so he reads by stealth and lays down his book when he hears people coming; and having no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look, and I am sure he is very often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than boy."

In January, 1828, Mrs. Stanley wrote to Augustus W. Hare, long an intimate friend of the family, and soon about to marry her sister:—

"I have Arthur at home, and I have rather a puzzling card to play with him—how not to encourage too much his poetical tastes, and to spoil him, in short—and yet how not to discourage what in reality one wishes to grow, and what he, being timid and shy to a degree, would easily be led to shut up entirely to himself; and then he suffers so much from a laudable desire to be with other boys, and yet when with them, finds his incapacity to enter

into their pleasures of shooting, hunting, horses, and theirs for his. He will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys."

In the following month she wrote—

"ALDERLEY, February 8, 1828.—Now I am going to ask your opinion and advice, and perhaps your assistance, on my own account. We are beginning to consider what is to be done with Arthur, and it will be time for him to be moved from his small school in another year, when he will be thirteen. We have given up all thoughts of Eton for him from the many objections, combined with the great expense. Now I want to ask your opinion about Shrewsbury, Rugby, and Winchester; do you think, from what you know of Arthur's character and capabilities, that Winchester would suit him, and *vice versa*?"

In answer to this Augustus Hare wrote to her from Naples:—

"March 26, 1828.—Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is a Wykehamist and Fellow of Oriel, and a particular friend of mine—a man calculated beyond all others to engraft modern scholarship and modern improvements on the old-fashioned stem of a public education. Winchester under him would be the best school in Europe; what Rugby may turn out I cannot say, for I know not the materials he has there to work on."

A few weeks later he added—

"FLORENCE, April 19, 1828.—I am so little satisfied with what I said about Arthur in my last letter, that I am determined to begin with him and do him more justice. What you describe him now to be, I once was; and I have myself suffered too much and too often from my inferiority in strength and activity to boys who were superior to me in nothing else, not to feel very deeply for any one in a similar state of school-forwardness and bodily weakness. Parents in general are too anxious to push their children on in school and other learning. If a boy happens not to be robust, it is laying up for him a great deal of pain and mortification. For a boy must naturally associate with others in the same class: and consequently, if he happens to be forward beyond his years, he is thrown at twelve (with perhaps the strength of only eleven or ten) into the company of boys two years older and probably three or four years stronger (for boobies are always stout of limb). You may conceive what wretchedness this is likely to lead to, in a state of society like a school, where might almost necessarily makes right. But it is not only at school that such things lead to mortification. There are

a certain number of manly exercises which every gentleman, at some time or other of his life, is likely to be called on to perform, and many a man who is deficient in these, would gladly purchase dexterity in them, if he could, at the price of those mental accomplishments which have cost him in boyhood the most pains to acquire. Who would not rather ride well at twenty-five, than write the prettiest Latin verses? I am perfectly impartial in this respect, being able to do neither, and therefore my judgment is likely enough to be correct. So pray during the holidays make Arthur ride hard and shoot often, and, in short, gymnasticise in every possible manner. I have said thus much to relieve my own mind, and convey to you how earnestly I feel on the subject. Otherwise I know Alderley and its inhabitants too well to suspect any one of them of being, what Wordsworth calls 'an intellectual all-in-all.' About his school, were Rugby under any other master, I certainly should not advise your thinking of it for Arthur for an instant; as it is, the decision will be more difficult. When Arnold has been there ten years, he will have made it a good school, perhaps in some respects the very best in the island; but a transition state is always one of doubt and delicacy. Winchester is admirable for those it succeeds with, but it is not adapted for all sorts and conditions of boys, and sometimes fails. However, when I come to England, I will make a point of seeing Arthur, when I shall be a little better able perhaps to judge."

In the summer of 1828 Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with her sister Maria and her niece Lucy Stanley, from the Park, went by sea to Bordeaux and for a tour in the Pyrenees, taking little Arthur and his sister Mary with them. It was his first experience of foreign travel, and most intense was his enjoyment of it. All was new then, and Mr. Stanley wrote of the children as being almost as much intoxicated with delight on first landing at Bordeaux as their faithful maid, Sarah Burgess, who "thinks life's fitful dream is past, and that she has, by course of transmigration, passed into a higher sphere." It is recollected how, when he first saw the majestic summit of the Pic du Midi rising above a mass of cloud, Arthur Stanley, in his great ecstasy, could say nothing but "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

In the following October Mrs. Stanley described her boy's peculiari-

ties to Dr. Arnold, and asked his candid advice as to how far Rugby was likely to suit him. After receiving his answer she wrote to her sister—

"October 10, 1828.—Dr. Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another schoolmaster in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable, and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to."

It was just as his mother had foreseen. Arthur Stanley went to Rugby in the following January, and was immediately captivated by his new master. His parents visited him two months afterwards as they were returning from Cheshire to London. Mrs. Stanley wrote to her sister—

"March, 1829.—We arrived at Rugby exactly at twelve, waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He coloured up and came in, looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly I think from nervousness. The only complaint he had to make was that of having no friend, and the feeling of loneliness belonging to that want, and this, considering what he is and what boys of his age usually are, would and must be the case anywhere. We went to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and they are of the same opinion, that he was as well off and as happy as he could be at a public school, and on the whole I am satisfied—quite satisfied considering all things, for Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are indeed delightful. She was ill, but still animated and lively. He has a very remarkable countenance, something in forehead, and again in manner, which puts me in mind of Reginald Heber, and there is a mixture of zeal, energy, and determination tempered with wisdom, candour, and benevolence, both in manner and in everything he says. He had examined Arthur's class, and said Arthur had done very well, and the class generally. He said he was gradually reforming, but that it was like pasting down a piece of paper—as fast as one corner was put down another started up. 'Yes,' said Mrs. A., 'but Dr. Arnold always thinks the corner will not start again.' And it is that happy sanguine temperament which is so particularly calculated to do well in this or, indeed, any situation."

Arthur Stanley soon became very happy at Rugby. His want of a friend was speedily supplied, and many of the friends of his whole after life dated from his early school-days,

especially Charles Vaughan, afterwards his intimate companion, eventually his brother-in-law. His rapid removal into the shell at Easter, and into the fifth form at Midsummer, brought him nearer to the head master, at the same time freeing him from the terrors of preceptors and fagging, and giving him entrance to the library. So he returned to Alderley in the summer holidays well and prosperous, speaking out, and full of peace and happiness, ready to enjoy "striding about upon the lawn on stilts" with his brother and sisters. On his return to school his mother continued to hear of his progress in learning, but derived even more pleasure from his accounts of football, and of a hare-and-hounds hunt in which he "got left behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one" at a bloom, which, after some deliberation, he leapt, and "*nothing happened.*"

In September, 1829, his mother writes—

"I have had such a ridiculous account from Arthur of his sitting up, with three others, all night, *to see what it was like!* They heartily wished themselves in bed before morning. He also writes of an English copy of verses given to the fifth form,—Brownsover, a village near Rugby, with the Avon flowing through it and the Swift flowing into the Avon, into which Wickliffe's ashes were thrown. So Arthur and some others instantly made a pilgrimage to Brownsover to make discoveries. They were allowed four days, and Arthur's was the best of the thirty in the fifth form, greatly to his astonishment, but, he says, '*Nothing happened, except that I get called Poet now and then, and my study, Poet's Corner.*' The master of the form gave another subject for them to write upon in an hour to see if they had each made their own, and Arthur was again head. What good sense there is in giving these kind of subjects to excite interest and inquiry, though few would be so supremely happy as Arthur in making the voyage of discovery. I ought to mention that Arthur was detected with the other boys in an unlawful letting off of squibs, and had 100 lines of Horace to translate!"

The following gleanings from his mother's letters give, in the absence of other material, glimpses of Arthur Stanley's life during the next few years:—

"February 22, 1830.—Arthur writes me word he has begun mathematics, and does not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he is."

"June 1, 1830.—We got to Rugby at eight, fetched Arthur, to his great delight and surprise, and had two most comfortable hours with him. There is just a shade more of confidence in his manners which is very becoming. He talked freely and fluently, looked well and happy, and came the next morning at six o'clock with his Greek book and his notebook under his arm."

"June 22, 1830.—There was a letter from Arthur on Monday saying that his verses on Malta had failed in getting the prize. There had been a hard contest between him and another. His poem was the longest and contained the best ideas, but he says 'that is matter of opinion'; the other was the most accurate. There were three masters on each side, and it was some time in being decided. The letter expresses his disappointment (for he had thought he should have it), his vexation (knowing that another hour would have enabled him to look over and probably to correct the fatal faults) so naturally, and then the struggle of his amiable feeling that it would be unkind to the other boy, who had been very much disappointed not to get the Essay, to make any excuses. Altogether it is just as I should wish, and much better than if he had got it."

"July 20, 1830.—Arthur came yesterday. He begins to look like a young man."

"December, 1830.—Arthur has brought home a letter from Mrs. Arnold to say that she could not resist sending me her congratulations on his having received the remarkable distinction of not being examined at all except in extra subjects. Dr. Arnold called him up before masters and school, and said he had done so perfectly well it was useless."

"December 30, 1830.—I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of my two boys. Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, &c. Arthur's of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil; it piques him to be more alert. Charlie profits by both brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking with the most profound deference in his face for exposition of Virgil."

"February, 1831.—Charlie writes word from school: 'I am very miserable, not that I want anything, except to be at home.' Arthur does not mind going half so much. He says he does not know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroke, his books undisturbed. Charlie is so fond of him and deservedly so. You would have been so

pleased one night, when Charlie all of a sudden burst into violent distress at not having finished his French task for the holidays, by Arthur's judicious goodnature in showing him how to help himself, entirely leaving what he was about of his own employment."

"July, 1831.—I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad, and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything so à l'Arnold."

"July 17, 1831.—I have been busy teaching Arthur to drive, row, and gymnasticise, and he finds himself making progress in the latter; that he can do more as he goes on—a great encouragement always. Imagine Dr. Arnold and one of the other masters gymnasticising in the garden, and sometimes going out leaping—as much a sign of the times as the Chancellor appearing without a wig, and the king with half a coronation."

"ALDERLEY, November 11.—We slept at Rugby on Monday night, had a comfortable evening with Arthur, and next morning breakfasted with Dr. Arnold. What a man he is! He struck me more than before even, with the impression of power,—energy, and singleness of heart, aim, and purpose. He was very indignant at the *Quarterly Review* article on cholera—the surpassing selfishness of it, and spoke so nobly—was busy writing a paper to state what cholera is, and what it is not. . . . Arthur's veneration for him is beautiful; what good it must do to grow up under such a tree."

"December 22, 1831.—I brought Arthur home on Wednesday from Knutsford. He was classed first in everything but composition, in which he was second, and mathematics, in which he did not do well enough to be classed, nor ill enough to prevent his having the reward of the rest of his works. I can trace the improvement from his having been so much under Dr. Arnold's influence; so many inquiries and ideas are started in his mind which will be the groundwork of future study. . . . Charlie is very happy now in the thought of going to Rugby and being with Arthur, and Arthur has settled all the study and room concerns very well for him. I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them this holidays, to Charlie's great delight, and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am

teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnasticise, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his notebooks, &c. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind too as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting out what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything."

"May 22, 1832.—We got such a treat on Friday evening in Arthur's parcel of prizes. One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by the various bits of information. In this parcel he sent 'An Ancient Ballad, showing how Harold the King died at Chester,' the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in the winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory."

"Dec. 26, 1832.—Arthur and Charlie came home on Wednesday. Arthur has not shaken off his first fit of shyness yet. I think he colours more than ever, and hesitates more in bringing out what he has to say. I am at my usual work of teaching him to use his body, and Charlie his mind."

"April 18, 1833.—I never found Arthur more blooming than when we saw him at Rugby on Monday. Mrs. Arnold said she always felt that Arthur had more sympathy with her than any one else, that he understood and appreciated Dr. Arnold's character, and the union of strength and tenderness in it, that Dr. A. said he always felt that Arthur took in his ideas, received all he wished to put into him more in the true spirit and meaning than any boy he had ever met with, and that she always delighted in watching his countenance when Dr. Arnold was preaching."

"July, 1833.—At eight o'clock last night the Arnolds arrived. Dr. Arnold and Arthur behind the carriage, Mrs. Arnold and two children inside, two more with the servant in front, having left the other chaiseful at Congleton. Arthur was delighted with his journey,—said Dr. Arnold was just like a boy—jumped up, delighted to be set free,—had talked all the way of the geology of the country, knowing every step of it by heart,—so pleased to see a common, thinking it might do for the people to expatiate on. We talked of the Cambridge philosophers—why he did not go there—he dared not trust himself with its excitement or with society in London. Edward said something of the humility of finding yourself with people so much your superior, and at the same time the elevation of feeling yourself of the same species. He shook his head—"I should feel that in the company of legislators, but not of abstract philosophers." Then Mrs. Arnold went on to say how De Ville had pronounced on his head that he was fond of facts, but not of abstractions, and he allowed it was most true; he liked geology, botany, philosophy, only as

they are connected with the history and well-being of the human race. . . . The other chaise came after breakfast. He ordered all into their places with such a gentle decision, and they were all off by ten, having ascertained, I hope, that it was quite worth while to halt here even for so short a time."

It was in November, 1833, that Arthur Stanley went to Oxford to try for the Balliol Scholarship, and gained the first scholarship against thirty competitors. The examination was one especially calculated to show the wide range of Arnold's education. Stanley wrote from Oxford to his family—

"November 26, 1833.—On Monday our examination began at 10 A.M. and lasted to 4 P.M.—a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revisals could make sure, was without mistakes, and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P.M. till 10 and had a Greek chorus to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses which I did not do well. On Tuesday from 10 to 1 we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from 2 to 4—middling, and we are to go in again to-night at 9. I cannot the least say if I am likely to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton.

"Friday, November 29, 7½ P.M.—I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at 2 o'clock. At 8 to-night the decision takes place, so that my next ½ of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success can depend upon nothing, except that I think I have done pretty well, better perhaps from comparing notes than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh, the joy if I do get it! and the disappointment if I do not. And from two of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day—Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. Last night I dined at Magdalen, which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down, so very magnificent. . . . I will go on now. We all assembled in the hall and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened, my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long pre-

amble—that they were well satisfied with all, and that those who were disappointed were many in comparison with those who were successful, &c. All this time every one was listening with the most intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off till—"The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley"—I gave a great jump, and there was a half shout amongst the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel where the Master and all the Fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, 'nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus.' I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start to-day in a chaise and four for the glory of it. You may think of my joy, the honour of Rugby is saved, and I am a scholar of Balliol!"

Dr. Arnold wrote to Mrs. Stanley—

"I do heartily congratulate you and heartily thank Arthur for the credit and real benefit he has conferred on us. There was a feeling abroad that we could not compete with Eton or the other great schools in the contest for university honours, and I think there was something of this even in the minds of my own pupils, however much they might value my instruction in other respects, and those who wish the school ill for my sake were ready to say that the boys were taught politics and not taught to be scholars. Already has the effect of Arthur's success been felt here in the encouragement which it has given to others to work hard in the hope of treading in his steps, and in the confidence it has given them in my system. And yet, to say the truth, though I do think that with God's blessing I have been useful to your son, yet his success on this occasion is all his own, and a hundred times more gratifying than if it had been gained by my examining. For I have no doubt that he gained his scholarship chiefly by the talent and good sense of his compositions, which are, as you know, very remarkable."

Arthur Stanley remained at Rugby till the following summer, gaining more now, he considered, from Dr. Arnold than at any other time, though his uncle, Augustus Hare, who had been applied to, discouraged his being left at school so long, because "though most boys learn most during their last year, it is when they are all shooting up together, but Arthur must be left a high tree among

shrubs." Of this time are the following letters from Mrs. Stanley—

"February 3, 1834.—I have just lost Arthur, and a great loss he is to me. The latter part of his time at home is always so much the most agreeable, he gets over his reserve so much more. He has been translating and retranslating Cicero for his improvement, and has been deep in Guizot's essay on the Civilisation of Europe, besides being chiefly engaged in a *grand* work, at present a secret, but of which you may perhaps hear more in the course of the spring. I have generally sate with him or he with me, to be ready with criticisms when wanted, and it is delightful to be so immediately and entirely understood—the why and wherefore of an objection seen before it is said. And the mind is so logical, so clear, the taste so pure in all senses, and so accurate. He goes on so quietly and perseveringly as to get through all he intends to get through without the least appearance of bustle or business. He finished his studies at home, I think, with an analysis of the Peninsular battles, trying to understand thereby the *pro* and *con* of a battle."

"May 21, 1834.—I have taken the opportunity of spending Sunday at Rugby. Arthur met us two miles on the road, and almost his first words were how disappointed he was that Dr. Arnold had influenza and would not be able to preach! However I had the compensation of more of his company than under any other circumstances. There were only he and Mrs. Arnold, so that I became more acquainted with both, and altogether it was most interesting. We had the Sunday evening chapter and hymn, and it was very beautiful to see his manner to the little ones, indeed to all. Arthur was quite as happy as I was to have such an uninterrupted bit of Dr. Arnold—he talks more freely to him a great deal than he does at home."

The spring of 1834 had been saddened to the Stanleys by the death of Augustus Hare at Rome; and the decision of his widow—the beloved "Auntie" of Arthur Stanley's childhood—to make Hurstmonceaux her home, led to his being sent, before going to Oxford, for a few months as a pupil to Julius Hare, who was then rector of Hurstmonceaux. Those who remember the enthusiastic character of Julius Hare, his energy in what he undertook, and his vigorous though lengthy elucidation of what he wished to explain, will imagine how he delighted in reopening for Arthur Stanley the stores of classical learn-

ing which had seemed laid aside for ever in the solitude of his Sussex living. "I cannot speak of the blessing it has been to have Arthur so long with you," his mother wrote afterwards. "He says he feels his mind's horizon so enlarged, and that a foundation is laid of interest and affection for Hurstmonceaux, which he will always henceforward consider as 'one of his homes, one of the many places in the world he has to be happy in.' He writes happily from Oxford, but the lectures and sermons there do not go down after the food he has been living on at Hurstmonceaux and Rugby."

In this brief sketch we do not dwell upon Arthur Stanley's happy and successful career at college, upon his many prizes, his honours of every kind,¹ even upon his Newdigate poem of "The Gipsies," which his father heard him deliver in the Sheldonian Theatre, and burst into tears amid the tumult of applause which followed. It may truly be said of him that he "applied his heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom."

In the autumn of 1839, Arthur Stanley was ordained, though full of mental difficulties as to subscription. He was decided by a letter from Arnold, who urged that his own difficulties of the same kind had gradually decreased in importance; that he had long been persuaded that subscription to the letter to any amount of human propositions was impossible, and that the door of ordination was never meant to be closed against all but those whose "dull minds and dull consciences" could see no difficulty. In deciding to remain at Oxford as a tutor at University College, where he had obtained a fellowship, Stanley believed that his ordination vows might be as effectually carried out by making the most of his vocation at college, and endeavouring to influence all who came within his sphere, as by under-

¹ The Ireland Scholarship and a First Class in Classics, 1837; the Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay, 1839; the English Essay, 1840, &c.

taking any parochial cure. To his aunt, who remonstrated, he wrote :—

"February 15, 1840.—I have never properly thanked you for your letters about my ordination, which I assure you however that I have not the less valued, and shall be no less anxious to try, as far as in me lies, to observe. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for me, though as far as I see unavoidable, that the overwhelming considerations, immediately at the time of Ordination, were not difficulties of practice, but of subscription, and the effect has been that I would always rather look back to what I felt to be my duty before that cloud came on, than to the time itself. Practically, however, I think it will in the end make no difference. The real thing which long ago moved me to wish to go into Orders, and which, had I not gone into Orders, I should have acted on as well as I could without Orders, was the fact that God seemed to have given me gifts more fitting me for Orders, and for that particular line of clerical duty which I have chosen, than for any other. It is perhaps as well to say that until I see a calling to other clerical work, as distinct as that by which I feel called to my present work, I should not think it right to engage in any other; but I hope I shall always feel, though I am afraid I cannot be too constantly reminded, that in whatever work I am engaged now, or hereafter, my great end ought always to be the good of the souls of others, and my great support the good which God will give to my own soul."

* Two years before this, in 1837, the Rector of Alderley had been appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich, and had left Cheshire amidst an uncontrollable outburst of grief from the people amongst whom he had lived as a friend and a father for thirty-two years. Henceforward, the scientific pursuits, which had occupied his leisure hours at Alderley, were laid aside in the no-leisure of his devotion to the See with whose interests he now identified his existence. His one object seemed to be to fit himself more completely for dealing with ecclesiastical subjects, by gaining a clearer insight into clerical duties and difficulties, and, though he long found his diocese a bed of thorns,

his kindly spirit, his broad liberality, and all-embracing fatherly sympathy, never failed to leave peace behind them. His employments were changed, but his characteristics were the same; the geniality and simplicity shown in dealing with his clergy, and his candidates for ordination, had the same power of winning hearts which was evinced in his relation to the cottagers at Alderley; and the same dauntless courage which would have been such an advantage in commanding the ship he longed for in his youth, enabled him to face Chartist mobs with composure, and to read unmoved the many party censures which followed such acts as his public recognition in Norwich Cathedral of the worth of Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist; his appearance on a platform, side by side with the Irish priest, Father Matthew, advocating the same cause; and his enthusiastic friendship for Jenny Lind, who on his invitation made the palace her home during her stay in Norwich.

Most delightful, and very different from the modern building which has partially replaced it, was the old Palace at Norwich. Approached through a stately gateway, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, amid which stood a beautiful ruin—the old house with its broad old-fashioned staircase and vaulted kitchen, its beautiful library looking out to Mousehold and Kett's Castle, its great dining-room hung with pictures of the Nine Muses, its picturesque and curious corners, and its quaint and intricate passages, was indescribably charming. In a little side-garden under the Cathedral, pet pee-wits and a raven were kept, which always came to the dining-room window at breakfast to be fed out of the Bishop's own hand—the only relic of his once beloved ornithological, as occasional happy excursions with a little nephew to Bramerton in search of fossils, were the only trace left of his former geological pursuits.

"I live for my children, and for

them alone I wish to live, unless in God's Providence I can live to His glory," were Bishop Stanley's own words not many months before his death. He followed with longing interest the voyages of his son Owen as Commander in the *Britomart*, and Captain of the *Rattlesnake*, and rejoiced in the successful career of his youngest son Charles. These were perhaps the most naturally congenial to their father, and more of companions to him when at home than any of his other children. But in the last years of his life he was even prouder of his second son Arthur. The wonderful descriptive power and classical knowledge of his (unpublished) letters from Greece, had given his family a foretaste of what the world received twelve years later in *Sinai and Palestine*, and, in 1844, was published that *Life of Dr. Arnold* (whose funeral sermon he had been selected to preach in 1842), which has translated his character to the world, and given him a wider influence since his death than he ever attained in his life. Perhaps, of all Stanley's books, *Arnold's Life* is still the one by which he is best known, and this, in his reverent love for his master, to whom he owed the building up of his mind, is as he would have wished it to be.

For twelve years, Arthur Stanley resided at University College, as Fellow and Tutor, undertaking also, in the latter part of the time, the laborious duties of secretary to the University Commission, into which he threw himself with characteristic ardour. In 1845, he was appointed Select Preacher to the University, an office resulting in the publication of those *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*, in which he especially endeavoured to exhibit the individual human character of the different apostles.

The year 1849 was marked by the death of Bishop Stanley, which occurred during a visit to Brahan Castle in Scotland. Arthur was with him in his last hours, and brought his

mother and sisters back to the desolate Norwich home, where a vast multitude attended the burial of the bishop in the cathedral. "I can give you the facts," wrote one who was present, "but I can give you no notion of how impressive it was, nor how affecting. There were such sobs and tears from the school-children and from the clergy who so loved their dear bishop. A beautiful sunshine lit up everything, shining into the cathedral just at the time. Arthur was quite calm, and looked like an angel, with a sister on each side."

From the time of his father's death, from the time when he first took his seat at family prayers in the purple chair where the venerable white head was accustomed to be seen, Arthur Stanley seemed utterly to throw off all the shyness and embarrassment which had formerly oppressed him, to rouse himself by a great effort, and henceforward to forget his own personality altogether in his position and his work. His social and conversational powers, afterwards so great, increased perceptibly from this time.

It was two days after Mrs. Stanley left Norwich that she received the news of the death of her youngest son Charles in Van Diemen's Land; and a very few months only elapsed before she learnt that her eldest son Owen had only lived to hear of the loss of his father. Henceforward his mother, saddened though not crushed by her triple grief, was more than ever Arthur Stanley's care: he made her the sharer of all his thoughts, the confidante of all his difficulties, all that he wrote was read to her before its publication, and her advice was not only sought but taken. In her new home in London, he made her feel that she had still as much to interest her and give a zest to life as in the happiest days at Alderley and Norwich; most of all he pleased her by showing in the publication of the *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, in 1850, his thorough inward appreciation of the father with whom his outward inter-

course had been of a less intimate kind than with herself.

In 1851 Arthur Stanley was presented to a canonry at Canterbury, which, though he accepted it with reluctance, proved to be an appointment entirely after his own heart, giving him leisure to write *Sinai and Palestine*, and to complete his *Commentary on the Corinthians*, and leading naturally to the *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, which, of all his books, was perhaps the one which it gave him most pleasure to write. At Canterbury he not only lived amongst the illustrious dead, but he made them rise into new life by the way in which he spoke and wrote of them. Often on the anniversary of Becket's murder, as the fatal hour—five o'clock on a winter's afternoon—drew near, Stanley would marshal his family and friends round the scenes of the event, stopping with thrilling effect at each spot connected with it—"Here the knights came into the cloister—here the monks knocked furiously for refuge in the church"—till, when at length the chapel of the martyrdom was reached, as the last shades of twilight gathered amid the arches, the whole scene became so real, that, with almost more than a thrill of horror, one saw the last moments through one's ears,—the struggle between Fitzurse and the Archbishop, the blow of Tracy, the solemn dignity of the actual death.

Stanley had a real pride in Canterbury. In his own words, he "rejoiced that he was the servant and minister, not of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares beyond his narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe." In his inaugural lectures as professor at Oxford, in speaking of the august trophies of Ecclesiastical History in England, he said, "I need name but one, the most striking and obvious instance, the cradle of English Christianity, the seat of the English

Primacy, *my own proud cathedral*, the metropolitan church of Canterbury."

Those who remember Stanley's happy intercourse with his mother at Canterbury; his friendships in the place, especially with Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who lived next door, and with whom he had many daily meetings and communications on all subjects; his pleasure in the preparation and publication of his *Canterbury Sermons*; his delightful home under the shadow of the cathedral, connected by the Brick Walk with the cloisters; and his constant work of a most congenial kind, will hardly doubt that in many respects the years spent at Canterbury were the most prosperous of his life. Vividly does the recollection of those who were frequently his guests go back to the afternoons when, his cathedral duties and writing being over, he would rush out to Harbledown, to Patricxbourne, or along the dreary Dover road (which he always insisted upon thinking most delightful) to visit his friend Mrs. Gregory, going faster and faster as he talked more enthusiastically, calling up fresh topics out of the wealthy past. Or there were longer excursions to Bozendeane Wood, with its memories of the strange story of the so-called Sir William Courtenay, its blood-stained dingle amid the hazels, its trees riddled with shot, and its wide view over the forest of Blean to the sea, with the Isle of Sheppey breaking the blue waters.

Close behind Stanley's house was the Deanery and its garden, where the venerable Dean Lyall used daily at that time to be seen walking up and down in the sun. Here grew the marvellous old mulberry, to preserve the life of which, when failing, a bullock was effectually killed that the tree might drink in new life from its blood. A huge bough, which had been torn off from this tree, had taken root and had become far more flourishing than its parent. Arthur Stanley called them the Church of Rome and

the Church of England, and gave a lecture about it in the town.

His power of calling up past scenes of history, painting them in words, and throwing his whole heart into them, often enacting them, made travelling with Arthur Stanley delightful. His mother, his sister Mary, his cousin Miss Penrhyn, and his friend Hugh Pearson usually made up the summer party. For several years their tours were confined to France and Germany, Switzerland and Northern Italy. But in 1852 the family went for several months to Italy, seeing its northern and eastern provinces, in those happy days of *retturino* travelling, as they will never be seen again, studying the story of its old towns, and eventually reaching Rome, which Mrs. Stanley had never seen and which her son had the greatest delight in showing her. It had been decided that when the rest of the party returned to England, he should go on to Egypt, but this plan was changed by circumstances which fortunately enabled him to witness the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. By travelling day and night, he arrived in London the night before the ceremony. Almost immediately afterwards he returned to take leave of his mother at Avignon, before starting with his friend Theodore Walrond and two others on that long and happy tour of which the results have appeared in *Sinai and Palestine*—a book, which without any compromise of its own freedom of thought, has turned all the knowledge of previous travellers to most admirable account.

In 1854 the attention of the family was concentrated on the East, as Mary Stanley escorted a body of nurses to Constantinople, and took charge of the Hospital of Koulalee during the war in the Crimea, gaining much experience at this time, which was afterwards useful in her self-denying labours for the poor in London.

In 1858, Arthur Stanley gave up his happy home at Canterbury, for a canonry at Christ Church, Oxford, attached to the Professorship of

Ecclesiastical History to which he had been appointed two years before. His three "Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History," delivered before his residence, had attracted such audiences as have seldom been seen in the University Theatre, and aroused an enthusiasm which was the greatest encouragement to him in entering upon a course of life so different from that he had left: for he saw how a set of lectures, usually wearisome, could be rendered interesting to all his hearers, how he could make the dry bones live.

Henceforward, for some years, the greater portion of Stanley's days was spent in his pleasant study on the ground floor (in the first house on the left after entering Peckwater from Tom quad); looking upon his little walled garden, with its miniature lawn and apple-trees, between which he was delighted to find that he could make a fountain; attended to by his faithful married butler and housekeeper, concerning whom, when some one remarked disparagingly upon their increasing family, he is recollected characteristically to have exclaimed, "I do not know if they will have many children, but I do know one thing, that, if they have a hundred, I shall never part with Mr. and Mrs. Waters."

Here he was always to be found standing at his desk, tossing off sheet after sheet, the whole floor covered with scraps of papers written or letters received, which, by a habit that nothing could change, he generally tore up and scattered around him. Here were composed those Lectures on the Eastern and afterwards on the Jewish Church, which Stanley's "picturesque sensibility," as Lord Beaconsfield called it, so exactly fitted him to do justice to—Lectures which have done more than anything ever written to make the Bible history a living reality instead of a dead letter, which, while with the freedom which excited such an outcry against Dean Milman, they do not scruple to describe Abraham as a Chal-

dean Sheykh of the desert, Rachel as a Bedouin chief's daughter, and Joseph as the royal officers are exhibited in the Theban sculptures, open such a blaze of sunshine upon those venerable histories, that those who look upon them by the new light, feel as if they had never seen them before.

It was a great pleasure to Stanley in the years of his Oxford life to take up the threads of many old friendships which years of separation had relaxed. He also took advantage of introductions from Rugby, and of the acquaintances made in college by a young cousin residing in his house, to invite many Undergraduates to his canonry, by seeing them again and again to become intimate with them, and in many cases to gain a permanent influence over them. Those he was really at home with, will always retain a delightful recollection of the home-like evenings in his pleasant drawing-room, of his sometimes reading aloud, of his fun and playfulness, and of his talking over his future lectures and getting his younger companions to help him with drawings and plans for them. The Prince of Wales, then an Undergraduate, was frequently at the Canonry, and Stanley had many more visitors from the outside world at Oxford than at Canterbury—Germans, Americans, and the friends he had made during a tour in Russia.

In the early spring of 1862, in fulfilment of a wish which had been expressed by the Prince Consort, Arthur Stanley was desired to accompany the Prince of Wales in his projected tour to the East. In looking forward to this journey he chiefly considered with joy how he might turn the travel to the best account for his royal companion, and how he might open for his service the stores of information which he had laid up during his former Eastern tour. But he combined the duties of cicerone with those of chaplain, and his sermons preached before the Prince of Wales at Tiberias, Nazareth and other holy

sites of sacred history, were afterwards published in a small volume. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," was his constant teaching in Palestine. "It is by thinking of what has been here, by making the most of things we see in order to bring before our minds the things we do not see, that a visit to the Holy Land becomes a really religious lesson." To Stanley's delight, one great event marked the royal tour in the East: the Mosque of Hebron, hitherto inexorably closed, was thrown open to the travellers.

It had not been without many sad and anxious misgivings that Stanley had consented to obey the desire, not command, of his Queen, in being a second time separated from his mother for so long a time and by so great a distance. He never saw her again, yet he was the only one of her children who received her farewell words, and embrace, and blessings. A few days after he was gone she became ill, and on the morning of the 5th of March, in painless unconsciousness, she died. It was as well, perhaps, that the dear absent brother was not there, that he had the interest of a constant duty to rouse him. He returned in June. Terrible indeed is the recollection of the piteous glance he cast towards his mother's vacant corner, and mournfully, to those who were present, did the thought occur, *what* it would have been if she had been there then, especially then, with the thousand things there were to tell her.

Sad indeed were the months which followed, till, in the autumn of 1863, Arthur Stanley was appointed to the Deanery at Westminster, and soon afterwards, sunshine again flowed in upon his life with his marriage, in Westminster Abbey, to Lady Augusta Bruce, fifth daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin.

Of all that his marriage was to Dean Stanley, it is too soon to speak now—of the absolute completeness with which Lady Augusta filled the

position of his wife, of mistress of the Deanery, of leader of every good work in Westminster. "By her supporting love he was comforted for his mother's death, and her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of earthly experience."

Congenial, as all Stanley's other homes, were the surroundings of the residence under the walls of the Abbey, decorated by much of the old oak furniture, inanimate friends, which had already travelled from Alderley to Norwich, Canterbury, and Oxford. Most delightful was the library at the Deanery, a long room surrounded by bookcases, with a great Gothic window at the end, and a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth let in above the fireplace. Here, all through the mornings, in which visitors, with very rare exceptions, were never admitted, the Dean stood at his desk and scattered his papers as of old, while Lady Augusta employed herself at her writing-table close by. The second and third volume of his *Jewish Church*, his *Address on the Three Irish Churches*, his *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, his *Addresses* as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's, and many articles for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Good Words*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, flowed from his pen in this room: and lastly his *Christian Institutions*, which seem written chiefly to disabuse people of the fancy of Roman Catholic and High Church divines, that they can discover in the Early Church their own theories concerning the papacy, the hierarchy, and the administration of the sacraments. It was a necessity to Stanley to be always writing something. He often, latterly, returned to the pursuit of his earliest days, and expressed himself in verse, much of which has appeared in this magazine.

More than ever did friends gather around Stanley during his life at the Deanery, as much as ever was he able to enjoy the pleasures of society, grow-

ing every year more full of anecdote, of animation, of interesting recollections. And the visitors whom the Dean and Lady Augusta delighted to receive comprised every class of society, from their royal mistress and her children to great bands of working men, whom it was an especial pleasure to Arthur Stanley to escort over the Abbey himself, picking out and explaining the monuments most interesting to them. Every phase of opinion, every variety of religious belief, above all those who most widely differed from their host, were cordially welcomed in the hospitalities of the Deanery; and the circle which gathered in its drawing-rooms, especially on Sunday evenings after the service in the Abbey, was singularly characteristic and unique. At the same time the spare rooms of the house were ceaselessly filled with a succession of guests, to meet whom the most appropriate parties were always invited, or who were urged by the Dean unrestrainedly to invite their own friends, especially the now aged aunt, his mother's sister, long the survivor, as he expressed it, "of a blessed brotherhood and sisterhood."

Greater, too, than the interest of all his other homes, was that which Stanley found in the Abbey of Westminster—"the royal and national sanctuary which has for centuries enshrined the manifold glories of the kingdom"—of which he was now the natural guardian and care-taker. There are those who have smiled at the eagerness he occasionally displayed to obtain the burial of an illustrious person in the Abbey against all opposition. There are those who have been incapable of understanding his anxiety to guard and keep the Abbey as it had been delivered to him; wisely objecting even to give uniformity to a rudely patched pavement, on account of the picturesqueness and the human interest attached to its variations of colour and surface; delighting in the characteristics of his choir projecting into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish

cathedral;¹ carefully, even fiercely, repelling any attempt to show more deference to the existing monuments of one age than of another, each being a portion of history in itself, and each, when once placed there, having become a portion of the history of the Abbey, never to be displaced. The careful collecting and replacing of the fragments of the re-repos of St. Michael's altar, the curious bringing together of tiny fragments of lost screens and altars in the Chapter House, are marks of his tender care for the minutest details of the Abbey, which it was his great object to preserve, to enrich, but never under any false pretext of "restoration" or improvement, to change. How enraptured he was to discover the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched by the angler himself upon the tomb of Isaac Casaubon; how delighted to describe the funeral of Henry V., in which his three chargers were led up to the altar as mourners behind his waxen effigy; how enchanted to make any smallest discovery with regard to those to whom the more obscure monuments are erected, to trace out the whole history of "Jane Lister, dear childe," who is buried in the cloisters, and upon whom he preached in one of his sermons to children; how pleased to answer some one who cavilled at the space allotted to the monument of Mrs. Grace Gethin, with the quotations referring to her in Congreve and D'Israeli. One of his last thoughts connected with outside life was the erection of a monument to mark "the common pit" into which the remains

¹ It was painful to those who knew the Dean well to see a letter in the *Times* a few days after his death, urging that the destruction of the choir—the thing of all others he most deprecated—should be carried out as a memorial of him! Those who wish to know what he really desired for his Abbey have only to read the preface to his *Memorials of Westminster*, expressing his anxious suggestion of a cloister for the reception of future monuments, inclosing the Jewel Tower, on the present site of Abingdon Street, to face the Palace of Westminster on one side, and the College Garden on the other.

of the family and friends of the great Protector were thrown at the Restoration.

At Westminster Stanley preached more often than he had ever done before; but two classes of his sermons there will be especially remembered—those on Innocents' Day to children, so particularly congenial to one whose character had always been so essentially that of the "pure in heart," and those on the deaths of illustrious Englishmen, often preached in the Abbey, even when those commemorated were not to repose there. "Charity, Liberality, Toleration," these became more than ever the watchwords of his teaching, of his efforts to inculcate the spirit that would treat all who follow Christ as brothers, by whatever path they might be approaching Him, and by whatever hedges they might be divided. His last utterance in the Abbey, on Saturday, July 9, was on the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." One of his course of sermons on the Beatitudes. In everything his precept was that of the aged St. John—"Little children, love one another."

The thought of the Abbey recalls the Jerusalem Chamber and the meetings within its walls of the Lower House of Convocation, in which the Dean so frequently spoke, often perhaps in too vehement defence of a cause or a person he thought to be unjustly oppressed, often perhaps incurring the silent censure of many a remote country parsonage by the expression of his opinions, but ever with kindly feelings towards those from whom he differed the most, and who, when they knew him well, seldom failed to love and appreciate him. Through life the exemplification of Christian catholicity in his own person, Stanley could hardly help taking part with those who were attacked, whenever he saw that religious animosity was excited. "Charity suffereth long and is kind" was never

absent from his thoughts, and led him to be ever the champion of the persecuted, of Tractarians in early life, as afterwards of the writers in *Essays and Reviews*, and of Bishop Colenso.

Next to the immediate concerns of his Abbey, was Stanley occupied by the welfare of the poor around him, whom he tried without ceasing to raise, cheer, and enliven, sending many a mental sunbeam into a dismal home by the thought of his annual flower show and its prizes, and taking great personal interest in the neighbouring hospital and its work. In all his efforts for the people of Westminster, the Dean was ably seconded by Lady Augusta. His desire to benefit the working classes was also shared by his elder sister Mary, who, in a direction quite independent of his own, was unceasingly employed in trying to find employment for the poor, to teach them provident habits, and to improve their homes. At one time she undertook the anxiety of a large contract to supply the army with shirts in order to give employment to a great number of poor women. Latterly her wonderful powers of organisation always enabled her to deal with vast numbers, but it had taken long years of personal work amongst the people to acquire her experience, as well as the respect and confidence which contributed so much to the success of her schemes for their good. Of all these, the most important was the Penny Bank, opened once a week in a little court at the back of a house in York Street, Westminster, and managed personally by Miss Stanley for more than twenty-five years; having as many as 1,000 depositors at a time. The undertaking was indescribably laborious, especially during the annual audit week in December, when every single account had to be compared with that in the ledger. In itself, this ledger was a study—the dates for the whole half year on one page (to save turning over), the blotting paper stitched in between each leaf (to save blotting),

for in dealing with such large numbers every instant of time saved was of importance. No less remarkable was the simple but ingenious device by which the visits of her numerous clients were distributed equally over the three hours that she sat at the receipt of custom, so that each should be speedily served, and that there should be no undue crowding at one time. Mary Stanley would invite four or five ladies, before the people arrived, to come and tie up flowers for them in bunches. Many hundreds of nosegays were thus prepared, and it is remembered how anxious she was that they should be *prettily arranged*, for “I want to give my people what is beautiful, and what is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*.” Her invariable patience, quickness, and good-humour with the people rendered what would have been impossible to many, comparatively easy to Mary Stanley; but a brave heart was also required, and a friend who thought of starting a similar bank in another part of London, and came to her with all its dangers and difficulties, recalls the energy with which she closed the discussion: “My dear, if you stand counting the difficulties when there is a good work before you, you will never do anything that is worth doing all your life! Only begin, begin, begin, and the difficulties will all disappear.” Under other superintendence and in another house the Penny Bank founded by Mary Stanley still flourishes in Westminster, a memorial of her energy, kindliness, and wisdom.

Dean Stanley's marriage with the devoted attendant of the Duchess of Kent, whom the Queen honoured with unvaried kindness and friendship, had brought him into constant communication with the Court, to which the outward tie had been drawn closer by his appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Closet, Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. He was summoned every year to take part in the services which commemorate

at Frogmore the death of the beloved Prince Consort. It was after representing her royal mistress at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in the bitter Russian cold of January, 1874, that Lady Augusta Stanley received the chill from which she never recovered. A long interval of hopes and fears, another year of sad forebodings and farewells, and, on Ash Wednesday, 1876, one of the happiest of earthly unions was severed by her death at Westminster.

"The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world
bright,
The love that made all duty light."

For five years Arthur Stanley was left to fulfil his appointed task alone. After a time he was full of interest still, his mental activity was as great as ever, and he was always full of work. Sometimes when he was in the society of those whose thoughts met his, some of his old animation and cheerfulness returned; for a few months the kindly welcome and friendship shown to him during a visit to the United States almost seemed to make him happy; and he ever gratefully recognised and reciprocated the loving attention with which his home was cared for by his wife's sister and her cousin, who had been more than a sister. But his friends saw him change more and more every year—his hair became gray, his figure became bent, his voice became feeble; and after the death of his dear sister Mary, in the spring of 1880, had loosened

another of his closest ties to earth, he seemed to be only waiting for a summons which could not be very far off. In speaking of what he would do in the future, he now always said, "If I am still here," and he looked at places as if for the last time.

On Good Friday he preached upon the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He said he had preached the same sermon in the same pulpit at that season ten years before, and he would like to preach it once again. The way in which he said "once again" sent a thrill of sadness through all who heard it.

On Saturday, July 9, during one of his sermons on the Beatitudes, he was taken ill in the Abbey, and though there were few who believed in danger till within some hours of the end, all through the week which followed he was being led gently and painlessly to the entrance of the dark valley, and, on July 18, just before the Abbey clock struck the hour of midnight, surrounded by almost all those he most loved on earth, his spirit passed away.

In speaking of his dear Westminster, the sense of his last words was, "I have laboured amidst many frailties and with much weakness to make this institution more and more the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

This was the characteristic of his existence; thus, in most loving reverence, should he be remembered.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

CURZOLA.

THE great centre of any journey along the eastern shores of the Hadriatic is of course Spalato; and by the time we have made two or three voyages in these seas, we shall find that there are several ways of reaching and parting from that centre. We speak of course of ways by sea; by land there is but one way, and that way leads only to and from places at no great distance, and it does not lead to or from any in the direction in which we are now bent. By sea the steamer going from Spalato southward takes two courses. One keeps along the mainland, and allows a short view of the little towns of Almissa and Macarska, both nestling by the water's edge at the mountain's foot. Unluckily we can speak of either only from dim and distant remembrances. But Almissa at least has an historical interest. Here Saint Mark was no direct sovereign; his lion, we believe, is nowhere to be seen, a distinction which, along this whole line of coast, Almissa alone shares with greater Ragusa. Was it a commonwealth by itself, cradled on the channel of Brazza like Gersau on the Lake of the Four Cantons? Or was it only the haven of the inland commonwealth of Polizza, which, like Gersau and a crowd of other commonwealths, perished at the hands of their new-born French sister for the unpardonable crime of being old? But far more interesting is the other route of the steamers, that which leads us among the greater islands. Here, as soon as we pass Spalato, as soon as we pass the greatest monument of the dominion of Rome, we find ourselves in a manner within the borders of Hellas. The endless islands along the northern part of the Dalmatian shore are many of them bare and uninhabited rocks; none of them have any history. Some of the

Croatian islands indeed have somewhat of a history; but with these we are not now dealing; the barren archipelago of Zara never could have had any. Things change in this respect when we pass Spalato to the south, and find ourselves among the greater islands. Some of these have indeed a very marked history. We are now within the range of Greek colonization, though of Greek colonization only in its last stage. Issa, now Lissa, Pharos now Lesina—still on Slavonic lips Faro or Hvar—Black Korkyra now Curzola, among the islands, and Epidauros on the mainland, were all of them undoubted Greek settlements. But the only ones to which we can fix a positive date, Issa and Pharos, were colonized only in the first half of the fourth century, and Dionysios of Syracuse had a hand in their colonization. Still they were Greek cities. Meleda, the long island with hills rising like a comb, can have its claims to be the true place of Saint Paul's shipwreck admitted only on the condition of being shut out from the Hellenic fellowship, even though its barbarians were of a mood which led them to show no little kindness to strangers. In the history of Polybios, Pharos and its Dêmétrios play a considerable part. These islands formed one of the highways by which Rome advanced to the possession of Illyricum, Macedonia, and Greece. Pharos was a Parian colony; the name of Epidauros at once proclaims its metropolis, and the worship of the heathen god extended to the colony. Of most of these islands something might be found to be said; but we can speak of one only at length. Perhaps it is—in one age it certainly is—of greater historic interest than the rest; at all events it is the easiest theme for observers who have seen the other islands only from

the mainland or from the steamer's deck. We pass then between Brazza and Solta; we skirt Lesina; we look out at Lissa—an unlucky name in our own day, a luckier one in the days of our grandfathers—and we make our first halt for study where a narrow strait divides the mainland, itself all but an island, from the once renowned isle of Curzola.

Curzola—such is its familiar Italian form—is the ancient Black Korkyra, and on Slavonic lips it still keeps the elder name in the shape of *Karkar*. But the sight of *ἡ μέλαινα Κόρκυρα* suggests a question of the same kind as that which the visitor is driven to ask on his first sight of Montenegro. How does a mass of white limestone come to be called the Black Mountain? Curzola can hardly be called a mass of white limestone; but the first glance shows nothing specially black about it, nothing to make us choose this epithet rather than any other to distinguish this Hadriatic Korkyra from the more famous Korkyra to the south. That some distinguishing epithet is needed is shown by the fact that, not so very long ago, a special correspondent of the *Times* took the whole history of Corfu and transferred it bodily to Curzola. The reason given for the name is the same alike in Curzola and in Montenegro. The blackness both of the island and of the mountain is the blackness of the woods with which they are covered. It is true that the traveller from Cattaro to Tzetinje sees no woods, black or otherwise; but he is told that the name comes from thick woods on the other side of the principality. So he is told that Black Korkyra was called from its thick woods, its distinctive feature as compared with the many bare islands in its neighbourhood. But no black woods are now to be seen in that part of the island which the traveller is most likely to see anything of. There were such, he is told; but they have been cut down on this side, while on the other side they still flourish. As things are now, Curzola is certainly

less bare than most of its fellows; but the impression which it gives us is, of the two, rather that of a green island than of a black one. It is not green in the sense of rich verdure, but such trees as show themselves give it a green look rather than a black one. At any rate the island looks both low and well-covered, as compared with the lofty and rocky mountains of the opposite peninsula of Sabioncello. Island and peninsula are at one point, and that a point close by the town of Curzola, separated by a very narrow strait. And the nearness of the two formed no inconsiderable part of their history. There was a time when Curzola must have been, before all things, a standing menace to Sabioncello, and to the state of which Sabioncello formed an outpost. Sabioncello, the long, narrow, stony, peninsula, all backbone and nothing else, formed part of the dominions of the commonwealth of Ragusa. Curzola was for three centuries and a half a stronghold of that other commonwealth which Ragusa so dreaded that she preferred the Turk as her neighbour. Nowhere does the winged lion meet us more often or more prominently than on the towers and over the gates of Curzola. And no wonder, for Curzola was the choice seat of Venetian power in these waters, her strong arsenal, the place for the building of her galleys. If Aigina was the eyesore of Peiræus, Curzola must have been yet more truly the eyesore of Sabioncello.

It is only of what must have been the special eyesore of its Ragusan neighbours, of the fortified town of Curzola and of a few points in its near neighbourhood, that we can now speak. Curzola is one of the larger Dalmatian islands; and it is an island of some zoological interest. It is one of the few spots in Europe where the jackal still lingers. Perhaps there is no other such spot; but, as we have heard rumours of other jackals in Epeiros, a decided negative is dangerous. We believe that, according to the best scientific opinion, "lingered" is the right

word. The jackal is not an importation from any other land into Curzola; he is an old inhabitant of Europe, who has kept his ground in Curzola after he has been driven out of other places. But he who gives such time as the steamer allows him in the island to the antiquities of the town of Curzola need cherish no hope or fear of meeting jackals. He might as soon expect to meet with a horse. For, true child of Venice, Curzola knows neither horse nor carriage. Horses and carriages are not prominent features in any of the Dalmatian towns; but they may be seen here and there. Carriages are faintly tolerated within the walls of Ragusa, and we have certainly seen a cart in the street of Zara. But at Curzola such things are as impossible as at Venice itself, though not for the same reason. Curzola does not float upon the waters; it soars above them. The Knidian emigrants chose the site of their town in the true spirit of Greek colonists. It is such another site as the Sicilian Naxos, as the Epidaurous of the Hadriatic, as Zara too and Parenzo, though Zara and Parenzo can lay no claim to a Greek foundation. The town occupies a peninsula, which is joined to the main body of the island by a narrow isthmus. The positive elevation is slight, but the slope close to the water on each side is steep. From the narrow ridge where stands the once cathedral church, the streets run down on each side, narrow and steep, for the most part ascended by steps. The horses of the wave are the only steeds for the men of Black Korkyra, and those steeds they have at all times managed with much skill. The sea-faring habits of the people take off in some measure from the picturesque effect of the place. There is much less to be seen, among men at least, of local costume at Curzola than at other Dalmatian towns. We miss the Morlacchian turbans which become familiar at Spalato; we miss the Montenegrin coats of the brave *Bocchesi*, which fill the streets of Cattaro, not without a meaning. Sea-faring folk are apt to

wear the dress of their calling rather than that of their race, and the island city cannot be made such a centre for a large rural population as the cities on the mainland. But, if the men to be seen at Curzola are less picturesque than the men to be seen at Spalato or Ragusa, their dwellings make up for the lack. Curzola is a perfect specimen of a Venetian town. It is singular how utterly everything earlier than the final Venetian occupation of 1420 has passed away. The Greek colonist has left no sign of himself but the site. Of Roman, of earlier mediæval, times there is nothing to be seen beyond an inscription or two, one of which, a fragment worked into the pavement of one of the steep streets, records the connexion which once was between Curzola and Hungary. With præ-Venetian inscriptions we may class one which is post-Venetian, and which records another form of foreign dominion, one which may be classed with that of Lewis of Anjou as at least better than those which went between them. From 1813 to 1815—a time memorable at Curzola as well as at Cattaro—the island was under English rule, and the time of English rule was looked on as a time of freedom, compared with French rule before or with Austrian rule both before and after. It is not only that an official inscription speaks of the island as “*libertate fruens*” at the moment when the connexion was severed; we believe that we are justified in saying that those two years live in Black-Korkyraian memory as the one time for many ages when the people of Black Korkyra were let alone.

The formerly cathedral church is the only building in the town of Curzola which suggests any thought of its being older than 1420. Documentary evidence is said to be scanty, and to contain no mention of the church earlier than the thirteenth century. In England we should at first sight be tempted to assign the internal arcades to the latter days of the twelfth; but the long retention of earlier forms

which is so characteristic of the architecture of this whole region makes it quite possible that they may be no earlier than Venetian times, to which we must certainly attribute the west front. Setting aside a later addition to the north, which is no improvement, this little *duomo* consists of a nave and aisles of five bays, ending in three round apses. Five bays we say, though on the north side there are only four arches, for the tower occupies one at the west end. The inner arcades and the west doorway are worthy of real study, as contributions to the stock of what is at any rate singular in architecture; indeed a more honourable word might fairly be used. The arcades consist of plain pointed arches rising from columns with richly carved capitals, and, like so many columns of all ages in this region, with tongues of foliage at their bases. Above is a small triforium, a pair of round arches over each bay; above that is a clerestory of what within seem to be square windows, but which outside are found to be broad pointed lancets with their heads cut off. In England or France such a composition as this would certainly, at the first sight of its general effect, be set down as belonging to the time of transition between Romanesque and Gothic, to the days of Richard of Poitou and Philip Augustus. And the proportions are just as good as they would be in England or France; there is not a trace of that love of ungainly sprawling arches which ruins half the so-called Gothic churches of Italy. But, when we look at the capitals, we begin to doubt. They are singularly rich and fine; but they are not rich and fine according to any received pattern. They are eminently not classical; they have nothing more than that faint Corinthian stamp which no floriated capital seems able quite to throw away; but they do not come anything like so near to the original model as the capitals at Canterbury, at Sens, or even at Lisieux. But neither do they approach to any

of the received Romanesque or Byzantine types, nor have they a trace of the freedom of English foliage of days only a little later. They are more like, though still not very much like, our foliage of the fourteenth century; there is a massiveness about them, a kind of cleaving to the shape of the block, which after all has something Byzantine about it. Those on the north side have figures wrought among the foliage; the four responds have the four evangelistic symbols. Here then of course we have the lion of Saint Mark, but only in his place as one of a company of four. Would the devotion of the Most Serene Republic have allowed its patron to occupy anywhere so lowly a place as this? Otherwise the character of the capitals, which extends to the small shafts in the triforium, might tempt us to assign a far later date to these columns and arches than their general effect would suggest. But at all events they are thoroughly mediæval; there is not the faintest trace of *Renaissance* about them.

Outside the church the usual mixed character of the district comes out more strongly. The addition to the north, and the tower worked in, instead of standing detached, go far to spoil what would otherwise be a simple and well-proportioned Italian front. Both the round window—in Dalmatia there must be a round window—and the great doorway, are worthy of notice. The window is not a mere wheel; the diverging lines run off into real tracery, such as we might see in either England or France. The doorway is a curious example of the way in which for a long time in these regions, the square head, the round arch, and the pointed arch, were for some purposes used almost indifferently. The tradition of the square-headed doorway with the arched tympanum over it never died out. We may believe that the mighty gateways and doorways of Diocletian's palace set the general model for all ages. But when the pointed arch came in, the tympanum

might be as well pointed as round. Sometimes the pointed tympanum crowns a thoroughly Roman doorway, and is itself crowned with a square spandril, looking wonderfully like a piece of English Perpendicular. In the west doorway at Curzola things do not go quite to such lengths as this; but they go a good way. The square doorway is crowned by a pointed tympanum, containing the figure of a bishop; over that again is a kind of canopy. This is formed of a round arch, springing from a pair of lions supported on projections such as those which are constantly used, especially at Curzola, for the support of balconies. The lions which in many places would have supported the columns of the doorway would seem, though wingless, to have flown up to this higher post. For here the doorway has nothing to be called columns, nothing but small shafts, twisted and otherwise, continued in the mouldings of the arch. The cornice under the low gable is very rich; the tower is of no great account, except the parapet, and the octagon and cupola which crown it, a rich and graceful piece of work of that better kind of *Renaissance* which we claim as really Romanesque.

In the general view of the town from the sea this tower counts for more than it does when we come close up to it in the nearest approach to a *piazza* which Curzola can boast. It is the crown of the whole mass of buildings rising from the water. We may shut our eyes to a modern fort or two on the hills; the walls of the town itself, where they are left, are picturesque mediæval walls broken by round towers, on some of which the winged lion does not fail to show himself. He presides again over a *loggia* by the sea-shore, one of those buildings with nondescript columns, which may be of any date, which most likely are of very late date, but which, because they are simply straightforward and sensible, are pleasing, whatever may be their date. Here they simply support a wooden roof, without either

crest or entablature. And while we are seated under the lion in the *loggia*, we may look down at another lion in a fragment by the shore, in company with a female half-figure, something of the nature of a siren, Nereid, or mermaid, who seems an odd yoke-fellow for the Evangelist. The lion seems more in his natural place over the gate by which we shall most likely enter the town, a gate of 1643, itself square-headed, but with pointed vaulting within. Its inscription does not fail to commemorate, along with the Venetian Grimani, the Trojan Antenor, as founder of Black Korkyra. To the right hand, curiosity is raised by a series of inscriptions which have been carefully scratched out. About them there are many guesses and many traditions. One cannot help thinking that the deed was more likely to be done by the French than by the Austrian intruder. To scratch out an inscription is a foolish and barbarous act; but it implies an understanding of its meaning and a misapplied kind of vigour, which, of the two bastard eagles, was more likely to flourish under the single-headed one. The double-headed pretender, by the way, though he is seen rather too often in these parts, is seldom wrought in such lasting materials as Saint Mark's lion. So, when the good time comes, the stolen badge of Empire may, at Curzola as at Venice and Verona, pass away and be no more seen, without any destruction of monuments, old or new.

We are now fairly in the town. The best way to see Curzola thoroughly is for the traveller to make his way how he thinks best to the ridge of the hill, and then systematically to visit the steep and narrow streets, going in regular order down one and up another. There is not one which does not contain some bit of domestic architecture which is well worth looking at. But he should first walk along the ridge itself from the gate by the isthmus to the point where the ground begins to slope to the sea opposite Sabioncello.

Hard by the gate is the town-hall, *Obcina*, as it is now marked in the native speech. The mixed style—most likely of the seventeenth century—so characteristic of these parts comes out here in its fulness. Columns and round arches which would satisfy any reasonable Romanesque ideal, support square windows, which are relieved from ugliness by a slight moulding, the *dentel*—akin to our Romanesque billet—which is seen everywhere. But in a projecting building, which is all of a piece with the rest, columns with nondescript capitals support pointed arches. Opposite the town-hall is one of the smaller churches, most of which are of but little importance. This one bears the name of Saint Michael, and is said to have formerly been dedicated to Orthodox worship. It shows however no sign of such use, unless we are to count the presence of a little cupola over the altar. We pass along the ridge, by a house where the projection for balconies, so abundant everywhere, puts on a specially artistic shape, being wrought into various forms, human and animal. Opposite the cathedral the houses display some characteristic forms of the local style, and we get more fully familiar with them as we plunge into the steep streets, following the regular order which has been already prescribed. Some graceful scrap meets us at every step; the pity is that the streets are so narrow that it needs some straining of the neck to see those windows which are set at all high in the walls. For it is chiefly windows which we light upon; very little care seems to have been bestowed on the doorways. A square or segmental-headed doorway, with no attempt at ornament, was thought quite enough for a house for whose windows the finest work of the style was not deemed too good. Indeed the contrasts are so odd that, in the finest house in Curzola, in one of the streets leading down eastward from the cathedral, a central story for which *magnificent* would not be too strong a word

is placed between these simple doorways below and no less simple square-headed windows above. This is one of the few houses in Curzola where the windows are double or triple divided by shafts. Most of the windows are of a single light, with a pointed anogee, or even a round head, but always, we think, with the eminently Venetian trefoil, and with the jambs treated as a kind of pilaster. With windows of this kind the town of Curzola is thick-set in every quarter. We may be sure that there is nothing older than the Venetian occupation, and that most of the houses are of quite late date, of the sixteenth and even the seventeenth century. The Venetian style clave to mediæval forms of window long after the *Renaissance* had fully set in in everything else. And for an obvious reason; whatever attractions the *Renaissance* might have from any other point of view, in the matter of windows at least it hopelessly failed. In the streets of Curzola therefore we meet with an endless store of windows, but with little else. Yet here and there there are other details. The visitor will certainly be sent to see a door-knocker in a house in one of the streets on the western slope. There Daniel between two lions is represented in fine bronze work. And some Venetian effigies, which would doubtless prove something for local history, may be seen in the same court. Of the houses in Curzola not a few are roofless; not a few have their rich windows blocked; not a few stand open for the visitor to see their simple inside arrangements. The town can still make some show on a day of festival; but it is plain that the wealth and life of Curzola passed away when it ceased to be a Venetian arsenal. And poverty has one incidental advantage; it lets things fall to ruin, but it does not improve or restore.

Two monasteries may be seen within an easy distance of the town. That of Saint Nicolas, approached by a

short walk along the shore to the north-west, makes rather an imposing feature in the general view from the sea; but it is disappointing when we come near. Yet it illustrates some of the local tendencies; a very late building, as it clearly is, it still keeps some traces of earlier ideas. Two equal bodies, each with a pointed barrel-vault, might remind us of some districts of our own island, and, with nothing else that can be called mediæval detail, the round window does not fail to appear. The other monastery, best known as the *Badia*, once a house of Benedictines, afterwards of Franciscans, stands on a separate island, approached by a pleasant sail. The church has not much more to show than the other; but it too illustrates the prevalent mixture of styles which comes out very instructively in the cloister. This bears date 1477, as appears from an inscription over one of its doors. But this doorway is flat-headed and has lost all mediæval

character, while the cloister itself is a graceful design with columns and trefoil arches, which in other lands one would attribute to a much earlier date. The library contains some early printed books and some Greek manuscripts, none seemingly of any great intrinsic value. A manuscript of Dionysios Periegetês is described as the property of the Korkyraïan Nicolas and his friends. (*Νικόλαος Κερκυραῖον καὶ τῶν φίλων.*) Did it come from Corfu, or did any citizen of Black Korkyra think it fine to describe himself in this fashion?

On the staircase of the little inn at Curzola is still a print of the taking of the arsenal of Venice by the patriots of 1848. Strange that no Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic official has taken away so speaking a memorial of a deed which those who commemorate it would doubtless be glad to follow.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

WEEDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOGAN, M.P."

It was Friday, the market-day at Galteetown, the hottest and sleepest of August afternoons—the first Friday in August, with all the heat and venom of July in it, but with not a chance of the thunder-showers that drench and cool the fierce temper of the dog-days. It had been a crowded market-day, and though the press of business was now nearly over, the steam and dust that hung about was enough to make one envy the swallows as they soared overhead in the clear sunlight, giving the square of Galteetown a wide berth. The donkeys, of whom there were some hundreds, stood patiently resigned to flies and drought, waiting the leisure of their mistresses, whose white caps were visible in the semi-darkness of the shops as they made their weekly purchases before the start homewards. The sales were nearly all concluded, the hens and ducks had been all transferred from their original owners to the "dealers," in whose crates they were now thrust. Sorely against their will, as testified by their lamentations, the "egg-lers" were busy getting ready their huge packing-cases for the road, sorting ducks' eggs from hens' eggs and ranging each kind in its layer of straw. The fish-cart which came every Friday from Waterford was emptied of its stock of spent cod and hake, and its owner was using all his eloquence to rid himself of a most odorous parcel of salted mackerel at the rate of fourpence per dozen, an abatement of twopence upon their morning price. The rag merchant, who was also a second-hand clothes dealer, had packed and tied up one donkey-load, and smoked lazily as he watched a couple of girls finger the

odd lengths of coloured cottons and stuffs which, with queer old gowns and faded shawls, the cast-offs probably of English peasants, formed his stock-in-trade. The drowsiness begotten of sun heat and long exertion had rather dulled the ardours of commerce, which, in its primitive form of barter, had but a few hours before rivalled in hot intensity the noon-tide fever of the Stock Exchange. The flies buzzed sleepily around the fish-cart, and pestered the unhappy donkeys at their will, for the creatures were too wearied and sleepy to move an ear or tail in protestation. There was a drinking fountain in the middle of the square, a round iron trough—placed unfortunately too high for the accommodation of animals of the four-footed species. This was furnished with a half-dozen faucets, which could be turned on at will, and drinking cups. It was visited almost every minute by the market people, but no one thought of filling a bucket for the poor, patient, gray beasts. It was nearly time to start, half a dozen carts were climbing already the hilly road that led from Galteetown towards the Waterford mountains. Some others were taking their way by the Dublin and Tipperary roads, but the crowd was scarcely diminished. At the first glance it seemed a mere assemblage of people without any appreciable central or rallying point; but a closer inspection showed that near the fountain and in front of the hotel, as the leading public-house of the town was called, was a part of the square where the leading dealers and their customers most resorted. Blaney's fish-cart was always drawn up there, and the pedlars' carts of old clothes and rags.

The tin-ware merchant and the dealer in wicker baskets and dishes were seldom far off, and to the right and left of them stood, as if by right, the ass carts of the most considerable frequenters of the place. It was the hottest spot in the town that afternoon, and the hot sun drew out all the varied odours, salt fish vying among them with the omnipresent turf smoke in which the clothes of the country people seem to be soaked. Blaney's garron had been taken out of the fish-cart and tied to the back of the next cart, which belonged to a Mrs. Roche, a farmer's wife from the mountain district. Mrs. Roche was eating a piece of dry bread. She could very well afford to eat her own butter if she chose, and she did when at home, but it is not wise to be luxurious in public, and that commodity was now, owing to a spell of dry weather, fetching too good a price to be wasted within sight of the neighbours. As she leaned against the wheel of her cart and bit at the tough bread, she was talking to a changing group of women on the other side of the vehicle. The centre figure of this group was a stout woman of about sixty, who had a black shawl folded over her head instead of a white frilled cap like the rest of the women. She also wore silver rimmed spectacles, and it was easy to see from her manner, and the deferential address of the others, that she was a person of some importance. She was in fact the parish priest's housekeeper, the leading gossip of the town, and its great oracle upon all matters of intelligence. Between her head-gear and her dress, which was of thick black stuff, she had a quasi look of some kind of religious. She had on a white apron, but that badge of servitude was twisted up so as to be out of sight. She was busy purchasing fowls for her master, feeling the breast-bones and pinching the thighs of the struggling chickens, and declaiming loudly the while as to their shortcomings.

"You can say what you like, Mrs.

Murphy"—she was talking to an old woman who was standing a little apart from the group. "You can!" repeated the priest's housekeeper, "but your chickens are dear—five shillings for that half-dozen is expensive, ma'am. Mrs. Ready beyand got four good young cocks for half-a-crown this morning that were better fed than yours—much fuller."

"Oh, ma'am," replied Mrs. Murphy, "it is of no use your telling me. I would rather take my little chickens home again—so I would."

"Very well then, for me," returned the housekeeper, letting the chicken fall from her hands without more ado, as she addressed herself to another of the group. "The butter is to be had good at Bowles' shop beyont for ninepence, so I will not trouble you to leave it with me for elevenpence," went on the housekeeper in a tone of dignified irony. Then, dropping her voice discreetly into the frills of a cap close by, "I would not, thin, be the person that would tell the Clif-fords, Lawder, the agent, is bringing home his new wife to-night, eh, Mrs. Ahearne?"

"To-night, thin!" echoed Mrs. Ahearne, a stout, red-faced woman of about forty. "And it is to-night! It was this day fortnight they was married! Oh, good God, den—get married on Friday and come home on Friday! Saints be about us, but I would not be in Lawder's shoes when Charley Clifford sees——"

A violent push from a neighbour made her look round suddenly and stop. The fish dealer, Blaney, was harnessing his horse, and a big constabulary man was standing close by, talking to him.

"Lawder is a divil—so he is indeed, my God!" whined a little stooped old woman, whose face between sunburn and wrinkles resembled nothing so much as—a baked potato. "Look at us served with the process to quit come Michaelmas. And it was my boy's grandfather built the house over our heads—dere above

on Sheena Rinkey, and carried de lime up dat mountain on his back dere too. Forty years I am sleeping in dat house now, and I never can sleep in any other house. No! I will die! And dere is my son James comin' home next week, can get no work in England—an' we all to be put out. An' look at me, dat used always to have my own side car to go to mass on, and dat brought the Heffernans a hundred pounds fortune and two of the finest heifers you ever laid eyes upon, and not to mention a feather-bed that it took four of us to haul into the house. And look at me now, has to be beholden to a neighbour to lift me down on her little ass-cart, or I never could get to the market at all. Oh dear! oh dear! if my good people, the Brophys, could see my state this day!" And she put her apron corner to her eye and cried aloud.

"Is this Mary—Mary—?" said the priest's housekeeper, hesitating for the name. She knew it perfectly well; it was only one of her ways of being dignified, to pretend not to know poor people.

"Mary Brophy is my name, ma'am," answered the little woman through her sobs; "but Heffernan they do be calling me." She had been married to Con Heffernan for forty years, but with the old tribal instinct that yet obtains among the Irish of her class, counted herself among the Brophys still. She half curtsied, as she spoke, with the tears running down her nose, to the priest's housekeeper, who surveyed her coolly through her silver-rimmed spectacles. They were a cast pair of her master's, and fitted the ridge of her nose exactly; if they suited her eyesight as well may be matter of conjecture.

"What did you get for your chickens this day?" asked she.

"Fifteenpence for three, ma'am," replied Mary Heffernan. "I sold them to the bank manager there below, and," dropping her voice, "he's such a naygur he would not give me the eighteenpence."

"Ay, ay, ay," joined all the other white caps in chorus. "That's the way wi' *them* always."

They knew, as well as the speaker, that the chickens had been offered to the same bank manager at a penny each below market price, for the simple reason that Con Heffernan was endeavouring to get him to renew a bill for thirty pounds for another six months, and his wife thought to propitiate him thus. The thirty pounds had gone to the landlord in part, the other part had bought Indian meal, and a few pounds remained, and would perhaps stave off eviction this time, and the workhouse. There had been two bad years. The married son, with whom they lived, had found but half the usual employment in England, his wife had gone out to service, and, what was worse than of all, there had been hard times in America, and the daughters in New York, on whose earnings the Heffernans mainly depended, had not been able to send home any money. A respite of another six months made sure of—Who could tell what miracle, agricultural or political, might not take place in the time?

"I am told," said Mrs. Ahearne, fixing her eyes on the housekeeper's face, "that Lawder has got four thousand with this new wife of his."

"Four," assented the housekeeper, "it is quite true; but then," she went on, in a bitter, gibing voice, "Lawder, you know, is a strong man himself; he makes up to a thousand a year out of this place, so he does. Not but what he came here bare enough."

A silence fell upon the group; their eyes were all turned upon each other's faces.

"Four thousan'!" repeated Mary Brophy or Heffernan, as blankly as if they had said four millions. It was a sum just as far beyond her calculations.

"Four!" sneered Mrs. Ahearne. "He'll be able to pay down money now, and send off poor Mary Clifford——"

A hand was suddenly laid across her mouth by another member of the group, but not in time. Mrs. Roche, who had been listening while she ate her piece of bread at the back of the ass-cart, suddenly dashed into the group.

"What!" she cried. "*Pay down!* did I hear you say, Mrs. Ahearne? *Pay down!*" she repeated. "Do you know who's spakin' to you—whose presence you're in? My mother was a Clifford. *Pay!*" She raised her voice to a perfect scream of fury. "He'd better bring any money near them! Leaden change we'll have for him! A black curse light upon him and follow him, the ruffian!"

"Amin, amin!" croaked Mary Heffernan, who had not heard more than half she said. "I'll get up in the cart, Mrs. Roche," she said to the neighbour who had brought her to market, "for I am that tired an' w'ary, I am dropping out of my standing."

Lawder, the agent to Lord Galteemore, under whose rule at least one third part of the people assembled in the square of Galteetown lived, was a man about forty years of age; in appearance handsome and attractive looking. He was a self-made man; he had begun life, as his name would indicate, as a Roman Catholic, but being ambitious of social as well as pecuniary advancement, he joined the Protestant Church, and, as soon as he came of age, and could afford the subscription, the Freemasons' society. He had begun life in an attorney's office in Dublin, but being clever and hardworking, soon got into business on his own account. He had acquired some property in the county, and had now held Lord Galteemore's agency for about seven years. When Lawder first came to Galteemore, the chieftain of that ilk was resident in the Castle, a big, square, modern house, situated in a splendid demesne close to the ruins—Cromwellian, of course—of what had been the chief fortification of the town. But this had ceased to be so.

The family had now been away for more than a year, and was likely to remain away still longer. This change in their habits had been brought about by different causes. Lawder's leading characteristic was love of rule. So long as Lord Galteemore was at home, his position was but a secondary one; not that his employer ever interfered or allowed complaint or appeal; but Lawder wanted to rule absolutely—he did virtually; but so long as the earl and countess were there, he felt himself to be overshadowed. He could not understand their liking to spend eight months of the year in such a mountain fortress as Galteetown, and he thought London or Paris infinitely more suitable as permanent places of residence; he would prefer either of them for himself—or thought he would. He had not enjoyed the agency for three months when he made up his mind that it would be better for all parties that Galteemore Castle ceased to be the home of its owners. They ought to live in Portman Square, they could do so very well, her ladyship would like it, and then the agent could reside in the castle, one of the ground-floor rooms could be made into an office. Lawder's own residence and farm was five miles out in the country; and he found it excessively inconvenient to have to keep an office in the town.

Lord Galteemore was by no means a model landlord; but that did not prevent his being popular. He had a pleasant manner, and knew how to talk to the people, in itself a talent, but he had not the slightest scruple in raising the rent where he saw that the land was increased in value. It was not the custom of the estate to grant leases. The tenants all held at will, and the rents had been raised pretty often. Lord Galteemore had been educated from his boyhood in England, and had lived a "stormy youth," as was the family habit, 50 per cent of his income went to pay off mortgages. So, when a couple of threatening letters reached him at his club in London, though

somewhat hurt, he was not particularly surprised. He took the hint and did not return. But it is probable that he would not have acted upon it so promptly had he not determined, on the occasion of his eldest son's coming of age, to break the entail, and, by disposing of a part of the estate, reduce the heavy drain upon his income. He meant to raise his rental all round this coming Michaelmas—not that he intended to exact the increase, not at all; it was a mere nominal thing as would be carefully explained to the tenants. They would all continue at the former rates, but once sold, the purchaser of the property could do as he liked. He had done this once before with a small portion of his estate. Lawder knew nothing of this intention on his noble patron's part; but Galteetown had learned it in some mysterious manner, and the knowledge did not lessen the ill will with which the agent was regarded. It would suit Lord Galteemore admirably to remain away for an indefinite length of time. He was too goodnatured to wish to witness actual hardship, and the increase undoubtedly meant that to some of his mountain tenantry. As for Lawder, it is unlikely that such scruples would trouble him; not, indeed, that he was by any means of an unamiable disposition. On the contrary, he was liberal and off-handed in his dealings, except in business matters. He never passed one of the old applewomen of the town without jerking her a small piece of silver. In fact, he rather cultivated goodwill. Nevertheless, he was despised as an upstart and pretender, and his real sentiments, which were much more aristocratic than those of Lady Galteemore, were well known, and gave great offence to the people. He was a great stickler for class prestige and restrictions; believed all the smaller tenants to be far too well off for their station in life. He could hardly keep his temper when he heard of one of them

"fortuning off" his daughter, and he fully agreed with Lady Galteemore that the common people should not be educated, and that the effect of reading is to make the lower orders discontented. Although Mr. Lawder and the Countess agreed upon these points, there was a considerable difference between them. She had the old grand manner which belongs to real feudalism, and which threatens to disappear with it. She never offended or insulted any one, and though disapproving of the feelings and ways of the people, she either respected, or seemed to respect them. Lawder's very civility was odious to them. How dare that "got-up" give himself airs with his horses and dogs! The country was greatly come down when the gentry suffered, that fellow in the hunting-field. His love of coursing, joined to the fact of his possessing some prize greyhounds, in a measure attracted some of the better-class farmers' sons to him; but he was distrusted by the people at large. He had, moreover, but an indifferent reputation, he was married when he came to Galteetown, but had now been a widower for three years. He had one child. His house had been kept for him since his wife's death by an elderly female relation, who had left his roof six months before, on account of "a scandal," the same which the market-women now discussed so angrily in connection with his recent marriage, and which Lawder was likely to expiate bitterly.

The priest's housekeeper bought Mrs. Murphy's chickens at her own price, and despatched her home with them to Chapel House. "I don't care for those Murphies," she observed to a neighbour; "they are terribly impudent. You mind the trick they played here on his reverence when that one got married to Dan Murphy. Nol troth I thought it was well known. They had not the pound, only thirteen shillings of it, and his reverence, when he settled to marry them for the pound, would not take less. Dan

Murphy up and told him to wait—he would just step outside and borrow the few shillings; he knew a man in the town would give it to him. What does he do—will you believe me?—but take his reverence's good coat off the hook in the hall and over with it to Looby beyond, and pawn it for seven shillings. Yes, he did, and then came back, and when his reverence had done with them, Dan Murphy hands him the pound and the pawn-ticket of his own good coat."

"That was a cheek!" observed Mrs. Ahearne, with fitting reprobation. Mrs. Roche laughed out loud and long. She came of a good fighting stock,—the Clifford blood was Cromwellian,—and her reverence of the priest's housekeeper was by no means as strong as her enjoyment of the discomfiture of the parish priest, as well as the humour of Mr. Dan Murphy.

"My blessin' to him," said Mary Heffernan, but under her breath, taking her cue from her patroness, as she climbed with difficulty into the cart. She would have said precisely the same thing had she been told that Dan Murphy had been killed by an avenging thunderbolt.

"That Dan Murphy is himself," went on the priest's housekeeper. "The other night him and her had to be separated by the police. He was layin' on to her wid one of the geese—had it be the legs—an' she back at him with her old hen turkey. She made an end of the turkey soon, though. They're horrible people those Murphies!"

"Turkeys is delicate," observed Mrs. Ahearne, as if the unsuitability of that bird as a weapon of defence had suddenly occurred to her. It was the sole thought suggested to her by the housekeeper's anecdote.

"Lawder ought to get rid of *them* now," continued the housekeeper. "But does he ever do what he ought?"

"Four thousan' of a fortune! Laws!" repeated Mrs. Roche, reverting to the popular topic. "I wonder

what sort she'll be. 'Tis a power o' money if the woman's young."

"Young an' goodlooking!" repeated the housekeeper, with the same bitter voice. She did not know whether she spoke truth or not, but it pleased her to pour oil on the flame of popular resentment against Lawder.

"Ah," snarled Mrs. Roche, "it's the likes of him meets in wid luck. Sure, look at him with his hunting horses and his dogs, and his new gig, and look at all the money he airns, doing nothing for it but sit in that office and take the rints, and may be potther with a little writing." Lawder was a hard-working, energetic agent, but Mrs. Roche's conception of work was limited to picking stones off a field, or churning on a hot summer's day. "Good day to yez all," she said suddenly. "Come on,"—this was to her donkey, catching his head and proceeding to drag the cart out of the crowd.

Mary Heffernan, whose brown wrinkled face was flushed with the exertion of getting into the cart, was no sooner settled comfortably on the seat, than she recollected her grievance; and, moved to sudden wrath, shook her fist in the face of the constabulary man as the ass-cart passed him.

"Listen to me, peeler! If I have to leave me little place and cross the say this year—do you hear me—as sure as God made little apples I'll do it on a rope, I will. I'll have Lawder's life."

The constabulary man looked at the little feeble old creature who was threatening him with the energy and venom of a September wasp, and burst into a roar of laughter at the sight. Mrs. Roche, who had just taken her seat beside her, gave her a push with her elbow in friendly warning. Slight as it was, it was sufficient to upset Mrs. Heffernan's equilibrium. She tumbled over backwards into the hay among the parcels, and, overcome by sleep and heat, fell into a peaceful doze.

They had five miles to go before Mrs. Roche and Mrs. Heffernan reached the cross roads where they were to part

company. It was close upon half-past five when they started, and the donkey's pace, homeward though his steps were turned, was deliberate in the extreme. It was not long before his owner was forced to lighten his load by getting out. There was no need to lead the animal, so she trudged along in the deep dust, keeping abreast of his head, and now and again encouraging him with strange-sounding expletives; Mary Heffernan meantime sleeping the sleep of the just. The sun crept down in a yellow blinding glare towards the summit of Keeper on the far side of the valley. The river lay white and glistening with a sheen as of new silver among the trees below them. The heat was still intense, not a breath of air was stirring, but as she wiped the perspiration from her face, Mrs. Roche thought of her oat-field thankfully. The potatoes were nearly ripe in the fields as they trudged by; the blight was visible here and there in patches, and its bodeful smell made itself felt in the air, despite the meadowsweet which shook out its almond scent as they passed, and the innumerable odours of the flowering weeds.

Weeds there were everywhere. Tall thistles loosed and sent abroad countless winged messengers of mischief. Ragweed grew all round them, lifting its brazen head even in the potato ridges, and crowning every ditch; nettles and docks and thistles sprung up, pushing their lusty growth like the indigenous lords of the soil, out into the very highway itself, and dandelions, vetch, and purple loose-strife crowded in their shade. Everything was ripe, the blackberries were already turning, the haws had a bronzed look, and the berries of the mountain ash hung in brilliant clusters, the hue of which was caught and repeated by the poppies among the other dusty weeds at the roadside. The people had all gone home from work, and save the cornrake with its hoarse August voice calling in the fields, or the cooing of the wood-pigeons which

peopled the copses, not a sound broke the stillness.

At last they reached the cross roads, where they were to part company. The instant the cart stopped Mary Heffernan woke up and tumbled herself out upon the road; then she grasped her bag of meal and swung it over her shoulder. "God reward you, Mrs. Roche," she said. "God reward you always, for you are a good woman."

"Good night to you, Mary Heffernan."

"You are a kind woman to me, Mrs. Roche."

"Ah whisht! good night to you," was Mrs. Roche's reply, accompanied by a thump to that portion of the donkey's body which was nearest to her. The cart drove off through the pine-wood, and Mary Heffernan bent her back and faced the hill-road that led to her home. She had a good mile and a half to climb, and after many a stumble and weary halt she found herself at the boreen, or little road, that led to her little brown cabin. It was more like the bed of a torrent than a path. Great loose boulders that the winter torrents had hurled upon it, baked white by the sun, now lay half bedded in the dust. The banks at each side showed masses of blue limestone among the ferns and brambles, harebells clustered in the moss, and the fox-glove and poppies were thick among the dusty nettles and the omnipresent rag-weed. Half way up this lane she met her husband, who was waiting there for her. He was a thin, anxious-looking old man, with fine dark eyes, very poorly clad, and seemingly both out of health and spirits.

Mary Heffernan stopped and rested the meal-bag against the dyke side, and wiping the perspiration off her face with her hands began at once—

"I did sell the little chickens—yes; an' there was a power of ducks and chickens in the place. Con," she was fumbling in her pocket as she spoke, "and there is yer bit of tobacco, Limerick Twist it is, for you. Oh, weary on ye for mail—ugh;" she

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had hoisted the bag on her back again. "My poor arms are tired; only for that good woman below there, that gives me a lift, sure I might die with all my sins about me on that road. There was not much butter in the market; the mountainy people brought down but little. The place is all burnt up, you see."

Con had lighted his pipe and was trudging stolidly ahead. She followed him as closely as she could, talking all the time. Another might easily have seen from her hurried pouring forth that she had bad news to tell, and was by degrees approaching it as circuitously as possible. This was her habit; but it sometimes happens that the people who in this world least know each other's habits are the husbands and wives who have lived forty years together.

"Mrs. Roche," she continued, scarcely stopping to take breath, "got tenpence for her butter—very sweet butter that red cow of hers do make. Oh dear, Con! but I am weighted wit' this bag."

Con grunted sympathisingly; but never turned his head.

"Mrs. Ahearne have had a letter from her boy Johnny; hesend her two pound. She says he is in New York, but the letter it say Brooklyn; those Ahearne never much mind what they do say, anyhow. He have twelve dollars a week in a factory."

"Twelve dollar a week, you tell me!—two pound ten a week!" repeated the old man, turning round. "I wish I had gone to America when I was young. You went to the post-office, Mary?"

"Yes I did, Con; but there is no letter."

They were at the cabin now. A little moss-grown, squat house showed itself. It was built in a hollow below the level of the pathway; a thicket of fir-trees screened it on its west side. The evening sun wrapped these all about in golden mist, and their tall red stems seemed to glow in a sort of hot, dusty blaze. An enormous house-

leek was growing on the roof of the cabin. It was in blossom, and a flame-coloured plume of flowers nodded above the door. A couple of hens, the mother and aunts, no doubt, of the half-dozen chickens she had sold that morning, met their mistress at the door with a hungry clucking. She made an unamiable kick at them, which they eluded upwards, not sideways, and passed in. The little cabin was all but dark. From the *grieshock*, which was as she had left it that morning, she perceived the faintest possible glow. She seized a couple of dry sods from the heap beside the fire, with her fingers removed the grey ashes, and blowing on the mass, soon made a blaze. Then she went to a corner, where the three-legged iron pot had been laid upon its side for the convenience of the feathered inhabitants of the house, whose custom it was to pick it clean, and taking it without to a spring that gurgled into a natural basin a little further up from the house, washed it well, and bringing it back placed it upon the fire, half filled with water.

Con was smoking, seated on a stone before the door; when his pipe was finished, he entered the cabin and sat down on a chair by the fireside. The three-legged pot was boiling by this time, and she was stirring in handfuls of meal. The flickering light of the turf showed the interior in all its poverty. An old dresser, in the boards of which there were great cracks, held a half-dozen plates and three jugs, only one of which was not past its work—a few cups, all of different colours and shapes, hung from nails, and a black tea-pot, with a broken nose, occupied one corner of the shelf, where it had long enjoyed a holiday. The churn was laid away in a corner. It was close on a year since the cow had been sold, and there was no pig.

"What did you get for the chickens?" asked the old man, knocking as he spoke the ashes from his pipe on the hearthstone.

"Four and sixpence for them all. I sold three for fifteen pence, to Darcy it was," she replied, looking up furtively at him.

He had laid his pipe upon the shelf beside him, and was now leaning both hands upon his stick. After a moment's pause, it seemed as if it took some time for him to realise the import of what was said to him, he struck the stick on the floor, "Did he send any word to me?" he asked.

Mary Heffernan stooped her head over the pot and sighed bitterly. This was the fatal item of news which she had kept to the last.

"Said 'twas little use your goin' to him," she replied, in a choked voice, after a pause, during which the bubbling of the porridge seemed unnaturally loud. He said not a word, but looked at her fixedly for an instant then let his head fall upon the hands which rested upon the stick and groaned.

The porridge bubbled and boiled, the fitful flame of the turf by degrees drove out the last lingering reflections of the August evening. It lighted up the bent white head of the old man, and Mary Heffernan's ragged red shawl, with the corner of which she was now and again wiping away the tears which coursed one another down her withered cheeks.

Mrs. Roche had a good couple of miles to travel yet, ere she reached her home after setting down her neighbour. Onward and upward through the odorous shadow of the pinewood, and skirting the rugged breast of Galteemore, the donkey-cart dragged its weary way until the pasture slopes on the further side of the mountain were reached. The road had become so steep that she frequently had to put her hand to the shaft and help the donkey to pull the cart up the uneven dusty path. She made all the speed she could, for it was growing late. The sun was fast vanishing at the back of Keeper—one long, trembling shaft of rich gold colour lingered yet on the mountain-top; but the purple shadows were

stretching upward on its flanks, and the great patches of heather seemed like lamps going out one by one, when at last she reached her village, if village could be called a half dozen moss-grown cabins clustered among the rocks. Her farm lay a little higher up. As she guided the tired donkey into a narrow path which led up to her house, a tall, slim girl jumped down from behind a rock where she had been waiting, and clinging to her skirt and following her as closely as he could, came a chubby, ragged urchin of four, bare-legged and with a head and face burned by the sun to the colour of ripe wheat.

"Mammy! mammy!" he shouted, jumping into the middle of the path in front of the cart.

"Ay," responded mammy, rather hoarsely; "stand out of the way, will ye."

"Where's my sugarstick?" he demanded, beginning to kick and caper in the dust.

Mrs. Roche was tired and cross, and had forgotten the sugarstick in the excitement and hurly-burly; it did not improve her temper to remind her of it, and that she had disappointed the child—her Benjamin.

"Sugarstick!" she shouted, angrily. "How dare ye ask me for sugarstick. Norah, why haven't ye that child in bed? Nothin' will serve ye but sugarstick; wait till I get you, and see the bating I'll give ye!"

He stared at her with wide opened brown eyes for an instant. Then on her making a feint to catch him, he turned and ran as fast as he could up the road. She shook her fist after him. The brown legs scudded off through the dust, and the tangled yellow head never turned to look round.

"Sugarstick, indeed! Ye have that boy destroyed, Norah," grumbled Mrs. Roche, relenting of her humour already. Norah never even looked round. She had taken the bridle and was dragging the ass after her up the steep hilly path.

"Weary on ye both, ye torments! I

am dead bet up, I am. Tom!" she called, getting sight of a man who was standing in the yard at the end of the house; "come and take out the beast." He lounged forward obediently; he was a big, goodhumoured-looking man, in his shirt sleeves. His coat was lying on top of the dyke.

There was every sign of plenty and prosperity about, notwithstanding the untidiness; a lean-to cow house, the door of which was open, showed a couple of calves tethered in the stalls. The cows were all in the fields, a large potato patch was behind the house, and side by side with it several acres of oats. A good-sized pool of liquid slush, with an opalescent scum upon its surface, decorated the yard before the cowhouse. A flock of geese, recognising their mistress, advanced out of its tempting precincts to greet her with a noisy clamour. From a ruinous wall, where a row of turkeys were perched, came querulous sounding plaints, and ducks and hens came and went about the threshold. That part of the yard close to the house had once been paved, but was badly in need of repairs. Grass grew everywhere that the passers feet allowed, and a fair number of the window panes were mended with paper. The oat field, of which a broken wall gave a full view, was like a botanical garden, hawk-weed topped all the multi-colour weeds, its humble relation, the dandelion, growing faithfully close to it side by side with a red flush of poppies, two or three kinds of thistles and purple vetch, while the margin was kept by meadow sweet and ragweed, all in prime of their bloom, and scenting the air deliciously. No one interfered with them, the children, who had holiday now, and lay about all day in the sun as they chose, dreamed as little of weeding as of sewing or reading. Norah had two bigger sisters who were at a convent school—an expense somewhat unsuited to the family means; but Mrs. Roche had an uncle a priest, and deemed it needful to keep up the respectability of the family by

causing her daughters to learn French and the use of the globes. The boys, of whom there were three, ranging from fifteen down to the four-year-old Mick, held, like their parents, that weeding was no use. No one weeds. The thistle and dandelion, if rooted out in one place, would only be blown on to it again from the neighbours. They held nearly two hundred acres, only eighty of which was good land, and two acres of that at least were wasted in ditches. "That was always so," like the weeds and like sowing the refuse potatoes of a worn-out variety, for the equally valid reason that "every one did it." They kept two horses, chiefly for their amusement, for Roche and his eldest son were fond of attending funerals and races, and a woman servant to cook for and feed the animals.

Inside the house, which was a two-storied plastered edifice, things were much like the poor Heffernan's cabin. There was the same clay floor, the turf burning on the hearthstone—everything was much the same, but there seemed to be more of it, more delf on the dresser, a larger turf fire, and a larger pot swinging by a chain over it. There was, above all, the same smell of turf smoke, of featherbed, of hens, and, in this instance, of sour milk also. A good dozen of holy pictures, yellowed by turf smoke and well fly-speckled, hung round about the room, but there was not the slightest evidence of any real difference between Roche, well-to-do man as he was, and any labourer in the country at ten shillings a week. Mrs. Roche wore a silk dress on Sunday and drove to mass on her "side car." That did not prevent her putting a blazing spark of turf into the churn before setting to make butter, and consulting a wise woman when a cow fell ill, in preference to the veterinary surgeon in Galtee town. Her mother-in-law lived with them; they agreed on the whole fairly well. Mrs. Roche, senior, always held that her daughter-in-law expected too much, seeing the figure of her

fortune. She grumbled over the side car, though she had a seat on the same vehicle every Sunday to last mass, and she grumbled most of all over the expensive schooling of her two granddaughters. The money, in her opinion, would have been far better kept to "fortune them off." She had had "no larning," as she frequently and unnecessarily remarked. She could neither read nor write, and her confessions were a matter of wonder and trouble to the parish priest. She could, however, feed calves and cram turkeys, spin, knit, and make candles, accomplishments of which her daughter-in-law, who had had a smattering of schooling, was destitute. There was not a book in the house, save the children's tattered national school books. Roche read the *Freeman*, which he subscribed for in union with two neighbouring farmers. He was a lazy, good-tempered man, a tenant at will, his rent had been raised twice since he got possession of his farm, and he expected, with some show of reason, for it was still, speaking relatively, low rented, that the process would be repeated, a consideration which did not stimulate him to increased exertion.

Nothing could be more thriftless or untidy than his method of farming, a gap was stopped with a bush, a cart-wheel, or a plough just as his father and grandfather had done before him. He steadfastly ignored all improvements and hated novelties. He had a kind of regard for Lord Galteemore as a noble of the old stock, and hated Lawder. Religious he could hardly be called; he believed that all Protestants were destined for perdition in the next world just as surely as high place and prosperity seemed to be their lot in this; he paid his dues regularly, always alleging that he did so to keep the priest's tongue off him. He was sociable, and not altogether without a grain of sentiment. He remembered and loved the stories of '98; had seen Smith O'Brien, and could repeat from memory one or two of Davis' poems. He was not without

a keen though dumb appreciation of nature, a thing more common than is generally supposed in his class; and he loved of a summer's evening to watch the sunset set forth its beauties in the heavens. But he never saw the hideous squalor of his own daily life. Not that he had not examples of neatness and cleanliness. The habits of centuries are not so easily rooted out, especially when interest and national prejudice combine to preserve them. Lady Galteemore, indeed, made a point whenever she drove her English visitors through the country of explaining to them at length the cause, in her opinion, of this dirt and savagery. It was all the priests' doings. The Pope was at the bottom of it; as if more perfect cleanliness and order could be found than any Irish Roman Catholic convent can show. She forgot, too, as did her listeners, that France and Belgium also profess that despised creed, but she felt bound to explain away what she felt to be a tacit reproach to herself.

Roche was a nationalist of course, and spent more evenings than his wife liked at a tavern of not too good repute at the Cross Roads. What the object of these reunions might be, or the conversations that took place at them, she never knew, though she might guess sometimes; but the worthy farmer invariably returned the worse for liquor, and now and again mysterious deficits occurred in the family "stocking."

Mrs. Roche was met at the house door by her mother-in-law, who was in the act of flattening out a large flour cake into the shape of a wheel between her hands. There was a rolling-pin in the house, but she liked the old-fashioned way.

"But you're late, Mary Ann!" was her salutation. "I began the cake without waitin' on ye longer. Tom is wanting his supper this hour—he's goin' over to the Cross Roads to-night."

A quick, sharp look was exchanged by the two women. "What news

have ye?" went on the elder. "Mrs. Connor was in here on her way home from market. Heffernan's son is to be home next week, she tells me. Can get nothin' to do, they'll have to quit that place surely. Mary Clifford was taken to Cork yesterday to be put off to America."

"Ye have all the news, I see," snapped her daughter-in-law, cutting her short. She, as a Clifford partisan, did not wish to hear her faction run down.

"What word of Lawder and the new wife, eh?" questioned the granny, although she knew as much as her daughter-in-law.

"*There'll be bad work,*" Mrs. Roche observed in a low voice, more to herself than to the granny, who was now laying the cake in the griddle which was ready warm by the fireside.

"Oh," said the old woman, returning to the unwelcome topic, "fait yes! not a Clifford in the market to-day; don't wonder they keep out of sight either, poor people. Lawder's bringing home the new wife to-night; I heard he has got a power of money with her—"

At that instant the servant entered, a red-legged, very fat girl of about twenty, carrying a pail of water. The old woman stopped suddenly. At critical times like the present prudence is necessary.

"Look at that cake a-fire," cried Mrs. Roche suddenly and angrily, diverting all her vexation perforce into that side channel. The granny was so lost in thought that she did not perceive a tiny smoke rising from the centre of the griddle.

"Let it be!" snapped the old woman. "I know how to bake a cake."

"What's this you done to Micky?" said the farmer's voice at the door. He had seated himself on the doorstep, and the little fellow who had been disappointed of his sugar-stick, stood by him with a sulky pout on his grimy face.

"Come here wid ye, tormint," said

the mother. She went to a press, and taking a loaf thence which she had brought home with her from the town, cut him a slice which she spread with dark brown sugar. "I must give him something or he'll say I'm a liar. Say thank you now, and take that puss off you this minute," she said, holding it away from him until he obeyed. He obeyed her and grinned, then carried his prize back to the doorstep. He was a pretty child, the youngest of the brood, and spoilt.

The father winked at him approvingly.

"There ye are now, Mick; and more power to ye, son."

"Are ye going to the Cross Roads to-night?" asked the wife from within, in a complaining voice.

He made her no answer, but began to sing—

"To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there
Says the Shan-van-vogt."

The singing, varied by conversation with Mick, was kept up until the cake was cooked. Mrs. Roche asked no more questions, and the moment the meal was over, the farmer put on his hat and took the road down hill.

It was dark when Roche got out of the breen on to the high road; there was a chill in the air after the fierce heats of the day, and the dew was descending in a thick soft shower. Every blade of grass was loaded already and the harvest moon, seen through the mists that overhung the valley, looked like an enormous copper shield set in the sky. He had advanced about twenty paces, when a voice hailed him out of the darkness—

"Roche, hey—Tom Roche!"

"Charley, were you waiting on me?"

A tall slim figure rose from the hedge-side and approached him.

"I was waiting for ye—who all will be in it to-night?"

"Below at Bruff's? there'll be the

town men and a good few from the neighbourhood. Charley,"—and Roche swung something closer to the younger man—"say nothin', do ye hear me? Fenton and Hynes will both be there, an' I warn ye 'tis dangerous."

"I tell you, Tom," replied he in a dogged undertone, "I'll have no drawing nor casting; 'tis my affair to shoot that —, an' no one shall interfere."

"Whist, ye young fool! That's all well enough, but do you want to be taken, eh? Let the drawing purceed even as usual, and leave the rest to me, and Bruff and Connor. Don't let Hynes or Fenton know anyway, who it is to do the job. We'll settle all that."

"There'll be an after meeting, then?" said Clifford. "All I can say is, before the week is out—" He halted suddenly, and without finishing his sentence took off his hat, and with his hand put back his thick dark hair from his forehead.

Roche stopped also, and glanced at him. He could see that his face was livid in colour, and his eyes seemed to burn under the marked brows.

"Keep quiet, Charley—keep quiet," urged he; "you can have all you want. Where's the good of bringing trouble on yourself? I don't see why not let any of the others take their chance as well as you. Sure they have all a good cause equally with yourself. Look at the Connors to be put out and Heffernans."

"Ah, whist, Roche! what's that to me? Have they the cause I have?"

Roche made no answer, and they held on their way down hill in silence. Before long they reached their destination, a thatched cabin by the roadside. It was a licensed house of entertainment. Peter Bruff, the owner, possessed an unimpeachable character, and had a brother in the constabulary, yet it was currently supposed that no fewer than eight agrarian murders had been planned in the cross roads tavern.

Roche and Charles Clifford were the last arrivals. The shop was thronged with men, many of them farmers' sons,

well-dressed, and well-to-do; some were labourers, or small farmers almost of that class. These had been harvesting all day, for it was the busy time of the year, and could with difficulty keep their eyes open. There were at least fifty present; some of them were smoking, and only that the windows were open, the place would have been intolerable. The place was dimly illumined by a couple of little oil lamps, which added their quota to the evil odours of whisky, tobacco, and turf-smoke which already pervaded the atmosphere, and threw a sinister light upon the crowd.

One man was sitting at a small deal table, engaged in entering in a book the numbers, not the names of those who were present. He was the secretary of the Secret Society. This ceremony over he rose, and taking the slip of paper in his hands, began to call over the numbers; each man answered to his number. Roche and Connor sat down by the table. Clifford hung his head and slouched into a corner. They, with Bruff, the tavern-keeper, and the secretary, who was a shopboy from Galteetown, were the leading spirits of the society.

"Since our last meeting," began the secretary, "the sum of thirty-five shillings has been paid in by number thirty-eight, and in accordance with the new rules, three parts of that sum have been remitted to Dublin. Two new members have been enrolled."

"Ah! whist! curse you!" interpolated Charles Clifford, pushing forward from his recess, "who cares for your rules? mark them read, and come on and let us see that gun you were to bring up."

"Now, Charley Clifford, be easy," said Roche, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and shaking his hand at the young man in warning; "don't interrupt, let business purceed orderly."

"The gun is here, if Puck isn't," said a man, rising to his feet in a far corner. "Who's goin' to take charge of it, I want to know now. I am after spending the best part of the day upon

it, dug it up, begorra, and cleaned it."

He advanced to the table, and laid the gun upon it. It was an Enfield rifle. The stock had been cut in two for facility of packing and carriage, but it had been artistically done, and the ring covered the cut perfectly. It was reeking with grease, which had been liberally plastered on the wood and metal alike. Every eye in the room was fixed upon the gun, as if fascinated. Roche stretched out his hand, and was about to touch it half-timidly, when young Clifford stepped out, rudely pushing him aside, and snatched it up. Every eye in the room was turned upon him at once. He stooped toward the lamp, and the light fell on his face, showing a very handsome boyish countenance; his cheeks and lips were pale under the sunburn, and his dark eyes had a wild sullen look in them.

"Is Puck coming?" asked some one behind.

"I don't know, Fenton," replied the secretary, in a loud voice. "I heard to-day from Blaney that brings the fish from Waterford, that he's off up by way of Charleville."

Puck was the *nom de guerre* of a man who was known to have shot a landlord in Cork, and was suspected, with some good reason, of having fired at another not quite so effectually, about a year after the first offence. He was a good aim too, and it was thought he was making a profession of it. There was a reward of two thousand pounds offered for such information as would lead to his arrest. The money had been accumulating for five years up to the present date, and there was every likelihood of its remaining unclaimed for an indefinite period to come. His wife and family lived at Galteetown, in a lane behind the court-house; he visited them frequently, in broad daylight sometimes, it was said, but it must be allowed that he came and went from one place to another invariably on foot, and that he also invariably chose the shelter of the

ditches and the unfrequented field paths in preference to the highways.

The secretary exchanged a look with Bruff and Roche on hearing the question put by Fenton, whom they knew to be a spy. He must be put on a wrong scent, and without delay. Clifford received with a scowl a warning kick from his friend Roche.

"The rules will be adhered to," replied the secretary, coldly; "draw lots."

"Put in Tom Heffernan's name, he'll be home next week, and won't like to be left out of the job," suggested some thoughtful friend in the background.

At least twenty absent members were at once suggested. The secretary set himself to write out the numbers on slips of paper, and conversation became general.

"Is this true what I heard to-day?" asked a voice with an American twang in it; "be the same token, that he is to revalue the whole estate against next year, when my lord's eldest son is coming of age, to break the entail?"

"I know what that means—revalue for selling"—said Roche, getting up. "Do ye mind how it was fifteen or sixteen years ago with the Gortscreen property, before he sold that, the lord had it all raised? He told the tenants it meant nothing; he'd never ask them for it. He sold it in the Estates Court in Dublin to that Englishman the very same autumn, and raised those rents were then in earnest. Oh, bedad, boys, he must be stopped at that game!"

"Bruff," said the secretary, "will you give me some porter?"

"In a minute," replied the landlord, who was busy serving the other customers.

"Heffernan's son is coming back, ye say, next week," said a young man who had not spoken yet; "can get no work in England at all. The wife is at service down at Captain Crawford's. They are noticed, and so are a couple or more of the mountain people. How the divil can they pay?"

"Pay?" echoed the secretary; "those mountain people are all in debt. Coolan below in the town is to take decrees out against twelve of them next sessions: up to eighty pounds they owe him; and they most of them owe us for seed potatoes, and oats too. What can ye do? Sure they haven't the money, and where are they to get it?"

"You bet, and a man is to be put out if he gets behind; given no time nor chance, but heaved out," remarked the American-sounding voice. Its owner advanced to the front now; he was a young fellow of twenty-eight or so, called Cassidy.

Cassidy had been in America, and was a leading spirit among the young men—a Jacobin to the core; and, as he said of himself, "very advanced." He had all the cant of the advanced school; never spoke of poor people save by the term "proletariate." Capital and labour, solidarity and monopoly, were words for ever in his mouth. He ostentatiously kept away from mass, and inveighed against the "black brigade," "priestly influence," and "sacerdotalism," so bitterly, that had it not been for his Yankee accent he might have been mistaken for a Connaught Souper. The young fellows listened to him as if he spoke with the tongue of an angel. They did not remark, as more than one of the older men did, that their apostle had a remarkably soft white pair of hands. The real secret of his influence with them was, that, over and above his command of language, he was strictly sober; he never tasted whisky; wine he did not despise when it was to be had for nothing. Cassidy was ambitious; he had taught himself shorthand, and meant to be a journalist. He concocted and sent paragraphs to the Press Association; and he knew that he could not afford to destroy his brain with the fiery stuff which the young farmers consumed in such quantities. He had that sort of readiness of speech which unthink-

ing people believe to be in a way the birthright of the Celt. It is a great mistake. The talent for explanation, as some one has defined oratory, is rare enough among the Irish: they can feel and know, both perhaps, passionately, but these thick-tongued, slow-minded creatures are always carried away with gratitude to any one who, while feeling with them, possesses in addition the gift of putting their common thought into articulated form. Cassidy could not only do this, but he had a store of quotations as well. He had read, not without profit, the national poets, and could introduce with effect sundry telling lines from Clarence Mangan, from Moore or Davis, in a way that reminded the older men of the hedge-schools of their youth, and the traditions of culture, now long lost and vanished, of which they had once upon a time a glimpse. Cassidy had an influence which was daily growing. His sobriety was to some a proof of his disinterestedness, while to others it was in itself suspicious. A teetotaller is, in the farming mind, a sort of monster. It was a critical time, and Cassidy saw the advantage it gave him, and was not slow to seize it. Everybody was in debt. Money was not to be got without huge interest. Every one had a grievance, and liked to hear it put into form and talked of. The secretary of the meeting was, as has been said, a shopman in the town, and his master lent money to the country people. He held I. O. U.'s to an enormous amount, and of course his clients were forced to deal at his shop. Bruff, their host, lent money to the neighbours at something like forty per cent. As Cassidy had told them at a previous meeting, their necks were all in the collar together. How affairs were to be improved by murdering Lord Galteemore's agent they never stopped to ask. It was their time-honoured method of protesting against injustice, taking revenge and gratifying the instinct of nationality at the same time, a method at once barbarous and brutal, the out-

come of the mental condition which, in modern times produces Lynch-law and Franc-tireurs, and by which the archetypal murderer may have been influenced. Lawder had been agent for eleven years, and had with impunity raised rents here and there, wherever an improving tenant had built a couple more rooms to his house, that his growing-up daughters might be separated from their brothers, and from the farm servants, or if he observed that they were taking good crops of the land, though it might have been bog when the tenant got it. If a persecuted and broken tenant threw up the farm there was always some one ready to slip in. A farm need never be vacant in a place where there was absolutely no other employment for men or money but farming. It was round and round always; what was the way out of it? There was no law to help them, and as for going before the magistrate with a complaint, why that magistrate was a landlord himself, or the brother or cousin of landlords, which was the same thing in their eyes, or worse.

Now why had not Lawder been shot before this? Because every man's business is no man's work, as the old men would have said. Cassidy would have laid it to the account of a "fatal slavish want of initiation." Now that Charles Clifford had determined to avenge his sister's ruin, everybody came forward with a grievance, calling equally for a bloody revenge. There was a cowardly motive underneath this sudden access of homicidal mania. Lawder must be stopped by some one, and Clifford was the right man to do it, so they were all encouraging him in the undertaking, and stimulating themselves in so doing by recounting their individual grievances.

"Well, takin' one wid another, Lord Galteemore was a fair-goin' man enough. So he was. Never minded if a man divided his bit of land or not. Ye could live under him. I'll say that. He was no persecutor, and he lived in the place and giv' employment."

Connor, although he occupied a leading place in the Society, was anything but advanced in his ideas. He was very hard-working, and paid his rent with punctuality. He was illiterate. Lady Galteemore had a sort of regard for him, owing to the following incident. She met him one day, and after some conversation, asked him if he could read. Connor replied, "No, my lady, I cannot; I cannot, indeed; what use would reading be to me?"

"And gave employment," sneered Cassidy; "but yer the slaves and beggars. 'Stead of thanking him for giving you work, he ought to thank you for doing it. Spiritless hinds; one would think he had a right to buy and sell you like a drove of swine. That day's gone for ever. But you have no spirit of men in you. You let an adventuring carpet-bagger [on a former occasion he had explained the meaning of that imported term] lord it over you here, as if *he*, an attorney's clerk—why, it is no time since he got his name on the solicitors' roll—were Galteemore's better."

"Bad's the best, so," observed Roche.

"Isn't it money into his pocket every time the rent is raised? Eh, answer me that," went on the orator, standing up. "And who is he, and what is he, to stand in authority over us? He is not one of the gentry; and talking of that same, what was Galteemore himself? A mere Cromwellian and a Union lord, with that. A Cromwellian officer. Isn't it the O'Flaherty's lands and the church lands that he got, and weren't the original owners the Irish driven over the mountains into Connaught? The church lands belong to the people, and the O'Flaherty's lands must come back to their owners."

"Ireland for the Irish!" continued Cassidy, whose grandmother was Scotch. "Get rid of English thieves, taxing the world to live in idleness. Look at the money the people are earning in New York, in

California, everywhere in America—taxed and sent over here to pay rents. Heffernan's daughter's in New York paying the rent for the old people ever since they left this. I'd like to put Lawder on Heffernan's farm, and bid him raise a crop on it, and pay the rent, and make a margin to live on. That's the way to talk. Agents and lords, ay, and kings and queens and emperors, I'd just like to set 'em all in a hundred acre lot and let 'em scratch round for a living, make 'em raise Indian corn, and put in a fellow with a good goad to poke 'em up now and again."

"Ay, let them earn an honest living," put in Fenton. He seemed to be the most attentive and appreciative of all Cassidy's forty hearers. Hynes, the other informer, was already half drunk, he had insisted upon treating three or four men who, he fancied, looked coldly at him. Not one of those present cared in the slightest degree what the informers chose to report. Let them tell the resident magistrate or the sub-inspector of the constabulary that so and so had been told off to kill such a one, who was the worse off for that? Could the police prevent it, and when the thing was done, let them prove it if they could. Let them get evidence. Bruff, who was always in a tremor about his license, also gave information to the police now and again, invariably with the connivance and approbation of the society. Though it was not generally suspected by that body at large, this affair was one with which the society had really no business. The heads, Roche, Bruff, Connor, and the secretary chose to bring it under their jurisdiction for the sake of helping Clifford and protecting him. The charges brought against Lawder were all produced purposely, and had been carefully arranged beforehand.

For example, the item of revaluation, Lawder knew nothing of this project of Lord Galteemore's. A footman in the Portman Square house had overheard a private conversation, and had

faithfully written home every word of it to his own people in the town. In the same way it was that Lady Galteemore's sentiments had become well known to the tenantry, "Agitators ought to be hanged; seditious speaking did all the mischief." Her ladyship's sentiments regarding the bonnets and dresses of her tenantry were well known to Galteetown and its environs. But all these evils, rebellion, and aping the fashions, had come from teaching the common people to read and write. When Mrs. Roche heard for the first time this sumptuary law laid down by her landlord's wife, she laughed scornfully, and remarked that people that could pay had a right to wear what they liked. She never wore a bonnet save on Sundays, but she determined that her daughters should wear them daily when they came home from school. And she administered a tremendous flogging to her eldest boy for "miching" from school.

The daughters of the other tenants merely remarked that in America every one dressed alike, and thought in their own minds that her ladyship must be behind the time. Their own servants, for as a matter of course they had servants, gave the same reason to their mistress for wearing no caps or *praseens*. In America, that land of promise, there was neither ma'am nor miss, and caps and aprons were never asked for. Probably this fact was to them quite as great an attractive force thitherward as the prepaid passage and promised high wages.

"The papers are ready," announced the secretary. He swept as he spoke a pile of cut and folded papers into a hat, each paper had a number written upon it.

After every man had taken one, Roche was deputed to draw for the absent numbers, and after a moment announced that he had drawn the fatal lot, with the red cross to it, number sixty-two. It was Heffernan's. Clifford rested his elbow on his knee and

covered his face with his hand. A great sigh of relief seemed to agitate the air, and after that yawning became general.

"He'll be here on Monday or Tuesday," said Roche, standing up. "Now, boys, this day week if ye don't get word to the contrary, and there'll be news for you. Go home now, boys, and Go' bless ye."

There was a hint in this valediction which the initiated all understood. Cassidy got up and stretched his legs. "Give me another bottle of ginger-beer," he said to the landlord. "Jemmy Hynes," this was to the man whom they suspected of being a spy, "don't start for one minute, and I'll be with you down the hill. Larry and O'Hea, hold on for us"—this meant really come along with us—"George and Mick wait for the rest of us."

The *ruse* succeeded. The suspected parties went off unwillingly under a strong escort, Cassidy brought up the rear, singing with a mellow baritone that had a mocking echo in it—

"Though sweet are our friendships,
Our hopes, our affections;
Revenge on a tyrant is sweeter than all."

"Ay," growled Fenton; "bring the patrol on us, do."

Bruff held the door open, and watched them down the hill. The echoes of the voice died away in the distance, and the heavy feet of the weary men made but little sound in the dust.

"Now," said Connor, when the door was once more shut, "that's done, Charley. There'll be no meeting here this night week."

"There's the packet of cartridges, Clifford," said the secretary, hurriedly. Let me run after the boys, it's safest; and there's an oilskin cover I got for the gun, too. I'm off now, boys. Good-night to ye!"

He handed over a parcel of cartridges, and a gun-case of dark oiled leather; and then took to his heels and ran as fast as he could after the men who had gone out.

"Charley," said Bruff, "this night

week the confessions for men will be heard at Gortscreen chapel. Lawder comes out to smoke every night after his dinner in the garden at the back. You know the ditch that runs between the end of the garden and the potato-field, eh? right in the middle of it is a good open up to the hall-door. Every night regular he comes out with his cigar—Judy, my cousin, is at service there—and he never does it later than a quarter to seven. Well, if you can make your dart to the river, you know the ford there, where we were gettin' eels in the autumn, not twenty yards from where you come out of the Long Meadow, ay? well, pelt straight up-hill; once ye get over, and there'll be twenty of us to say ye war at your duty. What need you care? you'll meet no one but friends."

"Ay," said Roche; "I know the sunk fence at the foot of the garden has a good cover to it, and evergreens between you and the windows. 'Tis seven mile of a run to the chapel, Charley; and mind," with a significant look to a bottle standing near, "don't touch that. If you look out at the ford there'll be a man waitin' for you there, with something to help to carry you up the hill."

Clifford, grasping the gun in both his hands, listened to them in silence; he was taking in every word with grim attention. The lamps had gone out, and one dip candle barely made the darkness visible; the air of the room was indescribably fetid; Roche was half tipsy, and was filling himself out whisky from a bottle.

"Don't be seen wid that gun," said Roche, suddenly, nodding at it.

"What will I do with it?" burst out Clifford, angrily.

"Leave it here wid me," said Bruff, "case and all; you may keep the cartridges. I'll hide it in the dry ditch against you want it."

"If you fail me with that now," said Clifford, distrustfully, loosing his grasp of the gun.

"No fears," returned Bruff. He mounted a chair, and thrust the gun

into the thatch behind a rafter. "Now," he said, apostrophising the weapon, "lie there till you're wanted."

"Augh, musha," sighed Connor, regretfully, "I wished we were done wid it."

"Done wid it!" echoed Bruff. "Sure, as Cassidy says, what way is there to stop them but the one? Frighten them from persecutin' an' harassin'. What do they care about us? Not a curse but take our money."

"Ay so," assented Roche, with a semi-drunken nod, "thru for you."

"Well then," said Connor, "I don't half care for that fellow Cassidy; he has too much to say altogether."

"Arra! what would he work for?" demanded Bruff. "Doesn't he make it off writin', don't he be sending them paragraphs to the newspapers? Look at him, got thirty shilling for a few little bits of writin' he was no time over."

"Did you *see* that?" demanded Connor, sceptically.

"I did; seen him cash the cheque at the bank. There's for you."

Connor scratched his five days' growth of red beard for a while meditatively.

"Education is a great thing surely," he observed, with a sort of wonder. And from that day forward he distrusted Cassidy more than ever.

A little before five in the afternoon of the day chosen—to wit, the Friday following the meeting at the cross-roads tavern—Charles Clifford, dressed in a dark brown tweed suit, walked leisurely down the high road which bordered the farm attached to Carna House, as Lawder's residence was called.

On reaching a clump of limes and chestnuts which marked a gap by the road, he left the footpath and crossed a couple of meadows—taking care to keep in the shelter of the hedges. About twenty minutes' walking brought him to the boundary ditch of the potato field. He looked over cautiously, to see if any one from the house might

be there. The potatoes were ripe, and the digging was to be begun on Monday. Clifford unconsciously repeated to himself that piece of intelligence, which had been made known to him by an old woman whom he had met on the road that morning. Lawder had offered her picking at eightpence a day. Clifford repeated the old woman's words as he looked over at the field. It was a large field and a splendid crop; the red head of a poppy showed here and there in the blue-gray mass, brown and scarlet butterflies fluttered over it, and the crows were busy in the ridges. Keeping well behind a bush of alder he could see the yellow front of the house. It was a big old ivy-grown house, square-fronted and plastered yellow, with innumerable square-topped windows, staring like eyes set in a wall, wherever the ivy allowed them to be seen. The roof was low, and the small slates were all set in white plaster. Huge overgrown Portugal laurels grew at the sides of the house and hid the out-offices. A stable-door, half of which was open, showed among these. A gravelled drive ran round the house and formed a sweep before the porch, which was overhung by a luxuriant if untidy growth of yellow roses and jessamine. The garden stretched down in terraces to the edge of the potato-field. Some former owner had planned it in the Italian style. The stone balustrade that had marked the steps was broken, and had tumbled off completely at one side, taking with it in its fall the little climbing rose that had overgrown it. One of the two cypresses that stood at the top of the terrace was dead, the shrivelled brown of the withered tree contrasting oddly with the glossy dark green of its companion.

Lawder counted upon moving shortly, so did not take much trouble with the place. The open hall-door gave a view of the hall. New stair-carpet was looked down upon by a battered balustrade of which the paint was

all worn off. Every window had fresh clean, lace curtains, but the white blinds were tattered. And in the garden it was the same: among the geraniums and asters there was no lack of groundsel and couch-grass.

It was a sultry afternoon; all the windows were open, and the hot air was full of the buzzing of the wasps and flies. For a good quarter of an hour Clifford crouched watching the terrace and the windows. Then he heard the workmen's bell ring six o'clock from the yard—a cracked, hideous sounding tocsin; a gate clanged to, the sound reached him faintly, and the barking of the yard dog disturbed by it. Was it Lawder coming home or the men going away? He set his teeth and watched the terrace fixedly for some minutes; no one appeared. The master of the house had perhaps entered it from the back. Clifford could remain quiet no longer, he lay flat on his face and crawled round the exposed angle of the two fields, and, once on the right side, let himself roll into the ditch.

On his hands and knees, heedless of the nettles and thistles which stung him as he crawled past, of the slugs and frogs which he disturbed in the dank recesses of the ditch, or the brambles which held his clothes and stayed him perforce, Clifford made his way along the side ditch, and ere long was lying, on his back, breathless and gasping, among the fern and harebells in the deep gully that separated the terrace garden from the potato-field. He was not long about finding the gun, a layer of withered fern fronds caught his eye at once, he put his hand into the rabbit hole, which had been considerably enlarged, and pulled out the oiled leather case. He put the gun together in an instant—it was perfectly dry—loaded it, and laid it beside him in the ditch to wait his quarry's appearance. He looked at his watch, it was twenty minutes past six; he had, according to his instructions, over half an hour to wait.

Then, and not until that moment,

had he time to observe that he was in a terrible heat; the drops were rolling from his face, and his thick hair was all wet. He took out his handkerchief and rubbed his forehead dry, then he turned over on his face, and, resting his head on his arms, remained immovable for a good while. Suddenly he jumped up, and leaving the gun still on the ground, he ran crouching to a place where there was a tree, which formed a screen between him and the house. Then he stood upright; the top of the sunk fence was about level with his breast. Very slowly he put aside a branch cautiously and peered through. He had a full view of the dining-room windows, but he could not see from the low level at which he was, into the room. Once he saw a white cap pass; it was the head of one of the female servants. He watched eagerly, scarcely breathing, and holding the branch tight as in a vice. After a while some one came to one of the windows. The blind was down nearly to the bottom panes. Clifford saw, in the space between, a white mass; gradually, and with uneven jerks, the blind was drawn up, and he could see a female figure, clad in a white dress. He watched her keenly. A tall slim figure appeared; a bunch of red roses was in her girdle. It was Lawder's wife. Clifford glared at her furiously. She turned her head to speak. She was young and pretty, fair-haired he could see, too. She tried to raise the sash of the window. In an instant Lawder was beside her, stooped and lifted it with a touch.

A curse burst from Clifford's lips; if he had had the gun in his hands then he would have shot both. They disappeared, and he let go the branch and fell back into the ditch, gnashing his teeth with fury. He got up again after a while and resumed his watch. He was intensely thirsty; his very tongue felt dry in his mouth, and his eyes were sore and strained. The time seemed to pass unnaturally slowly. He strove to catch some

sound from the house, but in vain. The whirr of a cricket in the dry grass, the scream of the swallows coming and going to their nests in the eaves, the buzz of the bees in the flower-beds or the lavender hedge—he could hear them all, and they seemed strangely loud and distinct. Once the breeze that had risen with the advent of the evening shook the leaves of a great sycamore near at hand with a rustle so loud and sudden, that he threw himself face downwards in the ditch. He got up a moment afterwards, and without again looking towards the house, stooped and moved back to where he had left the gun. There was a rhododendron and a clump of cabbage roses, all run to suckers and long brown stumps, close to the edge of the gully. It was barely a cover, but he raised his head cautiously and looked up once again over the edge.

There was Lawder, standing at the hall door. He was a fine-looking man, over six feet in height, black-haired, and with a thick black beard. He wore a light-coloured, close-fitting shooting suit, which showed his brawny figure to advantage. He was in the act of lighting a cigar. To lift the gun from the ground at his feet, and run the barrel through the tangle of the bushes was the work of a second. Clifford had taken aim; his finger was actually pressing the trigger, when the little boy ran out of the house after his father, and clinging to his leg asked some childish favour. It was a terrible moment, he shut his eyes, loosed his hold of the gun, groaning with mingled rage and anguish. Great drops rolled down his face, he could hear the tone distinctly, and the “Yes—yes, run and tell her,” with which Lawder replied, laying his hand as he spoke on the little yellow head. The child went back into the house, Lawder took his cigar between his teeth, and had just stepped down without the porch, when the shot of a gun burst upon the air. Lawder sprang upward with a smo-

thered cry, and fell upon his face, his body stretched upon his own threshold.

In less time than it takes to tell it Clifford had flung the rifle behind him and was running as fast as the wind along the gully. He crept through a hole in the next ditch, and then, as there was a thick tall hedge between him and the house, crossed the middle of the next field at a tearing rate. Down hill all the way to the river he dashed along, keeping close to the hedgerows, through brambles and furze and nettles until his hands and legs were bleeding and his clothes torn. The two and a half miles from Cara to the river were soon accomplished, and at last the broad expanse of the Suir lay before him. He glanced round cautiously before he left the shelter of the bank; not a creature was in sight; a cow drinking close by turned tail and ran off affrighted at his apparition. He jumped down and ran along the bank to where the tracks indicated the ford. First taking off his boots, which he was careful to keep dry, he plunged in. The water was breast deep; he stooped his head and drank eagerly and deeply, splashing up water on his head and rubbing off the blood-stains the thorns had left on his hands. He was soon across, and, refreshed and cooled, swung himself up the bank. He sat down for a breathless instant to pull on his boots. A man suddenly stepped from behind an ash tree and looked fixedly at him. Clifford replied to the look by a nod, and then cursed at him furiously, with almost hysterical rage. It was Mary Heffernan's son.

“You've plenty of time,” said the man; “here.” He handed Clifford a bottle containing whisky; he almost drained it, and flung the bottle into the grass. Heffernan caught it up in time to prevent the contents all running out, and laughed.

“Keep close to the bushes, Charley, and get into the chapel from the back of the priest's house; they're all waitin' for ye.”

"I know that, damn you! Get out of my road, you fool! Are you going to stop there and be seen?"

"No; fear," returned Heffernan, leisurely. "Go on, man. Why, to look at you, one would think ye were frightened!"

Clifford was foaming at the mouth and trembling with rage and excitement; he raised his arm as if to strike as he again set off up the field like a madman.

James Heffernan put the bottle, which was a small one, in his pocket, and then went and examined the bank where Clifford had climbed over; there was no trace of his feet, not a pebble or blade of grass was disturbed, and the water that had dripped from his clothes had all run off among the rank grass and docks. Five miles of a run that hot evening would dry his clothes, and if they were wet, who was there that would notice them?

The sun had set in an angry blaze, and the bats were flitting in the shadows of the churchyard, when Clifford, breathless and exhausted, walked into the parish church of Gortscreen. There were about a dozen men there, kneeling in different parts of the church. It was perfectly still, and growing dark. The crimson glow of the little sanctuary lamp that swung

before the altar was just perceptible in the semi-gloom. The parish priest was in his confessional, and a hoarse mutter seemed to sound from it through the place. Clifford felt a sudden chill seize him as he entered and walked up the aisle and knelt for an instant at the altar-rail. Every eye in the church followed and watched him as he went, and meaning looks passed from one to the other. He remained there for a moment; his parched lips moved, but convulsively; then with a great effort he seized the altar railing and raised himself with its help, tottered down the aisle again, and half fell, half knelt, beside a pillar, where he remained in a kind of torpor for hours, until they took him away.

* * * * *

Heffernan was arrested on suspicion, the ostensible reason being that his people were known to entertain ill-will to the agent; but Heffernan's interests had been taken care of in the matter of an *alibi* just as effectually as Clifford's. Clifford was arrested after Heffernan had accounted for himself and had been discharged; but overwhelming *alibis* were forthcoming for him, and the reward of five hundred pounds was added to the accumulations of blood-money in Dublin Castle.

M. LAFFAN.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

L.

As the Countess Gemini was not acquainted with the ancient monuments, Isabel occasionally offered to introduce her to these interesting relics, and to give their afternoon drive an antiquarian aim. The Countess, who professed to think her sister-in-law a prodigy of learning, never made an objection, and gazed at masses of Roman brickwork as patiently as if they had been mounds of modern drapery. She was not an antiquarian; but she was so delighted to be in Rome that she only desired to float with the current. She would gladly have passed an hour every day in the damp darkness of the Baths of Titus, if it had been a condition of her remaining at the Palazzo Roccanera. Isabel, however, was not a severe cicerone; she used to visit the ruins chiefly because they offered an excuse for talking about other matters than the love-affairs of the ladies of Florence, as to which her companion was never weary of offering information. It must be added, that during these visits the Countess was not very active; her preference was to sit in the carriage and exclaim that everything was most interesting. It was in this manner that she had hitherto examined the Coliseum, to the infinite regret of her niece, who—

with all the respect that she owed her—could not see why she should not descend from the vehicle and enter the building. Pansy had so little chance to ramble, that her view of the case was not wholly disinterested; it may be divined that she had a secret hope that, once *inside*, her aunt might be induced to climb to the upper tiers. There came a day when the Countess announced her willingness to undertake this feat—a mild afternoon in March, when the windy month expressed itself in occasional puffs of spring. The three ladies went into the Coliseum together, but Isabel left her companions to wander over the place. She had often ascended to those desolate ledges from which the Roman crowd used to bellow applause, and where now the wild flowers (when they are allowed), bloom in the deep crevices; and to-day she felt weary, and preferred to sit in the despoiled arena. It made an intermission, too, for the Countess often asked more from one's attention than she gave in return; and Isabel believed that when she was alone with her niece she let the dust gather for a moment upon the ancient scandals of Florence. She remained below, therefore, while Pansy guided her indiscriminating aunt to the steep brick staircase at the foot of which the custodian unlocks the tall wooden gate. The

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

great inclosure was half in shadow; the western sun brought out the pale red tone of the great blocks of travertine—the latent colour which is the only living element in the immense ruin. Here and there wandered a peasant or a tourist, looking up at the far sky-line where in the clear stillness a multitude of swallows kept circling and plunging. Isabel presently became aware that one of the other visitors, planted in the middle of the arena, had turned his attention to her own person, and was looking at her with a certain little poise of the head, which she had some weeks before perceived to be characteristic of baffled but indestructible purpose. Such an attitude, to-day, could belong only to Mr. Edward Rosier; and this gentleman proved, in fact, to have been considering the question of speaking to her. When he had assured himself that she was unaccompanied, he drew near, remarking that though she would not answer his letters she would perhaps not wholly close her ears to his spoken eloquence. She replied that her step-daughter was close at hand and she could only give him five minutes; whereupon he took out his watch and sat down upon a broken block.

"It's very soon told," said Edward Rosier. "I have sold all my bibelots!"

Isabel gave, instinctively, an exclamation of horror; it was as if he had told her he had had all his teeth drawn.

"I have sold them by auction at the Hôtel Drouot," he went on. "The sale took place three days ago, and they have telegraphed me the result. It's magnificent."

"I am glad to hear it; but I wish you had kept your pretty things."

"I have the money instead—forty thousand dollars. Will Mr. Osmond think me rich enough now?"

"Is it for that you did it?" Isabel asked, gently.

"For what else in the world could it be? That is the only thing I think

of. I went to Paris and made my arrangements. I couldn't stop for the sale; I couldn't have seen them going off; I think it would have killed me. But I put them into good hands, and they brought high prices. I should tell you I have kept my enamels. Now I have got the money in my pocket, and he can't say I'm poor!" the young man exclaimed, defiantly.

"He will say now that you are not wise," said Isabel, as if Gilbert Osmond had never said this before.

Rosier gave her a sharp look.

"Do you mean that without my bibelots I am nothing? Do you mean that they were the best thing about me? That's what they told me in Paris; oh, they were very frank about it. But they hadn't seen *her*!"

"My dear friend, you deserve to succeed," said Isabel, very kindly.

"You say that so sadly, that it's the same as if you said I shouldn't." And he questioned her eye with the clear trepidation of his own. He had the air of a man who knows he has been the talk of Paris for a week and is full half a head taller in consequence; but who also has a painful suspicion that in spite of this increase of stature one or two persons still have the perversity to think him diminutive. "I know what happened here while I was away," he went on. "What does Mr. Osmond expect, after she has refused Lord Warburton?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"That she will marry another nobleman."

"What other nobleman?"

"One that he will pick out."

Rosier slowly got up, putting his watch into his waistcoat-pocket.

"You are laughing at some one; but this time I don't think it's at me."

"I didn't mean to laugh," said Isabel. "I laugh very seldom. Now you had better go away."

"I feel very safe!" Rosier declared, without moving. This might be; but it evidently made him feel more so to make the announcement in rather a

loud voice, balancing himself a little, complacently, on his toes, and looking all round the Coliseum, as if it were filled with an audience. Suddenly Isabel saw him change colour; there was more of an audience than he had suspected. She turned, and perceived that her two companions had returned from their excursion.

"You must really go away," she said quickly.

"Ah, my dear lady, pity me!" Edward Rosier murmured, in a voice strangely at variance with the announcement I have just quoted. And then he added, eagerly, like a man who in the midst of his misery is seized by a happy thought—"Is that lady the Countess Gemini? I have a great desire to be presented to her."

Isabel looked at him a moment.

"She has no influence with her brother."

"Ah, what a monster you make him out!" Rosier exclaimed, glancing at the Countess, who advanced, in front of Pansy, with an animation partly due perhaps to the fact that she perceived her sister-in-law to be engaged in conversation with a very pretty young man.

"I am glad you have kept your enamels!" Isabel exclaimed, leaving him. She went straight to Pansy, who, on seeing Edward Rosier, had stopped short, with lowered eyes. "We will go back to the carriage," said Isabel gently.

"Yes, it is getting late," Pansy answered, more gently still. And she went on without a murmur, without faltering or glancing back.

Isabel, however, allowed herself this last liberty, and saw that a meeting had immediately taken place between the Countess and Mr. Rosier. He had removed his hat, and was bowing and smiling; he had evidently introduced himself; while the Countess's expressive back displayed to Isabel's eye a gracious inclination. These facts, however, were presently lost to sight, for Isabel and Pansy took their places

again in the carriage. Pansy, who faced her stepmother, at first kept her eyes fixed on her lap; then she raised them and rested them on Isabel's. There shone out of each of them a little melancholy ray—a spark of timid passion which touched Isabel to the heart. At the same time a wave of envy passed over her soul, as she compared the tremulous longing, the definite ideal, of the young girl with her own dry despair.

"Poor little Pansy!" she said, affectionately.

"Oh, never mind!" Pansy answered, in the tone of eager apology.

And then there was a silence; the Countess was a long time coming.

"Did you show your aunt everything, and did she enjoy it?" Isabel asked at last.

"Yes, I showed her everything. I think she was very much pleased."

"And you are not tired, I hope."

"Oh no, thank you, I am not tired."

The Countess still remained behind, so that Isabel requested the footman to go into the Coliseum and tell her that they were waiting. He presently returned with the announcement that the Signora Contessa begged them not to wait—she would come home in a cab!

About a week after this lady's quick sympathies had enlisted themselves with Mr. Rosier, Isabel, going rather late to dress for dinner, found Pansy sitting in her room. The girl seemed to have been waiting for her; she got up from her low chair.

"Excuse my taking the liberty," she said, in a low voice. "It will be the last—for some time."

Her voice was strange, and her eyes, widely opened, had an excited, frightened look.

"You are not going away!" Isabel exclaimed.

"I am going to the convent."

"To the convent?"

Pansy drew nearer, till she was near enough to put her arms round Isabel and rest her head on her shoulder.

She stood this way a moment, perfectly still ; but Isabel could feel her trembling. The tremor of her little body expressed everything that she was unable to say.

Nevertheless, Isabel went on in a moment—

"Why are you going to the convent?"

"Because papa thinks it best. He says a young girl is better, every now and then, for making a little retreat. He says the world, always the world, is very bad for a young girl. This is just a chance for a little seclusion—a little reflection." Pansy spoke in short detached sentences, as if she could not trust herself. And then she added, with a triumph of self-control—"I think papa is right; I have been so much in the world this winter."

Her announcement had a strange effect upon Isabel ; it seemed to carry a larger meaning than the girl herself knew.

"When was this decided?" she asked. "I have heard nothing of it."

"Papa told me half an hour ago; he thought it better it shouldn't be too much talked about in advance. Madame Catherine is to come for me at a quarter-past seven, and I am only to take two dresses. It is only for a few weeks; I am sure it will be very good. I shall find all those ladies who used to be so kind to me, and I shall see the little girls who are being educated. I am very fond of little girls," said Pansy, with a sort of diminutive grandeur. "And I am also very fond of Mother Catherine. I shall be very quiet, and think a great deal."

Isabel listened to her, holding her breath; she was almost awe-struck.

"Think of *me*, sometimes," she said.

"Ah, come and see me soon!" cried Pansy; and the cry was very different from the heroic remarks of which she has just delivered herself.

Isabel could say nothing more; she understood nothing; she only felt that she did not know her husband yet.

Her answer to Pansy was a long tender kiss.

Half an hour later she learned from her maid that Madame Catherine had arrived in a cab, and had departed again with the Signorina. On going to the drawing-room before dinner she found the Countess Gemini alone, and this lady characterised the incident by exclaiming, with a wonderful toss of the head—" *En voilà, ma chère, une pose!* " But if it was an affectation, she was at a loss to see what her husband affected. She could only dimly perceive that he had more traditions than she supposed. It had become her habit to be so careful as to what she said to him that, strange as it may appear, she hesitated, for several minutes after he had come in, to allude to his daughter's sudden departure; she spoke of it only after they were seated at table. But she had forbidden herself ever to ask Osmond a question. All she could do was to make a declaration, and there was one that came very naturally.

"I shall miss Pansy very much."

Osmond looked a while, with his head inclined a little, at the basket of flowers in the middle of the table.

"Ah, yes," he said at last, "I had thought of that. You must go and see her, you know; but not too often. I dare say you wonder why I sent her to the good sisters; but I doubt whether I can make you understand. It doesn't matter; don't trouble yourself about it. That's why I had not spoken of it. I didn't believe you would enter into it. But I have always had the idea; I have always thought it a part of the education of a young girl. A young girl should be fresh and fair; she should be innocent and gentle. With the manners of the present time she is liable to become so dusty and crumpled! Pansy is a little dusty, a little dishevelled; she has knocked about too much. This bustling, pushing rabble, that calls itself society—one should take her out of it occasionally. Convents are very quiet, very convenient, very salu-

tary. I like to think of her there, in the old garden, under the arcade, among those tranquil, virtuous women. Many of them are gentlewomen born. She will have her books and her drawing; she will have her piano. I have made the most liberal arrangements. There is to be nothing ascetic; there is just to be a certain little feeling. She will have time to think, and there is something I want her to think about." Osmond spoke deliberately, reasonably, still with his head on one side, as if he were looking at the basket of flowers. His tone, however, was that of a man not so much offering an explanation as putting a thing into words—almost into pictures—to see, himself, how it would look. He contemplated a while the picture he had evoked, and seemed greatly pleased with it. And then he went on—"The Catholics are very wise, after all. The convent is a great institution; we can't do without it; it corresponds to an essential need in families, in society. It's a school of good manners; it's a school of repose. Oh, I don't want to detach my daughter from the world," he added; "I don't want to make her fix her thoughts on the other one. This one is very well, after all, and she may think of it as much as she chooses. Only she must think of it in the right way."

Isabel gave an extreme attention to this little sketch; she found it indeed intensely interesting. It seemed to show her how far her husband's desire to be effective was capable of going—to the point of playing picturesque tricks upon the delicate organism of his daughter. She could not understand his purpose, no—not wholly; but she understood it better than he supposed or desired, inasmuch as she was convinced that the whole proceeding was an elaborate mystification, addressed to herself and destined to act upon her imagination. He wished to do something sudden and arbitrary, something unexpected and refined; to mark the difference between his sympathies and her own, and to show that

if he regarded his daughter as a precious work of art, it was natural he should be more and more careful about the finishing touches. If he wished to be effective he had succeeded; the incident struck a chill into Isabel's heart. Pansy had known the convent in her childhood and had found a happy home there; she was fond of the good sisters, who were very fond of her, and there was therefore, for the moment, no definite hardship in her lot. But all the same, the girl had taken fright; the impression her father wanted to make would evidently be sharp enough. The old Protestant tradition had never faded from Isabel's imagination, and as her thoughts attached themselves to this striking example of her husband's genius—she sat looking, like him, at the basket of flowers—poor little Pansy became the heroine of a tragedy. Osmond wished it to be known that he shrank from nothing, and Isabel found it hard to pretend to eat her dinner. There was a certain relief, presently, in hearing the high, bright voice of her sister-in-law. The Countess, too, apparently, had been thinking the thing out; but she had arrived at a different conclusion from Isabel.

"It is very absurd, my dear Osmond," she said, "to invent so many pretty reasons for poor Pansy's banishment. Why don't you say at once that you want to get her out of my way. Haven't you discovered that I think very well of Mr. Rosier? I do indeed; he seems to me a delightful young man. He has made me believe in true love; I never did before! Of course you have made up your mind that with those convictions I am dreadful company for Pansy."

Osmond took a sip of a glass of wine; he looked perfectly good-humoured.

"My dear Amy," he answered, smiling as if he were uttering a piece of gallantry, "I don't know anything about your convictions, but if I suspected that they interfere with mine it would be much simpler to banish you."

LI.

THE Countess was not banished, but she felt the insecurity of her tenure of her brother's hospitality. A week after this incident Isabel received a telegram from England, dated from Gardencourt and bearing the stamp of Mrs. Touchett's authorship. "Ralph cannot last many days," it ran, "and if convenient would like to see you. Wishes me to say that you must come only if you have not other duties. Say, for myself, that you used to talk a good deal about your duty and to wonder what it was; shall be curious to see whether you have found out. Ralph is dying and there is no other company." Isabel was prepared for this news, having received from Henrietta Stackpole a detailed account of her journey to England with her appreciative patient. Ralph had arrived more dead than alive, but she had managed to convey him to Gardencourt, where he had taken to his bed, which, as Miss Stackpole wrote, he evidently would never leave again. "I like him much better sick than when he used to be well," said Henrietta, who, it will be remembered, had taken a few years before a sceptical view of Ralph's disabilities. She added that she had really had two patients on her hands instead of one, for that Mr. Goodwood, who had been of no earthly use, was quite as sick, in a different way, as Mr. Touchett. Afterwards she wrote that she had been obliged to surrender the field to Mrs. Touchett, who had just returned from America and had promptly given her to understand that she didn't wish any interviewing at Gardencourt. Isabel had written to her aunt shortly after Ralph came to Rome, letting her know of his critical condition, and suggesting that she should lose no time in returning to Europe. Mrs. Touchett had telegraphed an acknowledgment of this admonition, and the only further news Isabel received from her was the

second telegram, which I have just quoted.

Isabel stood a moment looking at the latter missive, then, thrusting it into her pocket, she went straight to the door of her husband's study. Here she again paused an instant, after which she opened the door and went in. Osmond was seated at the table near the window with a folio volume before him, propped against a pile of books. This volume was open at a page of small coloured plates, and Isabel presently saw that he had been copying from it the drawing of a precious antique coin. A box of water-colours and fine brushes lay before him, and he had already transferred to a sheet of immaculate paper the delicate, finely-tinted disk. His back was turned to the door, but without looking round he recognised his wife.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said.

"When I come to your room I always knock," he answered, going on with his work.

"I forgot; I had something else to think of. My cousin is dying."

"Ah, I don't believe that," said Osmond, looking at his drawing through a magnifying-glass. "He was dying when we married; he will outlive us all."

Isabel gave herself no time, no thought, to appreciate the careful cynicism of this declaration; she simply went on quickly, full of her own intention,

"My aunt has telegraphed to me; I must go to Gardencourt."

"Why must you go to Gardencourt?" Osmond asked, in the tone of impartial curiosity.

"To see Ralph before he dies."

To this, for some time, Osmond made no rejoinder; he continued to give his chief attention to his work, which was of a sort that would brook no negligence.

"I don't see the need of it," he said at last. "He came to see you here. I didn't like that; I thought his being in Rome a great mistake. But I

tolerated it, because it was to be the last time you should see him. Now you tell me it is not to have been the last. Ah, you are not grateful!"

"What am I to be grateful for?"

Gilbert Osmond laid down his little implements, blew a speck of dust from his drawing, slowly got up, and for the first time looked at his wife.

"For my not having interfered while he was here."

"Oh yes, I am. I remember perfectly how distinctly you let me know you didn't like it. I was very glad when he went away."

"Leave him alone then. Don't run after him."

Isabel turned her eyes away from him; they rested upon his little drawing.

"I must go to England," she said, with a full consciousness that her tone might strike an irritable man of taste as stupidly obstinate.

"I shall not like it if you do," Osmond remarked.

"Why should I mind that? You won't like it if I don't. You like nothing I do or don't do. You pretend to think I lie."

Osmond turned slightly pale; he gave a cold smile.

"That's why you must go then? Not to see your cousin, but to take a revenge on me."

"I know nothing about revenge."

"I do," said Osmond. "Don't give me an occasion."

"You are only too eager to take one. You wish immensely that I would commit some folly."

"I shall be gratified then if you disobey me."

"If I disobey you?" said Isabel, in a low tone, which had the effect of gentleness.

"Let it be clear. If you leave Rome to-day it will be a piece of the most deliberate, the most calculated opposition."

"How can you call it calculated? I received my aunt's telegram but three minutes ago."

"You calculate rapidly; it's a great

accomplishment. I don't see why we should prolong our discussion; you know my wish." And he stood there as if he expected to see her withdraw.

But she never moved; she couldn't move, strange as it may seem; she still wished to justify herself; he had the power, in an extraordinary degree, of making her feel this need. There was something in her imagination that he could always appeal to against her judgment.

"You have no reason for such a wish," said Isabel, "and I have every reason for going. I can't tell you how unjust you seem to me. But I think you know. It is your own opposition that is calculated. It is malignant."

She had never uttered her worst thought to her husband before, and the sensation of hearing it was evidently new to Osmond. But he showed no surprise, and his coolness was apparently a proof that he had believed his wife would in fact be unable to resist for ever his ingenious endeavour to draw her out.

"It is all the more intense, then," he answered. And he added, almost as if he were giving her a friendly counsel—"This is a very important matter." She recognised this; she was fully conscious of the weight of the occasion; she knew that between them they had arrived at a crisis. Its gravity made her careful; she said nothing, and he went on. "You say I have no reason? I have the very best. I dislike, from the bottom of my soul, what you intend to do. It's dishonourable; it's indelicate; it's indecent. Your cousin is nothing whatever to me, and I am under no obligation to make concessions to him. I have already made the very handsomest. Your relations with him, while he was here, kept me on pins and needles; but I let that pass, because from week to week I expected him to go. I have never liked him and he has never liked me. That's why you like him—because he hates me," said Osmond, with a quick, barely audible

tremor in his voice. "I have an ideal of what my wife should do and should not do. She should not travel across Europe alone, in defiance of my deepest desire, to sit at the bedside of other men. Your cousin is nothing to you; he is nothing to us. You smile most expressively when I talk about *us*; but I assure you that *we*, *we*, is all that I see. I take our marriage seriously; you appear to have found a way of not doing so. I am not aware that we are divorced or separated; for me we are indissolubly united. You are nearer to me than any human creature, and I am nearer to you. It may be a disagreeable proximity; it's one, at any rate, of our own deliberate making. You don't like to be reminded of that, I know; but I am perfectly willing, because—because—" And Osmond paused a moment, looking as if he had something to say which would be very much to the point. "Because I think we should accept the consequences of our actions, and what I value most in life is the honour of a thing!"

He spoke gravely and almost gently; the accent of sarcasm had dropped out of his tone. It had a gravity which checked his wife's quick emotion; the resolution with which she had entered the room found itself caught in a mesh of fine threads. His last words were not a command, they constituted a kind of appeal; and though she felt that the expression of respect, on Osmond's part, for whatever it might be, could only be a refinement of egotism, they represented something transcendent and absolute, like the sign of the cross or the flag of one's country. He spoke in the name of something sacred and precious—the observance of a magnificent form. They were as perfectly apart in feeling as two disillusioned lovers had ever been; but they had never yet separated in act. Isabel had not changed; her old passion for justice still abode within her; and now, in the very thick of her sense of her husband's blasphemous sophistry, it began to throb

to a tune which for a moment promised him the victory. It came over her that in his wish to preserve appearances he was after all sincere, and that this, as far as it went, was a merit. Ten minutes before, she had felt all the joy of irreflective action—a joy to which she had so long been a stranger; but action had been suddenly changed to slow renunciation, transformed by the blight of her husband's touch. If she must renounce, however, she would let him know that she was a victim rather than a dupe. "I know you are a master of the art of mockery," she said. "How can you speak of an indissoluble union—how can you speak of your being contented? Where is our union when you accuse me of falsity? Where is your contentment when you have nothing but hideous suspicion in your heart?"

"It is in our living decently together, in spite of such drawbacks."

"We don't live decently together!" Isabel cried.

"Indeed we don't, if you go to England!"

"That's very little; that's nothing. I might do much more."

Osmond raised his eyebrows and even his shoulders a little; he had lived long enough in Italy to catch this trick. "Ah, if you have come to threaten me, I prefer my drawing," he said, walking back to his table, where he took up the sheet of paper on which he had been working and stood a moment examining his work.

"I suppose that if I go you will not expect me to come back," said Isabel.

He turned quickly round, and she could see that this movement at least was not studied. He looked at her a little, and then—"Are you out of your mind?" he inquired.

"How can it be anything but a rupture?" she went on; "especially if all you say is true?" She was unable to see how it could be anything but a rupture; she sincerely wished to know what else it might be.

Osmond sat down before his table.

"I really can't argue with you on the hypothesis of your defying me," he said. And he took up one of his little brushes again.

Isabel lingered but a moment longer; long enough to embrace with her eye his whole deliberately indifferent, yet most expressive figure; after which she quickly left the room. Her faculties, her energy, her passion, were all dispersed again; she felt as if a cold, dank mist had suddenly encompassed her. Osmond possessed in a supreme degree the art of eliciting one's weakness.

On her way back to her room she found the Countess Gemini standing in the open doorway of a little parlour in which a small collection of books had been arranged. The Countess had an open volume in her hand; she appeared to have been glancing down a page which failed to strike her as interesting. At the sound of Isabel's step she raised her head.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "you, who are so literary, do tell me some amusing book to read! Everything here is so fearfully edifying. Do you think this would do me any good?"

Isabel glanced at the title of the volume she held out, but without reading or understanding it. "I am afraid I can't advise you. I have had bad news. My cousin, Ralph Touchett, is dying."

The Countess threw down her book. "Ah, he was so nice! I am sorry for you," she said.

"You would be sorrier still if you knew."

"What is there to know? You look very badly," the Countess added. "You must have been with Osmond."

Half an hour before, Isabel would have listened very coldly to an intimation that she should ever feel a desire for the sympathy of her sister-in-law, and there can be no better proof of her present embarrassment than the fact that she almost clutched at this lady's fluttering attention. "I have been with Osmond," she said, while the Countess's bright eyes glittered at her.

"I am sure he has been odious!" the Countess cried. "Did he say he was glad poor Mr. Touchett is dying?"

"He said it is impossible I should go to England."

The Countess's mind, when her interests were concerned, was agile; she already foresaw the extinction of any further brightness in her visit to Rome. Ralph Touchett would die, Isabel would go into mourning, and then there would be no more dinner-parties. Such a prospect produced for a moment in her countenance an expressive grimace; but this rapid, picturesque play of feature was her only tribute to disappointment. After all, she reflected, the game was almost played out; she had already outstayed her invitation. And then she cared enough for Isabel's trouble to forget her own, and she saw that Isabel's trouble was deep. It seemed deeper than the mere death of a cousin, and the Countess had no hesitation in connecting her exasperating brother with the expression of her sister-in-law's eyes. Her heart beat with an almost joyous expectation; for if she had wished to see Osmond overtopped, the conditions looked favourable now. Of course, if Isabel should go to England, she herself would immediately leave the Palazzo Roccanera; nothing would induce her to remain there with Osmond. Nevertheless she felt an immense desire to hear that Isabel would go to England. "Nothing is impossible for you, my dear," she said, caressingly. "Why else are you rich and clever, and good?"

"Why indeed? I feel stupidly weak."

"Why does Osmond say it's impossible?" the Countess asked, in a tone which sufficiently declared that she couldn't imagine.

From the moment that she began to question her, however, Isabel drew back; she disengaged her hand, which the Countess had affectionately taken. But she answered this inquiry with frank bitterness. "Because we are so

happy together that we cannot separate even for a fortnight."

"Ah," cried the Countess, while Isabel turned away; "when I want to make a journey my husband simply tells me I can have no money!"

Isabel went to her own room, where she walked up and down for an hour. It may seem to some readers that she took things very hard, and it is certain that for a woman of a high spirit she had allowed herself easily to be arrested. It seemed to her that only now she fully measured the great undertaking of matrimony. Marriage meant that in such a case as this, when one had to choose, one chose as a matter of course for one's husband. "I am afraid—yes I am afraid," she said to herself more than once, stopping short in her walk. But what she was afraid of was not her husband—his displeasure, his hatred, his revenge; it was not even her own later judgment of her conduct—a consideration which had often held her in check; it was simply the violence there would be in going when Osmond wished her to remain. A gulf of difference had opened between them, but nevertheless it was his desire that she should stay, it was a horror to him that she should go. She knew the nervous fineness with which he could feel an objection. What he thought of her she knew; what he was capable of saying to her she had felt; yet they were married, for all that, and marriage meant that a woman should abide with her husband. She sank down on her sofa at last, and buried her head in a pile of cushions.

When she raised her head again, the Countess Gemini stood before her. She had come in noiselessly, unperceived; she had a strange smile on her thin lips, and a still stranger glitter in her small dark eye.

"I knocked," she said, "but you didn't answer me. So I ventured in. I have been looking at you for the last five minutes. You are very unhappy."

"Yes; but I don't think you can comfort me."

"Will you give me leave to try?" And the Countess sat down on the sofa beside her. She continued to smile, and there was something communicative and exultant in her expression. She appeared to have something to say, and it occurred to Isabel for the first time that her sister-in-law might say something important. She fixed her brilliant eyes upon Isabel, who found at last a disagreeable fascination in her gaze. "After all," the Countess went on, "I must tell you, to begin with, that I don't understand your state of mind. You seem to have so many scruples, so many reasons, so many ties. When I discovered, ten years ago, that my husband's dearest wish was to make me miserable—of late he has simply let me alone—ah, it was a wonderful simplification! My poor Isabel, you are not simple enough."

"No, I am not simple enough," said Isabel.

"There is something I want you to know," the Countess declared—"because I think you ought to know it. Perhaps you do; perhaps you have guessed it. But if you have, all I can say is that I understand still less why you shouldn't do as you like."

"What do you wish me to know?" Isabel felt a foreboding which made her heart beat. The Countess was about to justify herself, and this alone was portentous.

But the Countess seemed disposed to play a little with her subject. "In your place I should have guessed it ages ago. Have you never really suspected?"

"I have guessed nothing. What should I have suspected? I don't know what you mean."

"That's because you have got such a pure mind. I never saw a woman with such a pure mind!" cried the Countess.

Isabel slowly got up. "You are going to tell me something horrible."

"You can call it by whatever name you will!" And the Countess rose also, while the sharp animation of her

bright, capricious face emitted a kind of flash. She stood a moment looking at Isabel, and then she said—"My first sister-in-law had no children!"

Isabel stared back at her; the announcement was an anti-climax. "Your first sister-in-law?" she murmured.

"I suppose you know that Osmond has been married before? I have never spoken to you of his wife; I didn't suppose it was proper. But others, less particular, must have done so. The poor little woman lived but two years and died childless. It was after her death that Pansy made her appearance."

Isabel's brow had gathered itself into a frown; her lips were parted in pale, vague wonder. She was trying to follow; there seemed to be more to follow than she could see. "Pansy is not my husband's child, then?"

"Your husband's—in perfection! But no one else's husband's. Some one else's wife's. Ah, my good Isabel," cried the Countess, "with you one must dot one's *i*'s!"

"I don't understand; whose wife's?" said Isabel.

"The wife of a horrid little Swiss, who died twelve years ago. He never recognised Miss Pansy, and there was no reason he should. Osmond did, and that was better."

Isabel stayed the name which rose in a sudden question to her lips; she sank down on her seat again, hanging her head. "Why have you told me this?" she asked, in a voice which the Countess hardly recognised.

"Because I was so tired of your not knowing! I was tired of not having told you. It seemed to me so dull. It's not a lie, you know; it's exactly as I say."

"I never knew," said Isabel, looking up at her, simply.

"So I believed—though it was hard to believe! Has it never occurred to you that he has been her lover?"

"I don't know. Something has occurred to me. Perhaps it was that."

"She has been wonderfully clever about Pansy!" cried the Countess.

"That thing has never occurred to me," said Isabel. "And as it is—I don't understand."

She spoke in a low, thoughtful tone, and the poor Countess was equally surprised and disappointed at the effect of her revelation. She had expected to kindle a conflagration, and as yet she had barely extracted a flash. Isabel seemed more awe-stricken than anything else.

"Don't you perceive that the child could never pass for her husband's?" the Countess asked. "They had been separated too long for that, and M. Merle had gone to some far country; I think to South America. If she had ever had children—which I am not sure of—she had lost them. On the other hand, circumstances made it convenient enough for Osmond to acknowledge the little girl. His wife was dead—very true; but she had only been dead a year, and what was more natural than that she should have left behind a pledge of their affection? With the aid of a change of residence—he had been living at Naples, and he left it for ever—the little fable was easily set going. My poor sister-in-law, who was in her grave, couldn't help herself, and the real mother, to save her reputation, renounced all visible property in the child."

"Ah, poor creature!" cried Isabel, bursting into tears. It was a long time since she had shed any; she had suffered a reaction from weeping. But now they gushed with an abundance in which the Countess Gemini found only another discomfiture.

"It's very kind of you to pity her!" she cried, with a discordant laugh. "Yes indeed, you have a pure mind!"

"He must have been false to his wife," said Isabel, suddenly controlling herself.

"That's all that's wanting—that you should take up *her* cause!" the Countess went on.

"But to me—to me—" And Isabel

hesitated, though there was a question in her eyes.

"To you he has been faithful? It depends upon what you call faithful. When he married you, he was no longer the lover of another woman. That state of things had passed away; the lady had repented; and she had a worship of appearances so intense that even Osmond himself got tired of it. You may therefore imagine what it was! But the whole past was between them."

"Yes," said Isabel, "the whole past is between them!"

"Ah, this later past is nothing. But for five years they were very intimate."

"Why then did she want him to marry me?"

"Ah, my dear, that's her superiority! Because you had money; and because she thought you would be good to Pansy."

"Poor woman—and Pansy who doesn't like her!" cried Isabel.

"That's the reason she wanted some one whom Pansy would like. She knows it; she knows everything."

"Will she know that you have told me this?"

"That will depend upon whether you tell her. She is prepared for it, and do you know what she counts upon for her defence? On your thinking that I lie. Perhaps you do; don't make yourself uncomfortable to hide it. Only as it happens I don't. I have told little fibs; but they have never hurt any one but myself."

Isabel sat staring at her companion's story as at a bale of fantastic wares that some strolling gipsy might have unpacked on the carpet at her feet. "Why did Osmond never marry her?" she asked, at last.

"Because she had no money." The Countess had an answer for everything, and if she lied she lied well. "No one knows, no one has ever known, what she lives on, or how she has got all those beautiful things. I don't believe Osmond himself knows. Besides, she wouldn't have married him."

"How can she have loved him then?"

"She doesn't love him, in that way. She did at first, and then, I suppose, she would have married him; but at that time her husband was living. By the time M. Merle had rejoined—I won't say his ancestors, because he never had any—her relations with Osmond had changed, and she had grown more ambitious. She hoped she might marry a great man; that has always been her idea. She has waited and watched and plotted and prayed; but she has never succeeded. I don't call Madame Merle a success, you know. I don't know what she may accomplish yet, but at present she has very little to show. The only tangible result she has ever achieved—except, of course, getting to know every one and staying with them free of expense—has been her bringing you and Osmond together. Oh, she did that, my dear; you needn't look as if you doubted it. I have watched them for years; I know everything—everything. I am thought a great scatterbrain, but I have had enough application of mind to follow up those two. She hates me, and her way of showing it is to pretend to be for ever defending me. When people say I have had fifteen lovers, she looks horrified and declares that half of them were never proved. She has been afraid of me for years, and she has taken great comfort in the vile, false things that people have said about me. She has been afraid I would expose her, and she threatened me one day, when Osmond began to pay his court to you. It was at his house in Florence; do you remember that afternoon when she brought you there and we had tea in the garden? She let me know then that if I should tell tales, two could play at that game. She pretends there is a good deal more to tell about me than about her. It would be an interesting comparison! I don't care a fig what she may say, simply because I know you don't care a fig. You can't trouble your head about

me less than you do already. So she may take her revenge as she chooses; I don't think she will frighten you very much. Her great idea has been to be tremendously irreproachable—a kind of full-blown lily—the incarnation of propriety. She has always worshipped that god. There should be no scandal about Cæsar's wife, you know; and, as I say, she has always hoped to marry Cæsar. That was one reason she wouldn't marry Osmond; the fear that on seeing her with Pansy people would put things together—would even see a resemblance. She has had a terror lest the mother should betray herself. She has been awfully careful; the mother has never done so."

"Yes, yes, the mother has done so," said Isabel, who had listened to all this with a face of deepening dreariness. "She betrayed herself to me the other day, though I did not recognise her. There appeared to have been a chance of Pansy's making a great marriage, and in her disappointment at its not coming off she almost dropped the mask."

"Ah, that's where she would stumble!" cried the Countess. "She has failed so dreadfully herself that she is determined her daughter shall make it up."

Isabel started at the words "her daughter," which the Countess threw off so familiarly. "It seems very wonderful!" she murmured; and in this bewildering impression she had almost lost her sense of being personally touched by the story.

"Now don't go and turn against the poor innocent child!" the Countess went on. "She is very nice, in spite of her lamentable parentage. I have liked Pansy, not because she was hers—but because she had become yours."

"Yes, she has become mine. And how the poor woman must have suffered at seeing me with her!" Isabel exclaimed, flushing quickly at the thought.

"I don't believe she has suffered; on the contrary, she has enjoyed.

Osmond's marriage has given Pansy a great lift. Before that she lived in a hole. And do you know what the mother thought? That you might take such a fancy to the child that you would do something for her. Osmond, of course, could never give her a dowry. Osmond was really extremely poor; but of course you know all about that.—Ah, my dear," cried the Countess, "why did you ever inherit money?" She stopped a moment, as if she saw something singular in Isabel's face. "Don't tell me now that you will give her a position! You are capable of that, but I shouldn't believe it. Don't try to be too good. Be a little wicked, feel a little wicked, for once in your life!"

"It's very strange. I suppose I ought to know, but I am sorry," Isabel said. "I am much obliged to you."

"Yes, you seem to be!" cried the Countess, with a mocking laugh. "Perhaps you are—perhaps you are not. You don't take it as I should have thought."

"How should I take it?" Isabel asked.

"Well, I should say as a woman who has been made use of!" Isabel made no answer to this; she only listened, and the Countess went on. "They have always been bound to each other; they remained so even after she became virtuous. But he has always been more for her than she has been for him. When their little carnival was over they made a bargain that each should give the other complete liberty, but that each should also do everything possible to help the other on. You may ask me how I know such a thing as that. I know it by the way they have behaved. Now see how much better women are than men! She has found a wife for Osmond, but Osmond has never lifted a little finger for her. She has worked for him, plotted for him, suffered for him; she has even more than once found money for him; and the end of it is that he is tired of her. She is

an old habit; there are moments when he needs her; but on the whole he wouldn't miss her if she were removed. And, what's more, to-day she knows it. So you needn't be jealous!" the Countess added, humorously.

Isabel rose from her sofa again; she felt bruised and short of breath; her head was humming with new knowledge. "I am much obliged to you," she repeated. And then she added, abruptly, in quite a different tone—"How do you know all this?"

This inquiry appeared to ruffle the Countess more than Isabel's expression of gratitude pleased her. She gave her companion a bold stare, with which—"Let us assume that I have invented it!" she cried. She too, however, suddenly changed her tone, and, laying her hand on Isabel's arm, said softly, with her sharp, bright smile—"Now will you give up your journey?"

Isabel started a little; she turned away. But she felt weak, and in a moment had to lay her arm upon the mantel-shelf for support. She stood a minute so, and then upon her arm she dropped her dizzy head, with closed eyes and pale lips.

"I have done wrong to speak—I have made you ill!" the Countess cried.

"Ah, I must see Ralph!" Isabel murmured; not in resentment, not in the quick passion her companion had looked for; but in a tone of exquisite far-reaching sadness.

LII.

THERE was a train for Turin and Paris that evening; and after the Countess had left her, Isabel had a rapid and decisive conference with her maid, who was discreet, devoted, and active. After this, she thought (except of her journey) of only one thing. She must go and see Pansy; from her she could not turn away. She had not seen her yet, as Osmond had given her to understand that it was too soon to begin. She drove at five o'clock to a

high door in a narrow street in the quarter of the Piazza Navona, and was admitted by the portress of the convent, a genial and obsequious person. Isabel had been at this institution before; she had come with Pansy to see the sisters. She knew they were good women, and she saw that the large rooms were clean and cheerful, and that the well-used garden had sun for winter and shade for spring. But she disliked the place, and it made her horribly sad; not for the world would she have spent a night there. It produced to-day more than before the impression of a well-appointed prison; for it was not possible to pretend that Pansy was free to leave it. This innocent creature had been presented to her in a new and violent light, but the secondary effect of the revelation was to make Isabel reach out her hand to her.

The portress left her to wait in the parlour of the convent, while she went to make it known that there was a visitor for the dear young lady. The parlour was a vast, cold apartment, with new-looking furniture; a large clean stove of white porcelain, unlighted; a collection of wax-flowers, under glass; and a series of engravings from religious pictures on the walls. On the other occasion Isabel had thought it less like Rome than like Philadelphia; but to-day she made no reflections; the apartment only seemed to her very empty and very soundless. The portress returned at the end of some five minutes, ushering in another person. Isabel got up, expecting to see one of the ladies of the sisterhood; but to her extreme surprise she found herself confronted with Madame Merle. The effect was strange, for Madame Merle was already so present to her vision that her appearance in the flesh was a sort of reduplication. Isabel had been thinking all day of her falsity, her audacity, her ability, her probable suffering; and these dark things seemed to flash with a sudden light as she entered the room. Her being there at all was a

kind of vivid proof. It made Isabel feel faint; if it had been necessary to speak on the spot, she would have been quite unable. But no such necessity was distinct to her; it seemed to her indeed that she had absolutely nothing to say to Madame Merle. In one's relations with this lady, however, there were never any absolute necessities; she had a manner which carried off not only her own deficiencies, but those of other people. But she was different from usual; she came in slowly, behind the portress, and Isabel instantly perceived that she was not likely to depend upon her habitual resources. For her, too, the occasion was exceptional, and she had undertaken to treat it by the light of the moment. This gave her a peculiar gravity; she did not even pretend to smile, and though Isabel saw that she was, more than ever, playing a part, it seemed to her that on the whole the wonderful woman had never been so natural. She looked at Isabel from head to foot, but not harshly nor defiantly; with a cold gentleness rather, and an absence of any air of allusion to their last meeting. It was as if she had wished to mark a difference; she had been irritated then—she was reconciled now.

"You can leave us alone," she said to the portress; "in five minutes this lady will ring for you." And then she turned to Isabel, who, after noting what has just been mentioned, had ceased to look at her, and had let her eyes wander as far as the limits of the room would allow. She wished never to look at Madame Merle again. "You are surprised to find me here, and I am afraid you are not pleased," this lady went on. "You don't see why I should have come; it's as if I had anticipated you. I confess I have been rather indiscreet—I ought to have asked your permission." There was none of the oblique movement of irony in this; it was said simply and softly; but Isabel, far afloat on a sea of wonder and pain, could not have told herself with what intention it was

uttered. "But I have not been sitting long," Madame Merle continued; "that is, I have not been long with Pansy. I came to see her because it occurred to me this afternoon that she must be rather lonely, and perhaps even a little miserable. It may be good for a young girl; I know so little about young girls, I can't tell. At any rate it's a little dismal. Therefore I came—on the chance. I knew of course that you would come, and her father as well; still, I had not been told that other visitors were forbidden. The good woman—what's her name? Madame Catherine—made no objection whatever. I stayed twenty minutes with Pansy; she has a charming little room, not in the least conventual, with a piano and flowers. She has arranged it delightfully; she has so much taste. Of course it's all none of my business, but I feel happier since I have seen her. She may even have a maid if she likes; but of course she has no occasion to dress. She wears a little black dress; she looks so charming. I went afterwards to see Mother Catherine, who has a very good room too; I assure you I don't find the poor sisters at all monastic. Mother Catherine has a most coquettish little toilet-table, with something that looked uncommonly like a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. She speaks delightfully of Pansy; says it's a great happiness for them to have her. She is a little saint of heaven, and a model to the oldest of them. Just as I was leaving Madame Catherine, the portress came to say to her that there was a lady for the Signorina. Of course I knew it must be you, and I asked her to let me go and receive you in her place. She demurred greatly—I must tell you that—and said it was her duty to notify the Superior; it was of such high importance that you should be treated with respect. I requested her to let the poor Superior alone, and asked her how she supposed I would treat you!"

So Madame Merle went on, with much of the brilliancy of a woman

who had long been a mistress of the art of conversation. But there were phases and gradations in her speech, not one of which was lost upon Isabel's ear, though her eyes were absent from her companion's face. She had not proceeded far before Isabel noted a sudden quaver in her voice, which was in itself a complete drama. This subtle modulation marked a momentous discovery—the perception of an entirely new attitude on the part of her listener. Madame Merle had guessed in the space of an instant that everything was at end between them, and in the space of another instant she had guessed the reason why. The person who stood there was not the same one she had seen hitherto; it was a very different person—a person who knew her secret. This discovery was tremendous, and for the moment she made it the most accomplished of women faltered and lost her courage. But only for that moment. Then the conscious stream of her perfect manner gathered itself again and flowed on as smoothly as might be to the end. But it was only because she had the end in view that she was able to go on. She had been touched with a point that made her quiver, and she needed all the alertness of her will to repress her agitation. Her only safety was in not betraying herself. She did not betray herself; but the startled quality of her voice refused to improve—she couldn't help it—while she heard herself say she hardly knew what. The tide of her confidence ebbed, and she was able only just to glide into port, faintly grazing the bottom.

Isabel saw all this as distinctly as if it had been a picture on the wall. It might have been a great moment for her, for it might have been a moment of triumph. That Madame Merle had lost her pluck and saw before her the phantom of shame—this in itself was a revenge, this in itself was almost a symptom of a brighter day. And for a moment,

while she stood apparently looking out of the window, with her back half turned, Isabel enjoyed her knowledge. On the other side of the window lay the garden of the convent; but this is not what Isabel saw; she saw nothing of the budding plants and the glowing afternoon. She saw, in the crude light of that revelation which had already become a part of experience and to which the very frailty of the vessel in which it had been offered her only gave an intrinsic price, the dry, staring fact that she had been a dull un-reverenced tool. All the bitterness of this knowledge surged into her soul again; it was as if she felt upon her lips the taste of dishonour. There was a moment during which, if she had turned and spoken, she would have said something that would hiss like a lash. But she closed her eyes, and then the hideous vision died away. What remained was the cleverest woman in the world, standing there within a few feet of her and knowing as little what to think as the meanest. Isabel's only revenge was to be silent still—to leave Madame Merle in this unprecedented situation. She left her there for a period which must have seemed long to this lady, who at last seated herself with a movement which was in itself a confession of helplessness. Then Isabel turned her eyes and looked down at her. Madame Merle was very pale; her own eyes covered Isabel's face. She might see what she would, but her danger was over. Isabel would never accuse her, never reproach her; perhaps because she never would give her the opportunity to defend herself.

"I am come to bid Pansy good-bye," Isabel said at last. "I am going to England to-night."

"Going to England to-night!" Madame Merle repeated, sitting there and looking up at her.

"I am going to Gardencourt. Ralph Touchett is dying."

"Ah, you will feel that." Madame Merle recovered herself; she had a

chance to express sympathy. "Do you go alone?" she asked.

"Yes; without my husband."

Madame Merle gave a low, vague murmur; a sort of recognition of the general sadness of things.

"Mr. Touchett never liked me; but I am sorry he is dying. Shall you see his mother?"

"Yes; she has returned from America."

"She used to be very kind to me; but she has changed. Others, too, have changed," said Madame Merle, with a quiet, noble pathos. She paused a moment, and then she said, "And you will see dear old Gardencourt again!"

"I shall not enjoy it much," Isabel answered.

"Naturally—in your grief. But it is on the whole, of all the houses I know, and I know many, the one I should have liked best to live in. I don't venture to send a message to the people," Madame Merle added; "but I should like to give my love to the place."

Isabel turned away.

"I had better go to Pansy," she said. "I have not much time."

And while she looked about her for the proper egress, the door opened and admitted one of the ladies of the house, who advanced with a discreet smile, gently rubbing, under her long, loose sleeves, a pair of plump white hands. Isabel recognised her as Madame Catherine, whose acquaintance she had already made, and begged that she would immediately let her see Miss Osmond. Madame Catherine looked doubly discreet, but smiled very blandly and said—

"It will be good for her to see you. I will take you to her myself." Then she directed her pleasant, cautious little eye towards Madame Merle.

"Will you let me remain a little?" this lady asked. "It is so good to be here."

"You may remain always, if you like!" And the good sister gave a knowing laugh.

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She led Isabel out of the room, through several corridors, and up a long staircase. All these departments were solid and bare, light and clean; so, thought Isabel, are the great penal establishments. Madame Catherine gently pushed open the door of Pansy's room and ushered in the visitor; then stood smiling, with folded hands, while the two others met and embraced.

"She is glad to see you," she repeated; "it will do her good." And she placed the best chair carefully for Isabel. But she made no movement to seat herself; she seemed ready to retire. "How does this dear child look?" she asked of Isabel, lingering a moment.

"She looks pale," Isabel answered.

"That is the pleasure of seeing you. She is very happy. *Elle éclipse la maison*," said the good sister.

Pansy wore, as Madame Merle had said, a little black dress; it was perhaps this that made her look pale.

"They are very good to me—they think of everything!" she exclaimed, with all her customary eagerness to say something agreeable.

"We think of you always—you are a precious charge," Madame Catherine remarked, in the tone of a woman with whom benevolence was a habit, and whose conception of duty was the acceptance of every care. It fell with a leaden weight upon Isabel's ears; it seemed to represent the surrender of a personality, the authority of the Church.

When Madame Catherine had left them together, Pansy kneeled down before Isabel and hid her head in her stepmother's lap. So she remained some moments, while Isabel gently stroked her hair. Then she got up, averting her face, and looking about the room.

"Don't you think I have arranged it well? I have everything I have at home."

"It is very pretty; you are very comfortable." Isabel scarcely knew what she could say to her. On the one hand she could not let her think

she had come to pity her, and on the other it would be a dull mockery to pretend to rejoice with her. So she simply added, after a moment, "I have come to bid you good-bye. I am going to England."

Pansy's white little face turned red.

"To England! Not to come back!"

"I don't know when I shall come back."

"Ah; I'm sorry," said Pansy, faintly. She spoke as if she had no right to criticise; but her tone expressed a depth of disappointment.

"My cousin, Mr. Touchett, is very ill; he will probably die. I wish to see him," Isabel said.

"Ah, yes; you told me he would die. Of course you must go. And will papa go?"

"No; I shall go alone."

For a moment, Pansy said nothing. Isabel had often wondered what she thought of the apparent relations of her father with his wife; but never by a glance, by an intimation, had she let it be seen that she deemed them deficient in the quality of intimacy. She made her reflections, Isabel was sure; and she must have had a conviction that there were husbands and wives who were more intimate than that. But Pansy was not indiscreet even in thought; she would as little have ventured to judge her gentle stepmother as to criticise her magnificent father. Her heart may almost have stood still, as it would have done if she had seen two of the saints, in the great picture in the convent chapel, turn their painted heads and shake them at each other; but as in this latter case she would (for very solemnity's sake), never have mentioned the awful phenomenon, so she put away all knowledge of the secrets of larger lives than her own.

"You will be very far away," she said presently.

"Yes; I shall be far away. But it will scarcely matter," Isabel answered; "for so long as you are here I am very far away from you."

"Yes; but you can come and see me; though you have not come very often."

"I have not come because your father forbade it. To-day I bring nothing with me. I can't amuse you."

"I am not to be amused. That's not what papa wishes."

"Then it hardly matters whether I am in Rome or in England."

"You are not happy, Mrs. Osmond," said Pansy.

"Not very. But it doesn't matter."

"That's what I say to myself. What does it matter? But I should like to come out."

"I wish indeed you might."

"Don't leave me here," Pansy went on, gently.

Isabel was silent a moment; her heart beat fast.

"Will you come away with me now?" she asked.

Pansy looked at her pleadingly.

"Did papa tell you to bring me?"

"No; it's my own proposal."

"I think I had better wait, then. Did papa send me no message?"

"I don't think he knew I was coming."

"He thinks I have not had enough," said Pansy. "But I have. The ladies are very kind to me, and the little girls come to see me. There are some very little ones—such charming children. Then my room—you can see for yourself! All that is very delightful. But I have had enough. Papa wished me to think a little—and I have thought a great deal."

"What have you thought?"

"Well, that I must never displease papa."

"You knew that before."

"Yes; but I know it better. I will do anything—I will do anything," said Pansy. Then, as she heard her own words, a deep, pure blush came into her face. Isabel read the meaning of it; she saw that the poor girl had been vanquished. It was well that Mr. Edward Rosier had kept his enamels! Isabel looked into her eyes

and saw there mainly a prayer to be treated easily. She laid her hand on Pansy's, as if to let her know that her look conveyed no diminution of esteem; for the collapse of the child's momentary resistance (mute and modest though it had been), seemed only her tribute to the truth of things. She didn't presume to judge others, but she had judged herself; she had seen the reality. She had no vocation for struggling with combinations; in the solemnity of sequestration there was something that overwhelmed her. She bowed her pretty head to authority, and only asked of authority to be merciful. Yes; it was very well that Edward Rosier had reserved a few articles!

Isabel got up; her time was rapidly shortening.

"Good-bye, then," she said; "I leave Rome to-night."

Pansy took hold of her dress; there was a sudden change in the girl's face.

"You look strange; you frighten me."

"Oh, I am very harmless," said Isabel.

"Perhaps you won't come back?"

"Perhaps not. I can't tell."

"Ah, Mrs. Osmond, you won't leave me!"

Isabel now saw that she had guessed everything.

"My dear child, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"I don't know—but I am happier when I think of you."

"You can always think of me."

"Not when you are so far away. I am a little afraid," said Pansy.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Of papa—a little. And of Madame Merle. She has just been to see me."

"You must not say that," Isabel observed.

"Oh, I will do everything they want. Only if you are here I shall do it more easily."

Isabel reflected a little.

"I won't desert you," she said at last. "Good-bye, my child."

Then they held each other a moment in a silent embrace, like two sisters; and afterwards Pansy walked along the corridor with her visitor to the top of the staircase.

"Madame Merle has been here," Pansy remarked as they went; and as Isabel answered nothing she added, abruptly, "I don't like Madame Merle!"

Isabel hesitated a moment; then she stopped.

"You must never say that—that you don't like Madame Merle."

Pansy looked at her in wonder; but wonder with Pansy had never been a reason for non-compliance.

"I never will again," she said, with exquisite gentleness.

At the top of the staircase they had to separate, as it appeared to be part of the mild but very definite discipline under which Pansy lived that she should not go down. Isabel descended, and when she reached the bottom the girl was standing above.

"You will come back?" she called out in a voice that Isabel remembered afterwards.

"Yes—I will come back."

Madame Catherine met Isabel below, and conducted her to the door of the parlour, outside of which the two stood talking a minute.

"I won't go in," said the good sister. "Madame Merle is waiting for you."

At this announcement Isabel gave a start, and she was on the point of asking if there were no other egress from the convent. But a moment's reflection assured her that she would do well not to betray to the worthy nun her desire to avoid Pansy's other visitor. Her companion laid her hand very gently on her arm, and fixing her a moment with a wise, benevolent eye, said to her, speaking French, almost familiarly—

"Eh bien, chère Madame, qu'en pensez-vous?"

"About my step-daughter? Oh, it would take long to tell you."

"We think it's enough," said

Madame Catherine, significantly. And she pushed open the door of the parlour.

Madame Merle was sitting just as Isabel had left her, like a woman so absorbed in thought that she had not moved a little-finger. As Madame Catherine closed the door behind Isabel, she got up, and Isabel saw that she had been thinking to some purpose. She had recovered her balance; she was in full possession of her resources.

"I found that I wished to wait for you," she said, urbanely. "But it's not to talk about Pansy."

Isabel wondered what it could be to talk about, and in spite of Madame Merle's declaration she answered after a moment—

"Madame Catherine says it's enough."

"Yes; it also seems to me enough. I wanted to ask you another word about poor Mr. Touchett," Madame Merle added. "Have you reason to believe that he is really at his last?"

"I have no information but that of a telegram. Unfortunately it only confirms a probability."

"I am going to ask you a strange question," said Madame Merle. "Are you very fond of your cousin?" And she gave a smile as strange as her question.

"Yes, I am very fond of him. But I don't understand you."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment.

"It is difficult to explain. Something has occurred to me which may not have occurred to you, and I give you the benefit of my idea. Your cousin did you once a great service. Have you never guessed it?"

"He has done me many services."

"Yes; but one was much above the rest. He made you a rich woman."

"He made me——?"

Madame Merle appeared to see herself successful, and she went on, more triumphantly—

"He imparted to you that extra lustre which was required to make you a brilliant match. At bottom, it is him that you have to thank." She stopped; there was something in Isabel's eyes.

"I don't understand you. It was my uncle's money."

"Yes; it was your uncle's money; but it was your cousin's idea. He brought his father over to it. Ah, my dear, the sum was large!"

Isabel stood staring; she seemed to-day to be living in a world illumined by lurid flashes.

"I don't know why you say such things! I don't know what you know."

"I know nothing but what I have guessed. But I have guessed that!"

Isabel went to the door, and when she had opened it stood a moment with her hand on the latch. Then she said—it was her only revenge—

"I believed it was you I had to thank!"

Madame Merle dropped her eyes; she stood there in a kind of proud penance.

"You are very unhappy, I know. But I am more so."

"Yes; I can believe that. I think I should like never to see you again."

Madame Merle raised her eyes.

"I shall go to America," she announced, while Isabel passed out.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE GEYSIRS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE traveller by railway across the American continent, after traversing several hundred miles of barren plain and sandy desert, finds at last that the line begins sensibly to descend. The panting engine moves along with increasing ease and diminished noise as it enters a long valley that leads out of the western plains, sweeping by the base of high cliffs, past the mouths of narrow lateral valleys, crossing and recrossing the water-courses by slim creaking bridges; now in a deep cutting, now in a short tunnel, it brings picturesque glimpses into view in such quick succession as almost to weary the eye that tries to scan them as they pass. After the dusty monotonous prairie, to see and hear the rush of roaring rivers, to catch sight of waterfalls, leaping down the crags, scattered pine-trees crowning the heights, and green meadows carpeting the valleys, to find, too, that every mile brings you further into a region of cultivated fields and cheerful homesteads, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Mormons have given a look of long-settled comfort to these valleys. Fields, orchards, and hedgerows, with neat farm buildings and gardens full of flowers, remind one of bits of the old country rather than of the bare, flowerless settlements in the West. But the sight of a group of Chinamen here and there at work on the line dispels the momentary illusion.

Winding rapidly down a succession of gorges or cañons (for every valley in the West seems to be known as a cañon), the traveller finds at last that he has entered the "Great Basin" of North America, and has arrived near the margin of the Great Salt Lake. Looking back, he perceives that the route by which he has come is one of many transverse valleys, hollowed out

of the flanks of the noble range of the Wahsatch Mountains. This range serves at once as the western boundary of the plateau country and as the eastern rim of the Great Basin, into which it plunges as a colossal rampart from an average height of some 4,000 feet above the plain, though some of its isolated summits rise to more than twice that altitude. From the base of this great mountain-wall the country stretches westward as a vast desert plain, in a slight depression of which lies the Great Salt Lake. By industriously making use of the drainage from their mountain barrier, the Mormons have converted the strip of land between the base of the heights and the edge of the water into fertile fields and well-kept gardens.

Everybody knows that the Great Basin has no outlet to the ocean; yet nobody can see the scene with his own eyes and refuse to admit the sense of strange novelty with which it fills his mind. One's first desire is naturally to get to the lake. From a distance it looks blue enough, and not different from other sheets of water. But on a nearer view its shore is seen to be a level plain of salt-crustud mud. So gently does this plain slip under the water that the actual margin of the lake is not very sharply drawn. The water has a heavy, motionless, lifeless aspect, and is practically destitute of living creatures of every kind. Fish are found in the rivers leading into the lake, but into the lake itself they never venture. Nor did we see any of the abundant bird-life that would have been visible on a fresh-water lake of such dimensions. There was a stillness in the air and on the water befitting the strange desert aspect of the scenery.

After looking at the water for a

little, the next step was of course to get into it. The Mormons and Gentiles of Salt Lake City make good use of their lake for bathing purposes. At convenient points they have thrown out wooden piers, provided with dressing-rooms and hot-water apparatus. Betaking ourselves to one of these erections, my companion and I were soon fitted out in bathing costumes of approved pattern, and descending into the lake, at once realised the heaviness of the water. In walking, the leg that is lifted off the bottom seems somehow bent on rising to the surface, and some exertion is needed to force it down again to the mud below. One suddenly feels top-heavy, and seems to need special care not to turn feet uppermost. The extreme shallowness of the lake is also soon noticed. We found ourselves at first barely over the knees; so we proceeded to march into the lake. After a long journey, so long that it seemed we ought to be almost out of sight of the shore, we were scarcely up to the waist. At its deepest part the lake is not more than about fifty feet in depth. Yet it measures eighty miles in length, by about thirty-two miles in extreme breadth. We made some experiments in flotation, but always with the uncomfortable feeling that our bodies were not properly ballasted for such water, and that we might roll over or turn round head downmost at any moment. It is quite possible to float in a sitting posture with the hands brought round the knees. As one of the risks of these experiments, moreover, the water would now and then get into our eyes, or find out any half-healed wound which the blazing sun of the previous weeks had inflicted upon our faces. So rapid is the evaporation in the dry air of this region that the skin after being wetted is almost immediately crusted with salt. I noticed, too, that the wooden steps leading up to the pier were hung with slender stalactites of salt from the drip of the bathers. After being pickled in this fashion we had the luxury of washing the salt

crust off with the *douche* of hot-water wherewith every dressing-room is provided.

It was strange to reflect that the varied beauty of the valleys in the neighbouring mountains, with their meadows, clumps of cottonwood trees, and rushing streams, should lead into this lifeless stagnant sea. One could not contemplate the scene without a strong interest in the history of the Great Salt Lake. The details of this history have been admirably worked out by Mr. G. K. Gilbert. Theoretically, we infer that the salt lakes of continental basins were at first fresh, and have become salt by the secular evaporation of their waters, and consequent concentration of the salt washed by them out of their various drainage basins. But in the case of the Great Salt Lake, the successive stages of this long process have been actually traced in the records left behind on the surface of the ground. At present the amount of water poured into the lake nearly balances the amount lost by evaporation, so that on the whole the level of the lake is maintained. There are, however, oscillations of level, dependent, no doubt, upon variations of rainfall. When the lake was surveyed by the Fortieth Parallel Survey in 1872, its surface was found to be eleven feet higher than it was in 1866. During the last few years, on the other hand, the lake has been diminishing. The Mormons have had to build additions to the ends of their bathing piers, from which the water had receded. There has been considerable anxiety too at Salt Lake City on the subject of the diminished rainfall, which has seriously affected the supply of water for irrigation and other purposes.

That the aspect of this part at least of the Great Basin was formerly widely different is conclusively proved by some singular features, which are among the first to attract the notice even of the non-scientific traveller as he journeys round the borders of the lake. Along the flanks of the

surrounding mountains there runs a group of parallel level lines, so level indeed that when first seen they suggest some extensive system of carefully engineered water-ways. On a far larger scale they are the equivalents of our well-known Parallel Roads of Glen Roy. Mile after mile they can be followed, winding in and out along the mountain declivities, here and there expanding where a streamlet has pushed out a cone of detritus, and again narrowing to hardly perceptible selvages along steeper rocky faces, but always keeping their horizontality and their proper distance from each other. That these terraces are former shore-lines of the lake admits of no doubt. The highest of them is 940 feet above the present surface of the lake, which is 4,250 feet above the sea. Hence when the lake stood at the line of that terrace, its surface was 5,190 feet above sea-level. Now it has been found that the highest terrace corresponds with a gap in the rim of the basin, lying considerably to the north of the existing margin of the lake. Consequently, when the lake stood at its highest level, it had an outlet northwards into the Snake River, draining into the Pacific Ocean, and must thus have been fresh. Moreover, search in the deposits of the highest terrace has brought to light convincing proof of the freshness of the water at that time, for numerous shells have been found belonging to lacustrine species. At its greatest development the lake must have been vastly larger than now—a huge inland sea of fresh water lying on the western side of the continent, and quite comparable with some of the great lakes on the eastern side. It measured about 300 miles from north to south, and 180 miles in extreme width from east to west. Into this great reservoir of fresh water, fishes from the tributary rivers no doubt freely entered, so that on the whole a community of species would be established throughout the basin. But when, owing to diminution of the rainfall, the lake no

longer possessed an outlet, and in the course of ages grew gradually salt, it became unfit for the support of life. Ever since this degree of salinity was reached the rivers have been cut off from any communication with each other. These are precisely the conditions which the naturalist most desires in tracing the progress of change in animal forms. During a period which, in a geological sense, is comparatively short, but which, measured by years, must be of long duration, each river-basin has been an isolated area, with its own peculiarities of rock-structure, slope, vegetation, character of water, food, and other conditions of environment that tell so powerfully on the evolution of organic types. A beginning has been made in working out the natural history of these basins; but much patient labour will be needed before the story can be adequately told. There are probably few areas in the world which offer to the student of evolution so promising a field of research.

In the course of my brief sojourn in the region, I made an observation of some interest in regard to the history of the former wide enlargement of the Great Salt Lake. The Wahsatch Mountains, which rise so picturesquely above the narrow belt of Mormon cultivation between their base and the edge of the water, have their higher parts more or less covered, or at least streaked, with snow, even in midsummer, though at the time of my visit, by reason of the great heat, and, I suppose, in part also, of a diminished snowfall, the snow had almost entirely disappeared. But any cause which could lower the mean summer temperature a few degrees would keep a permanent snow-cap on the summits, and a little further decrease would send glaciers down the valleys. That glaciers formerly did descend from the central masses of the Wahsatch range is put beyond question by the scored and polished rocks, and the huge piles of moraine detritus which they have left behind them. These phenomena

have been well described by the geologists of the Fortieth Parallel Survey, and I could fully confirm their observations. But I further noticed at the Little Cottonwood Cañon that the moraines descend to the edge of the highest terrace, and that the glacial rubbish forms part of the alluvial deposits there. Hence we may infer that at the time of the greatest extension of the lake the Wahsatch Mountains were a range of snowy alps, from which glaciers descended to the edge of the water. Salt Lake City, being nearly on the same parallel of latitude with Naples, the change to the former topography would be somewhat as if a loftier range of glacier-bearing Apennines were to rise in the south of Europe.

One leading object of our journey was to see the wonders of the Yellowstone—that region of geysirs, mud volcanoes, hot springs and sinter-beds, which the United States Congress, with wise forethought, has set apart from settlement and reserved for the instruction of the people. In a few years this part of the continent will no doubt be readily accessible by rail and coach. At the time of our visit it was still difficult of approach. We heard on the way the most ominous tales of Indian atrocities committed only a year or two before, and were warned to be prepared for something of the kind in our turn. So it was with a little misgiving as to the prudence of the undertaking that we struck off from the line of the Union Pacific Railway at Ogden and turned our faces to the north. Ogden is the centre at which the railway from Salt Lake City and that from Northern Utah and Idaho join the main trans-continental line. The first part of the journey passed pleasantly enough. The track is a very narrow one, and the carriages are proportionately small. We started in the evening, and sitting at the end of the last car, enjoyed the glories of a sunset over the Great Salt Lake. Next day about noon brought us to the end of the railway in the midst of a desert of black basalt and

loose sand, with a tornado blowing the hot desert dust in blinding clouds through the air. It was the oddest "terminus" conceivable, consisting of about a score of wooden booths stuck down at random, with rows of freight waggons mixed up among them, and a miscellaneous population of a thoroughly Western kind. In a fortnight afterwards the railway would be opened some fifty miles further north, and the whole town and its inhabitants would then move to the new terminus. Some weeks afterwards, indeed, we returned by rail over the same track, and the only traces of our mushroom town were the tin biscuit-boxes, preserved-meat cans, and other *débris* scattered about on the desert and too heavy for the wind to disperse.

With this cessation of the railway all comfort in travelling utterly disappeared. A "stage," loaded inside and outside with packages, but supposed to be capable of carrying eight passengers besides, was now to be our mode of conveyance over the bare, burning, treeless, and roadless desert. The recollection of those two days and nights stands out as a kind of nightmare. I gladly omit further reference to them. There should have been a third day and night, but by what proved a fortunate accident we escaped this prolongation of the horror. Reaching Virginia City (!), a collection of miserable wooden houses, many of them deserted—for the gold of the valley is exhausted, though many Chinese are there working over the old refuse heaps—we learnt that we were too late for the stage to Boseman. Meeting, however, a resident from Boseman as anxious to be there as ourselves, we secured a carriage, and were soon again in motion. By one of the rapid meteorological changes not infrequent at such altitudes, the weather, which had before been warm, and sometimes even hot, now became for a day or two disagreeably chilly. As we crossed a ridge into the valley of the Madison River, snow fell, and the mountain crests had their first

whitening for the season as we caught sight of them, peak beyond peak, far up into the southern horizon. Night had fallen when we crossed the Madison River below its last cañon, and further progress became impossible. There was a "ranch," or cattle-farm, not far off, where our companion had slept before, and where he proposed that we should demand quarters for the night. A good-natured welcome reconciled us to rough fare and hard beds.

On the afternoon of the third day we at length reached Boseman, the last collection of houses between us and the Yellowstone. A few miles beyond it stands Fort Ellis, a post of the United States army, built to command an important pass from the territory to the east still haunted by Indians. Through the kind thoughtfulness of my friend Dr. Hayden, I had been provided with letters of introduction from the authorities at Washington to the commandants of posts in the West. I found my arrival expected at Fort Ellis, and the quartermaster happened himself to have come down to Boseman. Before the end of the afternoon we were once more in comfort under his friendly roof. And here I am reminded of an incident at Boseman which brought out one of the characteristics of travel in America, and particularly in the West. It may be supposed that after so long and so dusty a journey our boots were not without the need of being blacked. Having had luncheon at the hotel, I inquired of the waiter where I should go to get this done. He directed me to the clerk in the office. On making my request to this formidable personage, seated at his ledger, he quietly remarked, without raising his eyes off his pen, that he guessed I could find the materials in the corner. And there, true enough, were blacking-pot and brush, with which every guest might essay to polish his boots or not, as he pleased. In journeying westward we had sometimes seen a placard stuck up in the bedrooms of the hotels to the effect

that ladies and gentlemen putting their boots outside their doors must be understood to do so at their own risk. In the larger hotels a shoe-black is one of the recognised functionaries, with his room and chair of state for those who think it needful to employ him.

Of Fort Ellis and the officers' mess there, we shall ever keep the pleasantest memories. No Indians had now to be kept in order. There was indeed nothing to do at the Fort save the daily routine of military duty. A very small incident in such circumstances is enough to furnish amusement and conversation for an evening. We made an excursion into the hills to the south, and had the satisfaction of starting a black bear from a cover of thick herbage almost below our feet. Not one of the party happened to have brought a rifle, and the animal was rapidly out of reach of our revolvers, as he raced up the steep side of the valley, and took refuge among the crags and caves of limestone at the top.

Being assured that the Yellowstone country was perfectly safe, that we should probably see no Indians at all, and that any who might cross our path belonged to friendly tribes, and being further anxious to avoid having to return and repeat that dismal stage journey, we arranged to travel through the "Yellowstone Park," as it is termed, and through the mountains encircling the head-waters of the Snake River, so as to strike the railway not far from where we had left it. This involved a ride of somewhere about 300 miles through a mountainous region still in its aboriginal loneliness. By the care of Lieutenant Alison, the quartermaster of the Fort, and the liberality of the army authorities, we were furnished with horses and a pack-train of mules, under an escort of two men, one of whom, Jack Bean by name, had for many years lived among the wilds through which we were to pass, as trapper and miner by turns; the other, a soldier in the cavalry detach-

ment at the Fort, went by the name of "Andy," and acted as cook and leader of the mules. The smaller the party, the quicker could we get through the mountains, and as rapidity of movement was necessary, we gladly availed ourselves of the quartermaster's arrangements. Provisions were taken in quantity sufficient for the expedition, but it was expected we should be able to add to our larder an occasional haunch of antelope or elk, which in good time we did. So, full of expectation, we bade adieu, not without regret, to our friends at Fort Ellis, and set out upon our quest.

The reader may be reminded here that the Yellowstone River has its head-waters close to the watershed of the continent, among the mountains which, branching out in different directions, include the ranges of the Wind River, Owl Creek, Shoshonee, the Tetons, and other groups that have hardly yet received names. Its course at first is nearly north, passing out of the lake where its upper tributaries collect their drainage, through a series of remarkable cañons till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, after which it bends round to the eastward, and eventually falls into the Missouri. We struck the river just above its lowest cañon in Montana. It is there already a noble stream, winding through a broad alluvial valley, flanked with hills on either side, those on the right or east bank towering up into one of the noblest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Here, as well as on the Madison, we met with illustrations on a magnificent scale of the general law of valley structure, that every gorge formed by the convergence of the hills on either side has an expansion of the valley into a lake-like plain on its upper side. For several hours we rode along this plain among mounds of detritus, grouped in that crescent-shaped arrangement so characteristic of glacier-moraines. Large blocks of crystalline rock, quite unlike the volcanic masses along which we were travelling, lay tossed about

among the mounds. One mass in particular, lying far off in the middle of the valley, looked at first like a solitary cottage. Crossing to it, however, we found it to be only a huge erratic of the usual granitoid gneiss. There could be no doubt about the massiveness of the glaciers that once filled up the valley of the Yellowstone. The moraine mounds extend across the plain and mount the bases of the hills on either side. The glacier which shed them must consequently have been here a mile or more in breadth. All the way up the valley we were on the outlook for evidence as to the thickness of the ice, which might be revealed by the height at which either transported blocks had been stranded, or a polished and striated surface had been left upon the rocks of the valley. We were fortunate in meeting with evidence of both kinds.

I shall not soon forget my astonishment on entering the second cañon. We had made our first camp some way further down, and before striking the tent in the morning had mounted the hills on the left side and observed how the detritus (glacial detritus, as we believed it to be) had been rearranged and spread out into terraces, either by the river when at a much higher level than that at which it now flows, or by a lake which evidently once filled up the broad expansion of the valley between the two lowest cañons. We were prepared, therefore, for the discovery of still more striking proof of the power and magnitude of the old glaciers, but never anticipated that so gigantic and perfect a piece of ice-work as the second cañon was in store for us. From a narrow gorge, the sides of which rise to heights of 1,000 feet or more, the river darts out into the plain which we had been traversing. The rocky sides of this ravine are smoothly polished and striated from the bottom up apparently to the top. Some of the detached knobs of schist rising out of the plain at the mouth of the cañon were as fresh in their ice-polish as if the

glacier had only recently retired from them. The scene reminded me more of the valley of the Aar above the Grimsel than of any other European glacier-ground. As we rode up the gorge with here and there just room to pass between the rushing river and the rocky declivity, we could trace the ice-worn bosses of schist far up the heights till they lost themselves among the pines. The frosts of winter are slowly effacing the surfaces sculptured by the vanished glacier. Huge angular blocks are from time to time detached from the crags and join the piles of detritus at the bottom. But where the ice-polished surfaces are not much traversed with joints they have a marvellous power of endurance. Hence they may have utterly disappeared from one part of a rock-face and remain perfectly preserved on another adjoining part. There could be no doubt now that the Yellowstone glacier was massive enough to fill up the second cañon to the brim, that is to say, it must have been there at least 800 or 1,000 feet thick. But in the course of our ascent we obtained proof that the thickness was even greater than this, for we found that the ice had perched blocks of granite and gneiss on the sides of the volcanic hills not less than 1,600 feet above the present plain of the river, and that it not merely filled up the main valley, but actually over-rode the bounding hills so as to pass into some of the adjacent valleys. That glaciers once nestled in these mountains might have been readily anticipated, but it was important to be able to demonstrate their former existence, and to show that they attained such a magnitude.

The glaciers, however, were after all an unexpected or incidental kind of game. We were really on the trail of volcanic productions, and devoted most of our time to the hunt after them. The valley of the Yellowstone is of high antiquity. It has been excavated partly out of ancient crystalline rocks, partly out of later stratified forma-

tions, and partly out of masses of lava that have been erupted during a long succession of ages. Here and there it has been invaded by streams of basalt, which have subsequently been laboriously cut through by the river. In the whole course of our journey through the volcanic region we found that the oldest lavas were trachytes and their allies, while the youngest were as invariably basalts, the interval between the eruption of the two kinds having sometimes been long enough to permit the older rocks to be excavated into gorges before the emission of the more recent. Even the youngest, however, must have been poured out a long while ago, for they, too, have been deeply trenched by the slow erosive power of running water. But the volcanic fires are not yet wholly extinguished in the region. No lava, indeed, is now emitted, but there are plentiful proofs of the great heat that still exists but a short way below the surface.

Quitting the moraine mounds of the Yellowstone Valley, which above the second cañon become still more abundant and perfect, we ascended the tributary known as Gardiner's River, and camped in view of the hot springs. The first glimpse of this singular scene, caught from the crest of a dividing ridge, recalls the termination of a glacier. A mass of snowy whiteness protrudes from a lateral pine-clad valley, and presents a steep front to the narrow plain at its base. The contrast between it and the sombre hue of the pines all round heightens the resemblance of its form and aspect to a mass of ice. It is all solid rock, however, deposited by the hot water, which, issuing from innumerable openings down the valley, has in course of time filled it up with this white sinter. Columns of steam rising from the mass bore witness, even at a distance, to the nature of the locality. We wandered over this singular accumulation, each of us searching for a pool cool enough to be used as a bath. I found one where the water, after quitting its

conduit, made a circuit round a basin of sinter, and in so doing cooled down sufficiently to let one sit in it. The top of the mound, and indeed those parts of the deposit generally from which the water has retreated and which are therefore dry and exposed to the weather, are apt to crack into thin shells or to crumble into white powder. But along the steep front, from which most of the springs escape, the water collects into basins at many different levels. Each of these basins has the most exquisitely fretted rim. It is at their margins that evaporation proceeds most vigorously and deposition takes place most rapidly, hence the rim is being constantly added to. The colours of these wavy, frill-like borders are sometimes remarkably vivid. The sinter, where moist or fresh, has a delicate pink or salmon-coloured hue that deepens along the edge of each basin into rich yellows, browns, and reds. Where the water has trickled over the steep front from basin to basin, the sinter has assumed smooth curved forms like the sweep of unbroken waterfalls. At many points indeed, as one scrambles along that front, the idea of a series of frozen waterfalls rises in the mind. There are no eruptive springs or geysirs at this locality now, though a large pillar of sinter on the plain below probably marks the site of one. Jack assured us that even since the time he had first been up here, some ten years before, the water had perceptibly diminished.

The contrast between the heat below and the cold above ground at nights was sometimes very great. We used to rise about daybreak and repair to the nearest brook or river for ablution. Sometimes a crust of ice would be found on the pools. One night indeed the thermometer fell to 19°, and my sponge, lying in its bag inside our tent, was solidly frozen so that I could have broken it with my hammer. The camping ground, selected where wood, water, and forage for the animals could be had together, was usually

reached by about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we had still several hours of daylight for sketching, or any exploration which the locality seemed to invite. About sunset Andy's fire had cooked our dinner, which we set out on the wooden box that held our cooking implements. Then came the camp-fire stories, of which our companions had a sufficient supply. Andy, in particular, would never be outdone. Nothing marvellous was told that he could not instantly cap with something more wonderful still that had happened in his own experience. What distances he had ridden! What hairbreadth escapes from Indians he had gone through! What marvels of nature he had seen! And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burnt low or was wakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine logs hewn down by Jack's diligent axe, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my travelling cloak, I used to lie apart for a while, gazing up at that sky, so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost incredibly different from the bleared, cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half-hours with the quiet stars, amid the silence of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

Our mules were a constant source of amusement to us and of execration to Jack and Andy. Andy led the party, with his loaded rifle slung in front of his saddle ready for any service. After him came the string of mules with their packs, followed by Jack, who, with volleys of abuse and frequent applications of a leathern saddle-strap, endeavoured to keep up their pace and preserve them in line. My friend and I varied our position,

sometimes riding on ahead and having the pleasure of first starting any game that might be in our way, more frequently lingering behind to enjoy quietly some of the delicious glades in the forest. But we could never get far out of hearing of the whack of Jack's belt or the fierce whoop with which he would ever and anon charge the rearmost mules and send them scampering on till every spoon, knife, and tin can in the boxes rattled and jingled. The proper packing of a mule is an art that requires considerable skill and practice, and Jack was a thorough master of the craft. After breakfast he used to collect the animals, while Andy made up the packs, and the two together proceeded to the packing. Such tugging and pulling and kicking on the part of men and mules! The quadrupeds, however, whatever their feelings might be, gave no vent to them. But the men found relief in such fusillades of swearing as I had never before heard or even imagined. I ventured one morning to ask whether the oaths were a help to them in the packing. Jack assured me that if I had them mules to pack he'd give me two days, and at the end of that he'd bet I'd swear myself worse than any of them. Another morning Andy was hanging his coat on a branch projecting near the camp fire. The coat, however, fell off the branch, and was, as a matter of course, greeted by its owner with an execration. It was put up again, and again slipped down. This was repeated two or three times, and each time the language was getting fiercer and louder. At last, when the operation was successfully completed, I asked him of what use all the swearing at the coat had been. "Wall, boss," rejoined he triumphantly, "don't ye see the darned thing's stuck up now?" This I felt was, under the circumstances, an unanswerable argument. Western teamsters are renowned for their powers of continuous execration. I myself heard one swear uninterruptedly for about ten minutes at a man who was not

present, but who it seemed was doomed to the most horrible destruction, body and soul, as soon as this bloodthirsty ruffian caught sight of him again, either in this world or the next.

From Gardiner's River we made a *détour* over a long ridge dotted with ice-borne blocks of granite and gneiss, and crossed the shoulder of Mount Washburne by a col 8,867 feet above the sea, descending once more to the Yellowstone River at the head of the Grand Cañon. The whole of this region consists of volcanic rocks, chiefly trachytes, rhyolites, obsidians, and tuffs. We chose as our camping ground a knoll under a clump of tall pines, with a streamlet of fresh water flowing below it in haste to join the main river, which, though out of sight, was audible in the hoarse thunder of its falls. Impatient to see this ravine, of whose marvels we had heard much, we left the mules rolling on the ground and our packers getting the camp into shape, and struck through the forest in the direction of the roar. Unprepared for anything so vast, we emerged from the last fringe of the woods and stood on the brink of the great chasm, silent with amazement.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a ravine from 1,000 to 1,500 feet deep. Where its shelving sides meet at the bottom, there is little more than room for the river to flow between them, but it widens irregularly upwards. It has been excavated out of a series of volcanic rocks by the flow of the river itself. The waterfalls, of which there are here two, have crept backward, gradually eating their way out of the lavas and leaving below them the ravine of the Grand Cañon. The weather has acted on the sides of the gorge, scarping some parts into precipitous crags, and scooping others back, so that each side presents a series of projecting bastions and semi-circular sloping recesses. The dark forests of pine that fill the valley above sweep down to the very brink of the gorge on both sides. Such is the general plan of the place; but it

is hardly possible to convey in words a picture of the impressive grandeur of the scene.

We spent a long day sketching and wandering by the side of the cañon. Scrambling to the edge of one of the bastions and looking down, we could see the river far below, dwarfed to a mere silver thread. From this abyss the crags and slopes towered up in endless variety of form, and with the weirdest mingling of colours. Much of the rock, especially of the more crumbling slopes, was of a pale sulphur yellow. Through this ground-work harder masses of dull scarlet, merging into purple and crimson, rose into craggy knobs and pinnacles, or shot up in sheer vertical walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange colour, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But as the day wanes, the shades of evening sinking gently into the depths blend their livid tints into a strange mysterious gloom, through which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the cañon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching up on their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellower tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of sombre green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado Basin, but for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of colouring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Such at least were the feelings with which we reluctantly left it to resume our journey.

The next goal for which we made was the Geysir Basin of the Firehole River—a ride of two days, chiefly through forest, but partly over bare volcanic hills. Some portions of this ride led into open park-like glades in the forest, where it seemed as if no human foot had ever preceded us; not a trail of any kind was to be seen. Here and there, however, we noticed footprints of bears, and some of the trees had their bark plentifully scratched, at a height of three or four feet from the ground, where, as Jack said, "the bears had been sharpening their claws." Deer of different kinds were not uncommon, and we shot enough to supply our diminishing larder. Now and then we came upon a skunk or a badger, and at night we could hear the mingled bark and howl of the wolves. Andy's rifle was always ready, and he blazed away at everything. As he rode at the head of the party the first intimation those behind had of any game afoot was the crack of his rifle, followed by the immediate stampede of the mules, and a round of execration from Jack. I do not remember that he ever shot anything save one wild duck, which immediately sank, or at least could not be found.

Reaching at length the Upper Geysir Basin, we camped by the river in the only group of trees in the immediate neighbourhood that had not been invaded by the sheets of white sinter which spread out all round on both sides of the river. There were hot springs, and spouting geysirs, and steaming cauldrons of boiling water in every direction. We had passed many openings by the way whence steam issued. In fact in some parts of the route we seemed to be riding over a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. At one place the hind foot of one of the horses went through this crust, and a day or two afterwards, re-passing the spot, we saw it steaming. But we had come upon no actual eruptive geyser. In this basin, how-

ever, there is one geyser which, ever since the discovery of the region some ten years ago, has been remarkably regular in its action. It has an eruption once every hour or a few minutes more. The kindly name of "Old Faithful" has accordingly been bestowed upon it. We at once betook ourselves to this vent. It stands upon a low mound of sinter, which, seen from a little distance, looks as if built up of successive sheets piled one upon another. The stratified appearance, however, is due to the same tendency to form basins so marked at the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River. These basins are bordered with the same banded, brightly coloured rims which, running in level lines, give the stratified look to the mound. On the top the sinter has gathered into huge dome-shaped or coral-like lumps, among which lies the vent of the geyser—a hole not more than a couple of feet or so in diameter—whence steam constantly issues. When we arrived a considerable agitation was perceptible. The water was surging up and down a short distance below, and when we could not see it for the cloud of vapour its gurgling noise remained distinctly audible. We had not long to wait before the water began to be jerked out in occasional spurts. Then suddenly, with a tremendous roar, a column of mingled water and steam rushed up for 120 feet into the air, falling in a torrent over the mound, the surface of which now streamed with water, while its strange volcanic colours glowed vividly in the sunlight. A copious stream of still steaming water rushed off by the nearest channels to the river. The whole eruption did not last longer than about five minutes, after which the water sank in the funnel, and the same restless gurgitation was resumed. Again at the usual interval another eructation of the same kind and intensity took place.

Though the most frequent and regular in its movements, "Old Faithful" is by no means the most imposing

of the geysers either in the volume of its discharge or in the height to which it erupts. The "Giant" and "Beehive" both surpass it, but are fitful in their action, intervals of several days occurring between successive explosions. Both of them remained tantalisingly quiet, nor could they be provoked, by throwing stones down their throats, to do anything for our amusement. The "Castle Geyser," however, was more accommodating. It presented us with a magnificent eruption. A far larger body of water than at "Old Faithful" was hurled into the air, and continued to rise for more than double the time. It was interesting to watch the rocket-like projectiles of water and steam that shot through and out of the main column, and burst into a shower of drops outside. At intervals, as the energy of discharge oscillated, the column would sink a little, and then would mount up again as high as before, with a hiss and roar that must have been audible all round the geyser basin, while the ground near the geyser perceptibly trembled. I had been sketching close to the spot when the eruption began, and in three minutes the place where I had been sitting was the bed of a rapid torrent of hot water rushing over the sinter floor to the river.

Without wearying the reader with details that possess interest only for geologists, I may be allowed to refer to one part of the structure of these geyser mounds which is not a little curious and puzzling—the want of sympathy between closely adjacent vents. At the summit of a mound the top of the subterranean column of boiling water can be seen about a yard from the surface in a constant state of commotion, while at the base of the mound, at a level thirty or forty feet lower, lie quiet pools of steaming water, some of them with a point of ebullition in their centre. There can be no direct connection between these pipes. Their independence is still more strikingly displayed

at the time of eruption, for while the geysir is spouting high into the air, these surrounding pools go on quietly boiling as before. It is now generally acknowledged that the seat of eruptive energy is in the underground pipe itself, each geysir having its peculiarities of shape, depth, and temperature. But it would appear also that at least above this seat of activity there may be no communication even between contiguous vents on the same geysir mound.

Another interesting feature of the locality is the tendency of each geysir to build up a cylinder of sinter round its vent. A few of these are quite perfect, but in most cases they are more or less broken down as if they had been blown out by occasional explosions of exceptional severity. Usually there is only one cylindrical excrescence on a sinter mound; but in some cases several may be seen with their bases almost touching each other. As the force of the geysir diminishes and its eruptions become less frequent the funnel seems to get choked up with sinter, until in the end the hollow cylinder becomes a more or less solid pillar. Numerous eminences of this kind are to be seen throughout the region. Their surfaces are white and crumbling. They look, in fact, so like pillars of salt that one could not help thinking of Lot's wife, and wondering whether such geysir columns could ever have existed on the plains of Sodom. In a rainless climate they might last a long time. But the sinter here, as at Gardiner's River, when no longer growing by fresh deposits from the escaping water, breaks up into thin plates. Those parts of the basin where this disintegration is in progress look as if they had been strewn with pounded oyster-shells.

That the position of the vents slowly changes is indicated on the one hand by the way in which trees are spreading from the surrounding forest over the crumbling floor of sinter, and on the other by the number of dead or

dying trunks which here and there rise out of the sinter. The volcanic energy is undoubtedly dying out. Yet it remains still vigorous enough to impress the mind with a sense of the potency of subterranean heat. From the upper end of the basin the eye ranges round a wide area of bare sinter plains and mounds, with dozens of columns of steam rising on all sides; while even from among the woods beyond an occasional puff of white vapour reveals the presence of active vents in the neighbouring valley. A prodigious mass of sinter has, in the course of ages, been laid down, and the form of the ground has been thereby materially changed. We made some short excursions into the forest, and as far as we penetrated the same floor of sinter was everywhere traceable. Here and there a long extinct geysir mound was nearly concealed under a covering of vegetation, so that it resembled a gigantic ant-hill; or a few steaming holes about its sides or summit would bring before us some of the latest stages in geysir history.

One of the most singular sights of this interesting region are the mud volcanoes, or mud geysirs. We visited one of the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "the Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geysir basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter mounds dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously coloured mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the greyish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank down and disappeared.

But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the cauldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly coloured green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within, and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud. It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano. But, besides our invincible abhorrence of the vandalism that would in any way disturb these natural productions, in our light marching order, the specimen, even had we been barbarous enough to remove it, would soon have been reduced to the condition to which the jolting of the mules had brought our biscuits—that of fine powder. We remained for hours watching the formation of these little volcanoes, and thinking of Leopold von Buch and the old exploded “crater of elevation” theory. Each of these cones was, nevertheless, undoubtedly a true crater of elevation.

Willingly would we have lingered longer in this weird district. But there still lay a long journey before us ere we again could reach the confines of civilisation; we had therefore to resume the march. The Firehole River, which flows through the Geysir Basins, and whose banks are in many places vaporous heaps of sinter, the very water of the river steaming as it flows along, is the infant Madison River, which we had crossed early in the journey far down below its lowest cañon on our way to Fort Ellis. Our route now lay through its upper cañon, a densely-timbered gorge with picturesque volcanic peaks mounting up here and there on either side far above the pines. Below this defile the valley opens out into a little basin, filled

with forest to the brim, and then, as usual, contracts again towards the opening of the next cañon. We forded the river, and, mounting the ridges on its left side, looked over many square miles of undulating pine-tops,—a vast dark-green sea of foliage stretching almost up to the summits of the far mountains. At last, ascending a short narrow valley full of beaver dams, we reached a low flat watershed 7,063 feet above the sea, and stood on the “great divide” of the continent. The streams by which we had hitherto been wandering all ultimately find their way into the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico; but the brooks we now encountered were some of the infant tributaries of the Snake or Columbia River, which drains into the Pacific. Making our way across to Henry’s Fork, one of the feeders of the Snake River, we descended its course for a time. It led us now through open moor-like spaces, and then into seemingly impenetrable forest. For some time the sky towards the west had been growing more hazy as we approached, and we now found out the cause. The forest was on fire in several places. At one part of the journey we had just room to pass between the blazing crackling trunks and the edge of the river. For easier passage we forded the stream, and proceeded down its left bank, but found that here and there the fire had crossed even to that side. Most of these forest fires result from the grossest carelessness. Jack was particularly cautious each morning to see that every ember of our camp fire was extinguished, and that by no chance could the dry grass around be kindled, for it might smoulder on and slowly spread for days, until it eventually set the nearest timber in a blaze. We used to soak the ground with water before resuming our march. These forest fires were of course an indication that human beings, either red or white, had been on the ground not long before us. But we did not come on their trail.

One morning, however—it was the last day of this long march—we had been about a couple of hours in the saddle. The usual halt had been made to tighten the packs, and we were picking our way across a dreary plain of sage brush on the edge of the great basalt flood of Idaho, when Jack, whose eyes were like a hawk's for quickness, detected a cloud of dust far to the south on the horizon. We halted, and in a few minutes Jack informed us that it was a party of horsemen, and that they must be Indians from their way of riding. As they came nearer we made out that there were four mounted Indians with four led horses. Jack dismounted and got his rifle ready. Andy, without saying a word, did the same. They covered with their pieces the foremost rider, who now spurred on rapidly in front of the rest, gesticulating to us with a rod or whip he carried in his hand. "They are friendly," remarked Jack, and down went the rifles. The first rider came up to us, and after a palaver with Jack, in which we caught here and there a word of broken English, we learnt that they were bound for a council of Indians up in Montana.

Four more picturesque savages could not have been desired to complete our reminiscences of the Far West. Every bright colour was to be found somewhere in their costumes. One wore a bright blue coat faced with scarlet, another had chosen his cloth of the tawniest orange. Their straw hats were encircled with a band of down and surmounted with feathers. Scarlet braid embroidered with beads wound in and out all over their dress. Their rifles (for every one of them was fully armed) were cased in richly brodered canvas covers, and were slung across the front of their saddles, ready for any emergency. One of them, the son of a chief whose father Jack had known, carried a twopenny looking-glass hanging at his saddle-bow. We were glad to have seen the noble savage in his war-paint among his

native wilds. Our satisfaction, however, would have been less had we known then what we only discovered when we got down into Utah, that a neighbouring tribe of the Utes were in revolt, that they had murdered the agent and his people, and killed a United States officer and a number of his soldiers, who had been sent to suppress the rising, and that there were rumours of the disaffection spreading into other tribes. We saluted our strangers with the Indian greeting, "How!" whereupon they gravely rode round and formally shook hands with each of us. Jack, however, had no faith in Indians, and after they had left us, and were scampering along the prairie in a bee-line due north, he still kept his eye on them till they entered a valley among the mountains, and were lost to sight. In half an hour afterwards another much larger cloud of dust crossed the mouth of a narrow valley down which we were moving. Waiting a little unperceived to give the party time to widen their distance from us, we were soon once more upon the great basalt plain.

The last section of our ride proved to be in a geological sense one of the most interesting parts of the whole journey. We found that the older trachytic lavas of the hills had been deeply trenched by lateral valleys, and that all these valleys had a floor of the black basalt that had been poured out as the last of the molten materials from the now extinct volcanoes. There were no visible cones or vents from which these floods of basalt could have proceeded. We rode for hours by the margin of a vast plain of basalt, stretching southward and westward as far as the eye could reach. It seemed as if the plain had been once a great lake or sea of molten rock which surged along the base of the hills, entering every valley, and leaving there a solid floor of bare black stone. We camped on this basalt plain near some springs of clear cold water which rise close to its edge. Wandering over the bare hummocks

of rock, on many of which not a vestige of vegetation had yet taken root, I realised with vividness the truth of an assertion made first by Richthofen, but very generally neglected by geologists, that our modern volcanoes, such as Vesuvius or Etna, present us with by no means the grandest type of volcanic action, but rather belong to a time of failing activity. There have been periods of tremendous volcanic energy, when, instead of escaping from a local vent, like a Vesuvian cone, the lava has found its way to the surface by innumerable fissures opened for it in the solid crust of the globe over thousands of square miles. I felt that the structure of this and the other volcanic plains of the Far West furnish the true key to the history of the basaltic plateaux of Ireland and Scotland, which had been an enigma to me for many years.

At last we reached the railway that had been opened only a week or two before. Andy rode on ahead to the terminus, to intimate that we wished to be picked up. In a short while the train came up, and as we sat there in the bare valley near no station, the engine slowed at sight of us. Our two companions were now to turn back and take a shorter route to Fort Ellis, but would be at least ten days on the march. We parted from them not without regret. Rough, but kindly, they had done everything to make the journey a memorably pleasant one to us. We took our seats in the car, and from the window, as we moved away, caught the last glimpse of our cavalcade, Andy in front with a riderless horse, and Jack in the rear with another.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

THE AUTHORISATION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THERE are few, if any, forms of modern enthusiasm which meet with so little sympathy from the general public as the bibliomania of the book-fancier. The grimy and mutilated *editio princeps* for which its owner has given a larger sum than he cares to specify, the bundle of flimsy black-letter ballads which he has laboriously collected from twenty book-stalls, or even the little Elzevirs which he shows to every visitor, possess to him a value which the British public simply cannot understand. The number of persons, if very select, is certainly very limited, to whom the copy of a book printed in the sixteenth century gives more genuine pleasure than a copy of the same book printed within the last ten years, and the affection with which the initiated regard these time-worn and costly curiosities is an affection very difficult for most people to acquire.

There is, however, one series of volumes, three centuries old, which has an historic interest all its own, an interest in which many are able to sympathise who have no due reverence either for black-letter types or for the memory of Elzevir. I refer to the series of English Bibles which is to be found in most good libraries. The first issue of at least five of these Bibles was an event of national importance. "Tyn-dale's New Testament," "The Great Bible," "The Geneva Bible," "The Bishops' Bible," "The Authorised Version"—the publication of each of these has an integral and important place in the history of the Church and realm of England.

Among the indirect results, and they are many, which have already followed from the publication, last May, of the Revised Version of the New Testament, not the least notable has been the interest generally awakened, perhaps for the first time,

in the actual history of the English Bible. The record of what can only be called the "growth" of our English translation of Holy Scripture is a record worth studying. For reasons, theological and literary, which it would be curious to trace, the subject has never received, among what is called "the reading public," the attention it deserves. The issue of a "Revised Version," after a lapse of two hundred and seventy years, has naturally directed men's thoughts to the circumstances which surrounded like events in days gone by, and to the general history of the English Bible; and many, probably, to whom the subject was, a few months ago, utterly unknown, have now awakened to the solemn and pathetic interest of the story.

My object in this article is to throw a few rays of additional light, if possible, upon one short period in that history—the first half of the seventeenth century. The elucidation of that period has an important bearing upon some of the practical questions which are now exercising people's minds with reference to the Revised Version and its use. But it may be well, before I say my say about the seventeenth century, to review the previous history of the English Bible, with special reference to the "authorisation" of its successive versions. A bare summary of the facts is all that can or need be given here.

It seems now to be placed beyond dispute that the first complete copy of the English Bible was that translated from the Latin Vulgate by William Wycliffe. It was "published," if one may use the term, shortly before Wycliffe's death in 1384, and was carefully revised, four years later, by John Purvey. Its reception by the authorities of the Church was not encouraging. The Archbishop of

Canterbury, Arundel, thus describes the man and his work :—

"This is that pestilent wretch of damnable memory, John Wycliffe, son of the old serpent, yea the forerunner and disciple of Antichrist; who, while he lived, walking in the vanity of his mind, not knowing how to direct his steps in the way of righteousness, chose not only to despise the sacred canons and admonitions of his fathers, but also to rend with the efforts of a viper the womb of his Holy Mother, as far as he was able. . . . He, as the complement of his wickedness invented a new translation of the Scriptures into his mother tongue."¹

The transcription and circulation of the book seems, however, to have gone on apace from the very first. In spite of its stern proscription, we learn from Fox how, in the succeeding century—

"Great multitudes tasted and followed the sweetness of God's holy word. . . . Some gave five marks" (said to be equal to 40*l.* in our money) "some more, some less, for a book; some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or of St. Paul in English. . . . To see their travails, their earnest seekings, their burning zeal, their readings, their watchings, their sweet assemblies, . . . may make us now in these days of free profession to blush for shame."²

Strangely enough, this enthusiasm for the Wycliffite version did not result in the early production, even when possible, of a printed English Bible. "Before the end of the fifteenth century," says Canon Westcott,³ "Bibles had been printed in Spanish, Italian, French, Dutch, German, and Bohemian," while England had only her manuscripts.

About the year 1510 the lectures of Erasmus, then professor of Greek at Cambridge, drew thither William Tyndale, "to whom it has been allowed, more than any other man, to give its characteristic shape to the English Bible." The story of his life

and adventures is of absorbing interest, but it cannot be related here. In 1525 appeared his *Newe Testament in English*, translated from the original Greek, and printed on the Continent. In this version were laid the foundation lines upon which every subsequent translator has fashioned his work. Like Wycliffe's translation, it was at once proscribed by the Church authorities. Six editions were actually published before 1530, but so fierce and systematic was the persecution, both now and afterwards, that—

"Of these six editions, numbering perhaps 15,000 copies, there remains, of the first, one fragment only, which was found about thirty years ago attached to another tract; of the second, one copy, wanting the title-page, and, of the others, one or two copies which are not, however, satisfactorily identified."⁴

The proscription of a printed volume, however, is a different matter from the proscription of a manuscript, and the book was indestructible. Before William Tyndale was martyred at Vilvorde in 1536, his "*Newe Testament*" had been twice carefully revised, and original translations of the Pentateuch and of the book of Jonah had been also published. Tyndale died, but the victory had been already won. In a solemn "Assembly," convened by Archbishop Warham in 1530, the general demand for an English Bible was acknowledged in the very terms in which such a translation was prohibited or postponed :—

"The King, by the advice and deliberation of his Council, and the agreement of great learned men, thinketh in his conscience that the divulging of this Scripture at this time in the English tongue to be committed to the people should rather be to the confusion and distraction than to the edification of their souls."⁵

Nor was it possible to postpone it long. In 1537 a complete translation of the Bible was set forth by Miles Coverdale, "with the king's most gracious license." Indeed, the publication of a like edition by Coverdale, two years before, had been tacitly

¹ "Novæ ad suæ malitiæ complementum, Scripturarum in linguam matrem translationis practica adinventum."—Wilkins's *Concilia*, iii. 350. See Boulton's *History of the Church of England*, 320.

² Fox, *Acts and Monuments*, vol. iv. p. 217.

³ *History of the English Bible* (p. 24), from which much of the account here given is abridged.

⁴ *History of the English Bible*, p. 37.

⁵ Wilkins's *Concilia*, iii. 736.

connived at, and the translation actually dedicated to the king.

Almost simultaneously with the publication "under license" of Coverdale's Bible, there appeared a composite English Bible, commonly known as *Matthew's Bible*. This was made up of Tyndale's translation from Genesis to 2 Chronicles (only a small part of which had been published in Tyndale's life), Tyndale's revised New Testament, and the remainder of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha from Coverdale. On August 4th, 1537, Cranmer submitted this Bible, through Crumwell, to the king. On the 28th he writes to Crumwell as follows:—

"These shall be to give you most hearty thanks that any heart can think, and that in the name of them all which favoureth God's word, for your diligence at this time, in procuring the king's highness to set forth the said God's word, and His Gospel by His Grace's authority. For the which act, not only the king's majesty, but also you, shall have a perpetual laud and memory of all them that be now, or hereafter shall be, God's faithful people and the favourers of His word. And this deed you shall hear of at the great day when all things shall be opened and made manifest."¹

Thus Tyndale's Bible, proscribed and publicly burnt in 1525, was practically authorised, just thirteen years later, by some of the very men under whom it had been condemned.

From this time forward the course was comparatively clear. "Matthew's Bible" was essentially a transitional work, and it became evident that a revised version was imperatively required for public use. The revision of the whole was wisely committed to Miles Coverdale, and in 1539-40 was published, in handsome folio, under the direct authority of Crumwell and the king, a series of editions, substantially the same, and commonly known and described as *The Great Bible*. The "authorisation" had meanwhile assumed a more definite form. The king had issued injunctions, in 1537, through Crumwell, that—

"Every parson or proprietary of any parish church within this realm shall . . . provide a

book of the whole Bible both in Latin and English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein, and shall discourage no man from reading any part of the Bible, either Latin or English, but rather comfort, exhort, and admonish every man to read the same as the very word of God, the spiritual food of man's soul."²

With the second, and all subsequent editions of this "Great Bible," the name of Archbishop Cranmer is inseparably connected. The preface—which does not appear in the first edition—was his handiwork, and the volume is, not uncommonly, referred to as "Cranmer's Bible." The title-page of the fourth edition of the Great Bible shows alike the character claimed for it, and the historical importance which attaches to its publication:—

"The Byble in Englyshe of the largest and greatest volume, auctorysed and apoynted by the commandement of oure moost redoubted Prynce and Soveraygne Lorde Kynge Henrye the VIII. supreme heade of this his Church and Realme of Englande; to be frequented and used in every church w^{ith} this his sayd realme accordynge to the tenour of his former iniunctions geven in that behalfe. Overseene and perused at the comaundemēt of the kynges hyghnes, by the ryghte reverende fathers in God Cuthbert, bysshop of Duresme and Nicholas Bisshop of Rochester. . . Cum privilegio, 1541. Fynyshed in November anno mccccxli. *A Dñō factū est istud.*"

In one respect, at least, this Bible has a lasting interest for the Church of England. From it is taken the Psalter which is incorporated in our Prayer Book, and which it is impossible to suppose will ever be displaced. In its incomparable tenderness and sweetness "we can yet find the spirit of him whose work it mainly is, full of humility and love, not heroic, or creative, but patient to accomplish, by God's help the task which had been set him to do, and therefore best in harmony with the tenour of our own daily lives."

After the publication of the Great Bible there was a pause of nearly twenty years. The reaction under Mary checked the work in England, but the enforced absence of many

¹ Cranmer's *Letters*, 198. Parker Society.

² Cranmer's *Letters*, 198, note.

of the English reformers gave them an opportunity which might not have been theirs under happier circumstances. Englishmen were, for the second time, driven to claim the shelter of a foreign home, in order to carry on work for God's glory and man's good which they dared not do in their own country. At Geneva, then the seat of a society of devoted and skilful biblical students, the work of translation went on more vigorously than ever. The result was the publication, in 1560, of the *Geneva Bible*,¹ which was, for more than sixty years, the household Bible of the English people. The reasons for its popularity are not hard to discover. It was published at once in a smaller and therefore cheaper form than its predecessors; it substituted Roman type for black letter; its chapters were divided into verses; and a marginal commentary accompanied the text. Though dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, the Geneva Bible was never, in any sense save that of usage, "authorised" in the Church of England. The controversial character of its marginal notes, which were deeply marked with the spirit of their Genevan birthplace, effectually prevented any such royal or episcopal imprimatur.²

The "Great Bible" was at first allowed to retain, under Elizabeth, the place it had held under Edward, as the authorized Bible for ecclesiastical use. But the wide circulation of the Genevan edition made its defects generally known, and Archbishop Parker took measures, on the earliest opportunity, for a complete revision of the old translation. Under his personal direction the *Bishops' Bible* was, after five years' labour, published in 1568, in a magnificent and highly

embellished³ volume, "*cum privilegio regie majestatis*." Of the revisers eight were bishops, and from them the version derived its popular title. On its publication the Archbishop endeavoured to obtain an official recognition of it from the Queen.

"If your honour (Cecil) would obtain of the Queen's highness that this edition might be licensed and only (= alone) commended in public reading in churches, to draw to one uniformity, it were no great cost to the most parishes, and a relief to the printer for his great charges sustained. The Psalters might remain in quires, as they be much multiplied, but where of their own accord they would use this translation."⁴

There is no evidence to show whether the Queen returned any answer to this petition. It was ordered, however, in the "Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical" of 1571.

"That every Archbishop and Bishop should have at his house a copy of the Holy Bible or the largest volume, as lately printed at London . . . and that it should be placed in the hall or the large dinning-room, that it might be useful to their servants or to strangers."

It was also enjoined that each cathedral should have a copy, and the same provision was extended, "as far as it could be conveniently done," to all churches.⁵

By this means the "Bishops' Bible" seems soon to have displaced the "Great Bible" in most parish churches. But that was all. That it was never in favour with the people is evident, among other things, from a comparison of the various editions of the two current Bibles published between 1568 and 1611. The demand for the Genevan Bible more than quadrupled that for its rival.⁶

To this rivalry, however, is mainly due the *Authorised Version* of James I.,

¹ Popularly known as the *Breeches Bible*, from the translation of Genesis iii. 7.

² e.g. In the note upon Rev. ix. 3, "locusts" are explained as meaning "false teachers, heretics, and worldly subtil prelates, with monks, friars, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, doctors, bachelors, and masters, which forsake Christ to maintain false doctrine."

³ Professor Plumptre has called attention to the incongruous character of the illustrations which appear in some editions of the Bishops' Bible, including, in the initial letters, woodcuts of Neptune, and of Leda and the Swan. (Smith's *Dict. of the Bible*, iii. 1674, note.)

⁴ *Parker Correspondence*, Letter 257. Park. Soc.

⁵ Westcott, 104.

⁶ *Ibid.* 110.

which has held its place, almost unchallenged, for two centuries and a half. The history of its publication has been so often told within the last few months that it is unnecessary to repeat it here in any detail. It had its origin in the Hampton Court Conference in 1604, when the Puritan representatives pressed their demand for a new, or at least, a revised translation. The project, congenial to his disposition, was readily embraced by the King, though he showed a characteristic caution as to details. A wise selection of fifty-four scholars was made for the work, and elaborate rules were laid down for their guidance. In the preface, which modern printers have unaccountably omitted to publish, while they continue to reproduce the inferior "dedication," Dr. Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester,¹ gives, in the name of his colleagues, an interesting account of the revisers' work.

The volume was published from the press of R. Barker, in 1611. There is no occasion to say anything here of the incomparable merits of this "well of English undefiled." But one question connected with its publication has been the subject, this year, of keen inquiry and vigorous debate, and this it may be worth our while to examine with what care we can.

Was the "Authorised Version" of 1611 ever "authorised" at all? and if so, what did its authorisation imply? At first sight the facts seem to be quite clear. The title-page speaks for itself. The Book is said to be "newly translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, by his Majesty's special command. *Appointed to be read in churches.*" But when we turn to the records, ecclesiastical or civil, of the year 1611, no trace is discoverable of any public and formal sanction given to the new

version, either by Parliament, or by Convocation, or by the Privy Council, or by the King. The present Lord Chancellor, having had his attention called to the subject by the Bishop of Lincoln, comments upon this point with great care, arguing—(1.) That the "authorization" may probably have been by order in council; (2.) that, if so, the record of the order probably perished in a fire which took place at Whitehall on January 12th, 1618; (3.) That it is unlikely that the king's printer would have inserted on the title-page the words "appointed to be read in churches" if the fact were not really so. (*Times*, June 3, 1881.)

And the argument seems unanswerable, so far as it goes. But a further question remains; granted that, before the insertion of these six words upon the title-page, some order must have been given by some one, authorising the public use of the new version; does it necessarily follow that the order was compulsory and not merely permissive? The original order, whatever it was, or by whomsoever given, has perished, and it is only by indirect evidence that we can gather what its terms may have been. This evidence, as I hope to show, is not confined to the words so often quoted from the title-page of the original edition. It is, I think, of three sorts—(1.) The actual title-pages of the early editions. (2.) The quotations from Holy Scripture in the published sermons and books of the succeeding half century. (3.) The official "inquiries" made by bishops and others during the same period, together with any contemporary or subsequent allusions to the new translation.

(1.) First, then, as to the oft-quoted title-page itself. It is commonly supposed, and has been frequently stated, that the words "appointed to be read in churches" appear upon the title-pages of every edition. This, however, is a mistake. They are found, it is true, in a large number of early copies, including those of the first folio edition of 1611. But they are

¹ This connection of the See of Gloucester with the history of the English Bible has been now revived in the indefatigable labours of the present Bishop as Chairman of the N. T. Revision Company.

absent from the title-pages of eight at least, among the editions of the first few years.¹ All, therefore, that can be said with certainty is that the printer, in issuing the first editions of the New Translation, sometimes, but not always, added to its title-page the words "*Appointed to be read in Churches.*" The formula, to whatever Act or Order it referred, was apparently his own, or, at all events, we have no evidence to the contrary. Its exact interpretation must therefore be determined from such other evidence as we are able to collect.

It may be worth noticing, in this connection, that the title-page of the first book of Homilies, published in 1547, runs as follows:—"Certaine sermons or Homilies *appoynted by the kinge's majestie to be declared and redde* by all persones uicars or curates every Sōday in their churches where thei have cure. Anno 1547." Subsequent editions have a similar title. In 1623, for example, when the two books of Homilies were published for the first time in one volume, the title runs thus: "Certaine sermons or Homilies *appointed to be read in churches* In the time of the late Queene Elizabeth of famous memory, and here thought fit to be reprinted by authority from the king's most excellent Majestie." The six words in question, therefore were prefixed to the Homilies as well as to King James's Bible. How far the order was, in their case, compulsory, is apparent from the rubric which directs, "Then shall follow the sermon or one of the Homilies already set forth or hereafter to be set forth by authority." The Rubric of 1549 ran as follows: "After the creed ended shall follow the sermon or Homily, or some portion of one of the Homilies, wherein," &c. The authorisation of the Homi-

lies, then, which, like the King's Bible, were "*appointed to be read in churches,*" was distinctly permissive, and not compulsory. It was always open to the duly licensed priest to substitute a sermon for the "appointed" Homily. A similar instance, perhaps even more to the point, may be found in the concurrent use, during the last century, of alternative versions of the metrical Psalter, two at least of which were "allowed by authority."²

(2.) I pass to the second point, the evidence derived from the quotations of Holy Scripture by preachers and others in the years which followed the issue of the Authorised Version. I have examined more than fifty sermons preached between the years 1611 and 1630, and I find the results to be briefly as follows. In twenty-seven of these sermons the preacher takes his text from the Genevan Version, and in five from the Bishops' Bible. Of the remainder, only about one half quote from the Authorised Version, the texts of eleven sermons being apparently translated or adapted by the preacher himself. Among those who preach from the Genevan Version are the following:—Bishop Andrewes (in 1618–22–23–24); William Laud, then Bishop Designate of St. David's (in 1621); Bishop Carleton, of Chichester (in 1624); Bishop Hall (in 1613 and 1624); Dean Williams, of Salisbury (in 1619); besides many others of less note. The Bishops' Bible is used by Bishop Andrewes (in

¹ The following words appear on the title-pages of Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalter for at least 200 years:—"Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning prayer, as also before and after Sermons, and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballades, which tend onely to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth."

Tate and Brady's Psalter (first published in 1696), has the following:—"At the Court at Kensington, Dec. 3, 1696. . . . His Majesty . . . is pleased to order in Council . . . that the said New Version be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be used in all churches, chapels, and congregations as shall think fit to receive the same."

² Viz.: Second folio, 1611; 8vo, 1612; folio, 1613; 4to, 1613; 8vo, 1613; Black-letter 4to, 1613; N. T. 12mo, 1611; N. T. 4to, 1612. For the details of this statement, and for several other particulars, I am indebted to the help of Mr. Fortescue, of the British Museum.

1614), by Bishop Buckeridge, of Rochester (in 1626) and by Dr. Gryffith Williams (in 1624). These names suffice to show that it was not merely by "country parsons," who might know no better, that the older translations continued to be publicly used long after the Authorised Version had appeared.

The circumstances of some of the sermons are not less significant. Bishop Hall's sermon in 1613 is "An holy panegyric, preached at St. Paul's Cross on the anniversary of the happy inauguration of King James." It is in "A farewell sermon preached to the family of Prince Henry, on the day of their dissolution" (*sic*) that the same prelate in 1624 takes his text from the Genevan translation of Rev. xxi. 3. William Laud, just before his consecration in 1621, preaches before the king at Whitehall from the Genevan Version. In 1620 Radford Maureche uses the same translation in preaching before the University of Oxford, and George Langford before that of Cambridge.

Can these facts be reasonably reconciled with the theory that from 1611 onwards the Authorised Version, and that alone, was read in all the churches and chapels throughout England? Of course it does not follow that, because a preacher took his text from the version with which his hearers were most familiar, that version must also have been read in the lessons for the day. But it is difficult to believe that men like Laud, and Andrewes, and Hall, "ready above all things, to uphold the king's commandment," should deliberately, and in the actual presence of the king, have quoted, without excuse or explanation, from a version, the public use of which was absolutely prohibited.

A thorough examination of the tracts, and other devotional and controversial literature, published in the first half of the seventeenth century, would lead, I am persuaded, to similar conclusions to those which may be

drawn from the sermons of the day. Bishop Hall's *Meditations*, for example, published in 1624, furnish a case in point. Though the "headings," when the words are given, are usually taken from the Authorised Version, the quotations in the body of the book are almost always from the Geneva Bible. Again, in a tract entitled, "The Ancient Ecclesiastical Practice of Confirmation, written upon occasion of the Confirmation of the Prince His Highnesse, performed on Monday in Easter week, 1613, in the Chapel at Whitehall, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells," and "*published by authority*," the author, Dr. George Hakewill, "His Highnesse Chaplaine in ordinaire," quotes from the Geneva Version only. It would be tedious to multiply examples. The fact, I think, is beyond dispute, that for twenty years at least, after the "authorisation" of King James's Bible, the versions previously in use continued to be publicly quoted at least as frequently as the new translation. The inference seems clear that the authorisation was permissive and not compulsory.

(3.) I turn to the consideration of the official "Inquiries" and "Visitation Articles," of Bishops and Archdeacons, published during the seventeenth century. I have examined more than a hundred of these in the British Museum, at Lambeth, and elsewhere. The usual inquiry as to the Bible runs somewhat as follows:—"Have you, in your churches or chapels, the whole Bible of the largest volume, and latest edition?" the last three words being frequently omitted in the earlier part of the century, but becoming almost universal towards its close. I may summarise, thus, the statistics I have collected. Of twenty-four "inquiries" between 1612 and 1641, thirteen Bishops and Archdeacons ask for "a Bible of the latest edition," or "of the last translation," while twelve ask only for "a Bible of the largest volume," in accordance with what had been the usual form

of the question prior to 1611.¹ Among the latter are Bishop Neile of Lincoln (1614); Bishop Williams, of Lincoln (1631); Bishop Duppa, of Chichester (1638); and the Archdeacons of London, York, and Colchester (1640). Archbishop Abbot, in his metropolitanical visitation in 1616, asks only for "the whole Bible of the largest volume," though, three years later, in a visitation of the Diocese of Canterbury, he carefully refers to "the Bible of the New Translation, lately set forth by His Majesty's authority." Archbishop Laud, however, in a Diocesan visitation in 1634, departing from the form adopted by his predecessor, asks only for "the whole Bible of the largest volume."

In the "Inquiries," subsequent to the Restoration, "the last translation" is almost always specified. Among twenty-six visitation inquiries issued in the year 1662, I can find only one Bishop (George Griffith, of St. Asaph) who is content with "a Bible of the largest volume;" and "the last translation" continues to be asked for, even in the early years of the eighteenth century. Almost the only exception is Bishop Compton, of London, who, alike in 1677 and in 1693, asks only for "a fair Bible."

I submit that these statistics point to the same conclusion as that drawn from the sermons and tracts of the time, namely, that it was only after the new translation had, by its own merits, won its way, that its adoption, even in our churches, became general, and that the Bishops, fortified by public opinion, felt themselves justified in insisting upon its universal use.

It is strange that among all the literature we possess, belonging to the first half of the seventeenth century, so little should have been brought to light which bears directly upon this question of "authorisation."

Thomas Fuller's account of the issue of the new version is, as usual, quaint and interesting. He is full of admiration of the work, and of the

"industry, skilfulness, piety, and discretion," of the translators.

"These, with Jacob, have rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life, so that now even Rachels, weak women, may freely come, both to drink themselves and water the flocks of their families at the same."²

Referring to the complaints brought against the book, he says—

"Some of the brethren were not well pleased with this translation, suspecting it would abate the repute of that of Geneva, with their annotations made by English exiles in that city in the days of Queen Mary, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and printed with the general liking of the people, above thirty times over."³

This account of the "suspicion" that the book "would abate the repute of that of Geneva," gives a different picture of the position of the new version from that in which it has been commonly represented, as at once superseding by authority every rival translation.

I have not had an opportunity of examining any detailed record of the discussions which took place at the Synod of Dort in November, 1618. The English divines seem there to have given a full account of the revision, and it is possible that a careful examination of the extant letters of Hales or Balcanquhall may throw some light upon this vexed question.

"The New Translation" was again referred to at the Savoy Conference in 1661, when one of the "objections" urged by the Puritan divines to the Book of Common Prayer, was

"That in regard of the many defects observed in the version of the Scriptures used in the liturgy, they move these misperfections may be struck out, and the new translation allowed by authority, substituted instead of the former."⁴

It is urged⁵ that, in seventeenth century language, to "allow" sometimes meant to "approve" or even to "enjoin"; and that, therefore, the words, "allowed by authority," must not be pressed in their modern sense, as implying a merely permissive sanc-

¹ Vol. iii. p. 246.

² *Ibid.* p. 247.

³ Collier, viii. 406.

⁴ Vide *Guardian*, June 29, 1881, p. 926.

⁵ See also the wording of the 80th Canon of 1603.

tion for the new translation. It will not, however, be denied that the word, as then used, is at least capable of being interpreted in what is now its ordinary meaning, and if the permissive character of the authorisation can be supported by independent evidence, the sentence in question must be given its full weight on the same side.

Such, briefly, are some of the positive arguments which appear to show that the Authorised Version was not at once imposed upon the Church of England, so as absolutely to forbid, in the public service, the use of any one of the older translations.

I believe the new version to have made its way rather by its own merits than by any external authority, and I claim to have shown that, for twenty years at least after its publication, its use was far from being general in the Church.

We have now again a "Revised Version" of the New Testament, to be followed by the Old Testament in a year or two at most. With a timidity unknown to our forefathers, we are afraid of having two versions running side by side, and there would seem to be a wish, on the part of many Churchmen, that the new volume, after the ten years labour which our best scholars have spent upon it, should be relegated to our shelves as a book of reference, to which the English reader may apply when puzzled, but which can never become his household Bible. It is urged that to place different translations and various readings in the hands of the men and women of England, is to undermine their faith. Compare with this unworthy fear the spirit which animated our Reformers three centuries ago. Application was made to Archbishop Parker and Bishop Grindal, in 1565, to support Bodley's application for a license to reprint the Geneva Version. They at once wrote a joint letter to Cecil in its favour. The "Great Bible" lay in the Churches of England; the "Bishops' Bible" was soon to be pub-

lished; but in the meantime Parker writes that it "would nothing hinder, but rather doo much good, to have diversity of translations and readings."¹ Were men's minds of such robust stuff in Parker's days, that what then "would doo much good," must now do much harm? Was their faith so much more rational than ours?

"But," it is urged, "there are translations in the new revision which will never be accepted; there are mannerisms; there are mistakes: the work is marred by many faults; it can never hold its own against our old incomparable English Bible." Be it so. If the work is inferior to that which preceded it, it will not hold its own. But at least we are bound to give it a fair trial, and to remember that there were like critics 270 years ago. Let one of the foremost of the Revisers speak for himself—

"Was not our present Authorized Version—which all men now with justice estimate so highly—decried on its first appearance, accused of faults which it had and faults which it had not—of bad English, of bad scholarship, of bad theology? Did not almost every one say then, as almost every one says now, 'The old is better'? Nay, if the recent revisers are surprised at all by the public criticisms on their work, it is by their mildness, not by their harshness. Judging by the experience of the past, they looked for a far more severe verdict on their work than has been pronounced. Why then did they undertake this thankless task with their eyes open? Why, except that there is a power, a life, a spell, in that book, which drew them by its magic? They held it an honour and a privilege, as well as an obligation, to do what they could to set that book before the English-speaking people in the best form which improved scholarship and enlarged knowledge suggested. And now, with a feeling akin to that which suggested the words to Bede's young amanuensis eleven or twelve centuries ago, they say thankfully, 'It is finished.'"²

In nothing more certainly than in the honest rivalry of Biblical translation may we count upon "*the survival of the fittest.*"

RANDALL T. DAVIDSON.

¹ *Parker Correspondence*, Letter 202.

² Sermon by the Bishop of Durham at Jarrow, June 29, 1881.

LYRICAL POETRY OF MODERN GREECE.

MANY writers of eminence in classic literature, have of late years so ably advocated the advantages to be derived from studying the modern language of Greece conjointly with the old forms, that little more can be advanced upon that subject. The beauty and euphony of the language as it is now spoken, may be sufficient eventually to commend it for acceptance as the best guide to the true pronunciation of the ancient language—for which indeed there really exists no other guide; but that result cannot readily be obtained without a warm appreciation of the revival, and belief in the existence of a growing literature. The chief obstacle is the difficulty of persuading the public that there will ever be, much more that there is, any literature in New Hellas which will render its study a grateful one.

It is almost universally believed, except by an enthusiastic minority, that to entertain the idea that there can ever possibly be a resuscitation of Greek literature, especially of poetry, is utterly chimerical; nor is this merely the opinion of the world at large, from whom an adverse judgment on such a point might naturally be expected, but it is one which has been openly enunciated by a Greek man of letters, a member of the Academy of Athens, who has confidently asserted that it is quite vain to hope that a great poet will ever arise in New Hellas.

To minds bound up in an exclusive admiration of a literature so sublime as that of Old Greece, the bare suggestion of such a possible revival seems an absurd conceit, since in their estimation the past glories of a noble race are sufficient to crush out every attempt, of whatever kind, in those who dare to claim from it a descent and a heritage. They would say, "It is hopeless to expect green

boughs and ripening fruit from a withered trunk, which, although in former ages it might have reared its amply spreading branches into space, is now completely dry and lifeless, How can one recognise any kinship in saplings springing up around roots so long since decayed?"

But a noble ancestry is as often paralysing in its effects upon its descendants, as it is stimulating to noble deeds. There is a pride that tends to indolence, as there is also one that calls forth activity; and in the list of great names, those men shine forth as the greatest, who have made those names for themselves, who have not therefore been burthened with the necessity of rivalling their ancestors, and whose growth has consequently not been stunted and dwarfed into insignificance, by the overshadowing of a mighty progenitor. That sons do not equal their great fathers, besides being pretty generally apparent, is an old dogma enough. Athene, when she wishes to stimulate Telemachus by reminding him that he is the son of Odusseus and Penelope, takes care to add that she does not expect to find their perfections in him, as sons so very seldom excel, nay, are generally inferior to, their celebrated sires:—

“Παῦροι γάρ τοι παῖδες ὁμοῖοι πατρὶ πέλονται·
Οἱ πλεόνες κακέλους· παῦροι δὲ τε πατρὸς
ἀρείους.”

Ὀδυσ. Β'. 276.

On the other hand the laudable emulation of being worthy of a good parentage is not without its advantages, and if the Hellenes of to-day have been, and still are, too clamorous in asserting their rights to be considered the legitimate offspring of Old Greece, and heirs to all her wealth of intellect, it is excusable, although it may be injudicious. The fruits of the tree will declare of what stock it is,

and no labelling "Ribstone Pippin" will avail, if wild crabs cluster on the branches. And if the Greeks of to-day are seedlings from that ancient tree, we should naturally look rather for the variations which seedlings often develop, than for a mere reproduction of the parent stock. If attempts are made to force the seedlings into untimely growth, or to imitate the proportions and configuration of the majestic parent tree, there will necessarily be great disappointment and failure. The seedlings will have to learn that they are but seedlings, and must patiently wait until the quality of their fruits can be tested. There is however visible in the awakening of the literature of New Hellas that one essential element, without which nothing great in Art or Poetry can be produced, namely enthusiasm; and this, if it be not expended upon fruitless objects and extravagant aims, will not fail in its usual results.

It has, nevertheless, been suggested that all the present literary activity of Modern Greece, and all its poetical aspirations, are due to the fostering care of her academies, and of Athens as a centre; and are not the spontaneous effects of genius, of which they show but little, but the outcome of an artificial growth, stimulated and kept alive by literary contests and awards, and producing in the end a crowd of teachers, grammarians, and writers of birthday and anniversary patriotic odes. Much poetic effort would doubtless result from such stimulus, though it would be vain to hope for any manifestation of genius therefrom. The same average amount of talent would probably be elicited as is usually evoked by examinations; which, of whatever use they may be for the purposes of testing culture, are worthless for the production of genius, who is an erratic child, born of freedom, and not often of the schools. But if in poetical contests, patriotic poems and birthday odes never ascend much above mediocrity, yet by their stimulus an

impetus may be given, which shall penetrate for good into some remote and unexpected corner. Without education, without the happy conjunction of circumstances, latent powers remain latent. Nature, or events, or the awakening of emotions may kindle the slumbering fire; but failing such, it smoulders away, its occasional sparks causing restlessness and disquietude to none but the possessor, who may be partially conscious of his gift. Abject surroundings, ignorance, misery, slavery, tyranny, may make the themes of the poet, but not the poet himself.

In the long Byzantine sleep of luxury, and in the slavery consequent upon it, a great poet was hardly to be expected from the Greek race; but nevertheless the spirit of Poetry was not extinguished, it showed itself occasionally in those wild ballads that stored up and kept alive the spirit of freedom and love of country, on many a hill top where the Klephts had their strongholds. Klephts and Klephtic ballads no longer commend themselves to our sympathies; but a little consideration may convince us that if the spirit which animated the few, in the days of their final struggle with the Ottomans, had existed in the majority of the Greeks, history might have had a different tale to record. The Klephts anyhow scorned safety at the price of liberty, and holding their lives in their hands, suffered many extremes, lived like the wild beasts, and were hunted down as such, as many of their songs express:—

"Ὡς πότε παλληκάρια, νὰ ζῶμεν 'ς τὰ στενά,
Μονάχοι 'σάν λεοντάρια, 'ς ταῖς βράχαις, 'ς τὸ
βουνά;
Σπηλιὰς νὰ κατοικοῦμεν, νὰ βλέπωμεν κλαδί
Νὰ φεύγωμ' ἀπ' τὸν κόσμον γιὰ τὴν πιερὴ
σκληριά;
Νὰ χάνωμεν πατρίδα, ἀδελφία καὶ γονεῖς.
Τοὺς φίλους, τὰ παιδιὰ μας κ' ὅλους τοὺς
συγγενεῖς;
Καλὴτέρα μᾶς ὥρα εὐλεύθερη ζωή,
Παρὰ σαρὰντα χρόνων σκληριά καὶ φυλακή."

"Thus then, as Pallikars, we will live in the wilds, with the beasts, on rocks and mountains, dwelling in caves with boughs to cover

us, fleeing from the world on account of bitter slavery, and for that we lose our fatherland, wives, parents, friends, children, and all our kindred. But better a free life for one hour than forty ages of slavery and chains."

The writer of the spirited poem from which the above lines are taken, was the unfortunate Rhegas, the proto-martyr of Greek independence, whose whole life was devoted to the one cause of freeing his country. Born in Thessaly, in 1754, the impression upon his early years of the effect of subjugation must have been vivid, for he left his home at ten years of age and went to Bucharest, where he studied; nor ever again, until the hour when he was delivered up to the Ottoman power by Austria, returned to his place of birth. Living or dead, however, his songs were firebrands thrown amongst combustible elements, and it was from the above poem that Lord Byron took his *Sons of the Greeks, arise*, which, however, lost much of its fire even by his translation. The unbearable yoke which drove the more untamable natures to a robber life, justified them not only in their own eyes, but in those of many who sympathised with their cause. Theirs was at least the home of liberty, there was the spirit of patriotism nursed, and it was songs such as the above that, spreading amongst the enslaved people, kept alive the hopes of some future deliverance. To them, conjoined with other causes, the rising was due, and the independence of Greece is mainly indebted to those hill-robbers. But the era of Klephtic ballads is over; robbers, even with patriotism as their watchword, are no longer either admired or tolerated, and modern taste revolts from the bloody thoughts and images contained in those songs. It is not with Klephtic ballads that there can in this day be any possible sympathy; but the muse of New Hellas has left the heights, and has domiciled herself by the hearth. It was a happy thought of a subsequent writer,¹—himself fortunate enough to

¹ Konstantinos Pikkolos, born in Bulgaria in 1792; died in Paris, 1864.

behold the freedom of his country secured, and the first fruits of a new dawn appearing—to parody the celebrated war-song of Rhegas, and to call upon the Greeks, *not* to take up arms, but science and learning; *not* to shed the blood of their enemies, but to leave them to ignorance, thus transposing the refrain

"Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν!
Τὸ αἷμα τῶν ἐχθρῶν
Ἄς ρεῦσῃ πρὸ ποδῶν!"

"Greeks, arise! and let the blood of your enemies flow before your feet,"

into—

"Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν!
Φῶς ἀναλάβωμεν
Τὸ φοβερόν
Τῆς Ἀμαθείας
Νά μείν' εἰς τὸν ἐχθρόν."

"Greeks, arise! rekindle the light, and let the burden of ignorance remain with the enemy."

It is however in love-songs and poems of the affections that the muse of New Hellas is most successful; whenever she attempts too high a flight, and indulges in appeals to the mighty past, or in endeavours to recall it, she becomes rhapsodical. Among the writers of lyrics none has hitherto had more power than Christopoulos; unhappily, however, his themes do not always commend themselves, some of his most spirited effusions are Bacchanalian; and although potations are not yet obsolete, songs to the god of wine belong to a society that is past.

But his love-songs have the same easy flow and brightness; they remind us of Horace in their lightness and grace, and of Horace also, in the fact that they seldom show much depth of feeling. They evince a careless joyousness, with a determination to get the best out of life.

There is in one or two a sturdy and witty protest against the advance of age, and the approach of gray hairs being considered any drawback in a lover. *White* is the favourite colour with Eros, the myrtle sacred to

Aphrodite is *white*, and so too was Leda's swan—with many similar conceits which might serve as arguments for ancient suitors. The following is a crude endeavour to render into English a sparkling little poem entitled, *Fellow Travellers* (Σύτροφοι).

Eros, and old God Time,
And my sweet love and I,
Up hill, in morning's prime,
Together walked one day.

My love she lagged behind
Upon the stony way,
Whilst Eros passed—(unkind!)
With old Time quickly by.

"Dear Eros, why so fast?
Tarry a while I pray.
Will not thy patience last
Throughout one summer's day?"

And then with wings outspread,
As though they meant to fly,
Waving their pinions overhead
They raised them to the sky.

"Friends! Friends! Oh, whither flee ye?
Why this unseemly race?
My love, she cannot, see ye,
Keep up with such a pace."

Then Eros, turning round,
Said, "Such our usual way,
Ever I think 'tis found,
With Time I fly away."

As the sea, after the mountains, is the most marked feature in every scene of Greece, and that which is the source of so much of its beauty, so in its poems, this strong physical characteristic is most prominent. The two following songs from Solomos, the author of the *Hymn to Freedom*—a hymn above the average of such odes—are given as examples. It is to be remarked, in these and other songs, that it is the lady who is lost to, or has left her lover; and in this respect they differ from songs of the same character among ourselves, in which it is the maiden who bewails some youth whom the ruthless sea has swallowed up, or who has gone far away, and whose return seems doubtful.

ΕΥΡΥΚΟΜΗ.

"O sea! when wilt thou bring again Eurykome to me!
Long have I waited on thy shore,
With strained and wearied eyes; O broad deep sea!
Going, and still returning evermore.

"Oh, bear her, bear her to me!" so, longing
Thyrsus spoke,
And knelt and kissed the beating wave,
Kissed the salt foam o'er brow and cheek
that broke,
Nor knew he kissed Eurykome's cold grave."

ΧΑΝΘΟΥΛΑ.

"I saw, I saw Xanthoula,
I saw her yester eve,
As she stepped into the little boat,
When she was taking leave.

"A gentle breeze a-blowing,
Filled the white sails on high,
And they looked like a snowy dove
Opening its wings to fly.

"Her friends stood sadly gazing;
But joy was on her face,
As she waved her kerchief, bidding
Them all farewell with grace.

"And I stood, and heard her farewell,
And the boat it skimm'd away,
And bore her to another shore,
As it glided out of the bay,

"By little, and by little, till
At last I did not know,
If 'twas the foaming sea I saw,
Or the boat with the sails of snow.

"But when both boat and kerchief
Were lost in wave and sky,
Her friends they wept in sorrow;
And silently wept I.

"I wept not for the little boat,
Nor the sails that I saw no more;
I wept for fair Xanthoula,
Who went to a distant shore.

"I wept not for the little boat,
With the snowy sails so fair;
I wept for my Xanthoula,
With the waving golden hair."

As a further illustration of the frequency of this conjoint image—the sea, and the loss of a lady love—I subjoin the following song of Sala-

kostas, entitled "Her Departure"
(ἡ ἀναχώρησις τῆς) :—

I woke, they said the much-loved maid was
gone.
With the salt waves, evermore
Breaking tideless on that shore,
I held sad converse, making there my moan.
"Ah," sighed the first that gently laved
my feet,
"I bore her on my breast,
Hence now my deep uarest,
And thus I thee in kindred sorrows meet."
"Her eyes were dimmed with tears," I said,
"Oh why?"
To the next wave that onward prest.
Shaking the pearl drops from its crest,
"She left a much-loved youth," it made reply.
"If loved, why did she leave me here to
mourn?"
I asked a third proud wave;
But answer none it gave,
And with loud tossings passed along in
scorn.

The next specimen, *Τὸ Φῶλημα*, is also
from the pen of Salakostas. *The Kiss*
is one of the most favourite songs of the
people, to which class all those already
cited may be said to belong. The
language or dialect of the people
is identical with that of the poets;
and whereas prose writers, lecturers,
and orators, aim universally to repro-
duce the Attic and pure classic forms,
the colloquial and poetical language
(albeit, with some admixture) approxi-
mates to a more archaic and Æolic
type.

We sat within a bosky glade
Alone, none other nigh;
She was a bright and blooming maid,
But ten years old was I.
"Mary," I whispered full of fear;
"Mary, I do so love thee, dear."
Soft laughter flitted o'er her brow,
She looked me in the eyes;
"Dear child, of love what can'st thou know,
Its tremors, or its sighs?"
"No harm to thee can come from this :"
And on my lips long dwelt her kiss.

* * * * *
After long years I sought her, trace
Of memory there was none,
She coldly looked me in the face,
And paused not, but passed on.

Another fills her heart for ever;
But I, that kiss forget not, never, never.

The next is a skilful and fair inter-
pretation of the demeanour of a bashful
girl towards her lover, from the pen
of Mataragkas, who, unlike the ma-
jority of the modern poets, was an
Athenian by birth :—

Thy glance, thy lip's deceit denies,
And owns the pulse of love;
'Neath thy cold falsehoods feeling lies,
Maid! timorous as the dove!

Thou hearest each enraptured vow,
With a diadainful smile;
Yet sweetly flits a ruddy glow,
Athwart thy cheeks the while.

Thou giv'st a flow'r with head avert,
And brow downcast and grave;
Then soon thy whispering tones assert,
"Thou'lt keep the flow'r I gave."

When near thee happy moments fly,
Few words thy only boon;
I rise to leave, then say'st thou, "Why
Dost thou depart so soon?"

What heart, and voice, and look betray,
Thou vainly wouldst conceal;
O maid! the sun a golden ray
Through mists will still reveal.

Τὸ Ἄστρον, "*The Star*," with which
this slight sketch concludes, is from
the pen of a living author, Angelos
Vlachos, who has written many plays
of merit, and whose comedies especially,
contain an inexhaustible fund of mirth
and humour.

THE STAR.

Afar in yon blue ether,
One star was shining brightly,
And hand in hand together
We gazed upon it nightly.

We gazed on it together,
Nor saw it e'er apart;
Nor I, nor she, the maiden,
The darling of my heart.

Alas! the hand of death
Hath closed those eyes for ever;
And in the vault of heaven
That star now shineth never.

E. M. EDMONDS.

DEAN STANLEY

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

WE print this month two estimates of the Life and Work of the late Dean of Westminster, by writers outside of the Church of England; the one an eminent Frenchman, the Rev. Ernest Fontanés, pastor of the Eglise Reformée consistoriale of Havre; and the other an equally eminent Scotsman, of the Free Church, the Rev. John Service, D.D., of Glasgow.

I.—LE DOYEN DE WESTMINSTER.

LE directeur d'un des grands journaux de Londres demandait, il y a quelques temps, à un Français qui visitait l'Angleterre pour la première fois, quelles étaient ses premières impressions et ce qu'il pensait de ce pays. L'étranger répondit qu'il avait appris à connaître et à aimer le peuple anglais par deux échantillons de choix : le Dean de Westminster et Matthew Arnold. "Oh ! ne vous y trompez pas," répliqua sans hésiter le journaliste anglais ; "ce ne sont pas des types de notre peuple, ce sont des exceptions ; l'anglais est stupide." Je laisse de côté tout ce qu'il y a d'humour et de paradoxe dans ce propos, et je ne relève, dans ce jugement au pied levé, que la profonde admiration pour le doyen Stanley qui était du coup mis hors de pair au milieu de son peuple, comme un exemplaire rare d'une famille d'esprits, qu'il ne fallait pas s'attendre à rencontrer souvent dans la société anglaise. Aussi bien dans le temps où nous vivons, les hommes cultivés qui ont beaucoup voyagé et qui, de bonne heure, ont admiré et médité les chefs-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain chez tous les peuples, ne restent point enfermés dans les fatalités de la race et réalisent dans leur caractère un type moins étroit, moins national que ceux qui vivent de la tradition la plus immédiate sans l'épurer ni la compléter. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait beaucoup de savants ou de littérateurs qui aient autant voyagé

que Stanley, qui se soient assis à plus de foyers, et qui aient su goûter avec une sympathie plus ingénieuse tout ce qu'il y a de grand, d'original chez les diverses nations. Selon les vieilles coutumes, l'abbé mitré de Westminster n'était tenu qu'à neuf mois de résidence à l'abbaye, et le doyen profitait tous les ans de cette liberté pour *élargir et compléter son horizon intellectuel*, comme il se plaisait à dire. Deux fois il avait visité la Palestine et l'Egypte ; toutes les contrées de l'Europe lui étaient familières, et dans l'automne de 1878 il partait pour l'Amérique, et ce voyage fut une longue ovation. Malgré les fatigues de prédications et de réceptions multipliées, il revint rafraîchi et fortifié. La mer n'avait point d'ennuis pour lui ; il avait toujours eu un secret attrait pour elle, comme son frère qui était entré dans la marine de l'Etat. La dernière excursion qu'il ait faite sur le continent, si nous ne nous trompons, fut un pieux pèlerinage dans les Cévennes à la pauvre maison d'un des chefs des Camisards, de Roland.

Stanley n'était pas une de ces natures orageuses qu'un démon secret agite, et qui sont poussées par une force invincible, hors d'elles ; qui cherchent dans la composition d'une grande œuvre, dans la poursuite de longs desseins, le moyen d'échapper à la guerre intérieure qui les trouble. Historien, il n'a pas découvert, comme Baur, de Tübingue, un de ces fils mystérieux de l'histoire qui permettent de nous re-

connaître au milieu du dédale des légendes et des mythes, de remonter jusqu'aux origines des sociétés, et de ressaisir le caractère et les principes des grands novateurs. C'était plutôt une de ces natures heureuses, tournées vers le dedans, qui, de bonne heure, ont mis à l'unisson toutes leurs facultés, sous le commandement de la conscience, et qui, sous le souffle des divers événements, ne rendent qu'un son divin. L'action de ces hommes est moins facile à saisir et à mesurer par nos moyens d'appréciation toujours un peu matériels. On ne se trouve pas en présence d'une œuvre bien délimitée, d'un principe bien accusé, qui puisse servir à toutes les générations de pierre de touche ou de fanal. Il faut parler de quelque chose de moins palpable, d'une influence, d'un esprit, qui enveloppe les individus comme une atmosphère où s'agitent des germes de vie et des ferments de mort. Mais est-ce vraiment une infériorité? Ne peut-on pas appliquer à ces hommes et à ces caractères la remarque de Bossuet, que la chaleur descend à des profondeurs mystérieuses où la lumière ne pénètre pas, et accomplit des fusions, des transformations, qui donnent lieu à des produits nouveaux? L'œuvre suprême ne consiste-t-elle pas, après tout, à former le caractère humain? et ceux qui ont exprimé dans leur vie une association nouvelle des rayons de l'idéal, qui en ont inspiré le goût à leurs contemporains, n'ont-ils pas inséré dans le tissu de l'être humain des traits qui pourront être effacés, un jour, par le dépôt de nos passions, mais qui font désormais partie du patrimoine de l'humanité? Ce mélange de distinction, de douceur, d'élévation, de vaillance chevaleresque, de culture, et de bonté, qui faisait l'originalité et le charme de la figure du doyen de Westminster ne s'effacera pas dans la nuit comme la vision d'un cerveau malade; le doyen a prêté à ces vertus l'attrait, la puissance de la réalité; et si la forme humaine autour de laquelle elles ont rayonné a disparu, le sceau de vie qu'il leur a imprimé les

protégera contre les insultes de la vulgarité ou de la frivolité. Les hommes de ce caractère sont plus grands que leurs œuvres, et leur influence ne s'arrête pas aux frontières de leurs idées; elle s'étend, radieuse et féconde, jusque sur ceux qui résistent à l'invasion de leur doctrine.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley naquit à Alderley, dans le canton de Chester, le 13 décembre 1815. On dit que, dans son enfance, cet homme que nous avons connu si vif, si ouvert, si gracieux, si prompt à la réplique, causeur charmant, nourri d'anecdotes fines, et toujours prêt à former de nouvelles relations, était particulièrement atteint de ce qu'on a appelé "la manie anglaise," *shyness*, état moral que nous ne connaissons guère de ce côté de la Manche, et qu'on ne peut rendre par un seul mot; mélange de timidité, de réserve, de gaucherie, défaut d'expansion, disposition à rester renfermé en soi-même. Peut-être cette manière d'être tenait-elle à son tempérament frêle et délicat. L'enfant plus rapproché de la nature subit d'une façon plus dure la servitude du tempérament: à mesure que l'esprit se développe et prend conscience de lui-même, s'il est dirigé et encouragé par l'éducation, il s'affranchit progressivement de ces entraves, et entraîne après lui une nature primitivement résistante.

Sans prétendre enlever à l'individualité humaine son mystère, il y aurait de l'injustice à ne pas indiquer le milieu dans lequel s'est développée la personnalité éminente dont nous essayons de conserver l'image. Le père d'Arthur Stanley, après avoir repoussé des nominations flatteuses, pour conserver son poste de recteur d'une paroisse de campagne, auprès du château du chef de la famille, finit par accepter le siège épiscopal de Norwich. "The perversions of men," a-t-il dit, "would have made an infidel of me, but for the counteracting impressions of Divine Providence in the works of nature." Il avait cultivé avec succès les sciences naturelles, et avait composé,

pour la Société de la propagation des connaissances chrétiennes, une *Histoire familière des Oiseaux*. Dans toutes les questions politiques et religieuses, ses sympathies le portaient du côté libéral, et il préférait les idées larges et libérales aux vues étroites et trop rigoureuses. Son isolement ne l'effrayait pas ; il se consolait par la pensée qu'il était un pionnier et qu'il semait pour des jours meilleurs. Il avait peu de goût pour les traités de théologie scolastique qui étaient alors en grand honneur parmi le clergé anglican ; ses lectures favorites étaient les biographies religieuses, qui unissaient à l'indépendance de la pensée des sentiments de piété et de bienveillance pratique. Son titre d'évêque ne l'avait pas ébloui, et il n'avait pas pris les allures et les attitudes de ces ecclésiastiques qui confondent les honneurs qu'on leur témoigne avec le salut de la religion. "I hear a great deal about zeal for the welfare of the Church. I wish I could hear more of anxiety for the welfare of Christianity." Seul entre tous les évêques, il se leva dans la Chambre des Lords pour soutenir la pétition que déposa en 1840 l'archevêque de Dublin, le docteur Whately, pour obtenir des modifications à la formule par laquelle les ecclésiastiques, au moment de leur ordination, déclaraient adhérer aux XXXIX Articles. Dans une autre circonstance il ne montra pas moins de décision et de respect de la liberté de la pensée. Il avait désigné pour remplir les fonctions de chanoine à la cathédrale de Norwich un ecclésiastique qui avait fait des réserves expresses sur les anathèmes du symbole d'Athanase, et sur les termes de la formule d'ordination qui lui paraissait favoriser les prétentions sacerdotales du clergé anglican. Là-dessus grand scandale parmi tous les défenseurs de la stricte orthodoxie ; on lui apporte une pétition pour lui remontrer que les scrupules exprimés par cet ecclésiastique sont un obstacle insurmontable à sa nomination. Sa réponse fut pleine de tact et de finesse. Il déclara qu'il ne prendrait en con-

sidération la protestation que lorsque les signataires lui auraient expliqué, chacun à leur tour, dans quel sens ils prenaient les termes de la liturgie. Que de procès théologiques auraient été prévenus si les autorités compétentes avaient mis en demeure les dénonciateurs de se mettre d'accord avant de rédiger des actes d'accusation !

Sa mère était une personne rare ; pleine de sens et de fermeté, désintéressée et dévouée comme le sont les femmes de cœur, et qui enveloppait toutes les vertus dans cette atmosphère de paix, de calme, si favorable à l'éducation et à l'épanouissement des jeunes âmes. Sydney Smith, si connu par les bons mots et les jugements qu'il frappait comme des médailles, disait d'elle, pour désigner la finesse, la délicatesse de son esprit : "*a porcelain understanding*." Un seul extrait de son journal suffira pour indiquer son point de vue religieux, et l'influence qu'elle a exercée sur son fils.

"Whether my nature was originally corrupt or pure is matter only of speculation or curiosity, as also how it became so. What it is now, what it *must be* to enter a spiritual state, and how it is to become what it *must be*, is a matter of present practical interest. And to my idea, religion consists in suggesting and developing the means, and assisting the mind to discover this, and to cut off the earthly feelings which are uncongenial to the spiritual nature."

A quatorze ans de distance, le même jour, le mercredi des cendres, le doyen perdait sa mère et sa femme. Rien n'est touchant, gracieux, poétique comme la pièce de vers dans laquelle il a uni les amours et les douleurs qui ont rempli son âme.

"My mother—on that fatal day,
O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
That nursed my very mind and heart ;
The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed,
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

"My wife—when closed that fatal night,
My being turned once more to stone ;
I watched her spirit take its flight,
And found myself again alone.

The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light."

C'est dans cet intérieur, où tout respirait la paix et l'amour des choses de l'esprit, que grandit le jeune Arthur. Son père présida à ses premières études. Mais à peine avait-il atteint sa treizième année, qu'il fut envoyé à l'école de Rugby, dont le célèbre Arnold venait de prendre la direction. Arnold était un de ces maîtres qui possèdent la qualité maîtresse du pédagogue et de l'homme d'Etat, l'art de se faire obéir. Le secret de l'enthousiasme qu'il inspirait à la jeunesse, c'était un dévouement constant à un idéal de vie morale, dont il saisissait l'imagination de ses élèves. Ils étaient entraînés par l'exemple du maître, qui ne se contentait pas de donner le signal et d'indiquer la route, mais qui marchait en tête du bataillon du devoir. Bien peu d'éducateurs ont laissé une pareille empreinte sur les caractères des enfants qui leur ont été confiés. Stanley sortit de Rugby avec un pli indestructible ; son individualité était formée ; il n'aura plus qu'à recueillir le fruit des habitudes intellectuelles et morales que son maître lui a fait contracter. Son premier livre sera précisément la biographie d'Arnold. Le sujet lui portera bonheur, et la renommée viendra le prendre par la main au début de la carrière.

De l'école de Rugby, Stanley passa à l'université d'Oxford, où, dès la première heure, il marqua sa place parmi les élèves les plus brillants. En 1837 il remporta un prix pour un poème sur les Bohémiens ("*The Gipsies*"). Depuis lors il n'a pas cessé de cultiver la poésie ; et dans les diverses circonstances de sa vie il aima à traduire ses sentiments dans cette langue qui met des ailes à nos pensées. Tous les ans, à l'occasion des fêtes chrétiennes, il composait un cantique ; et il remarquait que sans trahir des devoirs plus pressants, il voyait ainsi grossir la gerbe dont il n'aurait plus

qu'à réunir les divers épis, pour former un recueil de chants religieux.

Il passa de longues années à Oxford comme *fellow*, puis *tutor* d'un des grands collèges, et en 1845 il fut désigné comme prédicateur attitré de l'université. Nommé en 1851 chanoine de la cathédrale de Cantorbéry, il profita de son séjour dans cette vieille métropole pour écrire un de ses ouvrages qui ont eu le plus de succès, *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*. En 1853 il fut appelé à la chaire d'histoire ecclésiastique à Oxford. Mais avant d'entrer en fonctions, il fit un grand voyage en Orient, particulièrement en Palestine, pour se préparer à placer l'histoire du peuple juif, qu'il voulait raconter à ses étudiants, dans son cadre naturel. Il excelle à rattacher la peinture des lieux aux récits du passé, et il est servi dans sa tâche d'historien et d'archéologue par une imagination vive, qui saisit le côté pittoresque des choses et réussit à vous communiquer les émotions qu'il a lui-même éprouvées. Il a consigné les résultats de son exploration dans un livre intitulé : *Sinai and Palestine*. C'est pendant ces années de professorat qu'il prépara son *History of the Jewish Church*, qui a paru plus tard en trois volumes, et son *History of the Eastern Church*, en un volume. En 1862 il fut chargé par la reine d'accompagner le prince de Galles dans son voyage en Orient, et il a publié sous le nom de *Sermons in the East* les discours très brefs qu'il prononçait chaque dimanche, devant la caravane royale, et dont le sujet était indiqué par le lieu où ils avaient planté leur tente.

En 1863, il fut nommé doyen de l'abbaye de Westminster, haute dignité qu'il devait encore rehausser par la façon dont il comprit les obligations diverses de sa charge. La même année il épousa Lady Augusta Bruce, la sœur de lord Elgin, une des dames d'honneur et une des amies intimes de la reine. Jamais union ne fut plus assortie et plus heureuse. Ce mariage permit au doyen de faire de son salon

un centre de vie sociale et littéraire. La bonté, la grâce pleine de simplicité de lady Augusta, son empressement à accueillir les étrangers, l'art ingénieux qu'elle possédait d'obliger les autres et de faire accepter ses services, le secret évangélique, oserions-nous dire, qu'elle avait d'être toute à tous, sans flatterie ni dissimulation, rendirent l'hospitalité de l'abbaye pleine de charme et d'attrait.

Les relations du doyen avec la cour devinrent peut-être, à partir de ce moment, plus fréquentes et plus intimes ; mais il ne se laissa pas envahir par "cet air amollissant" que sentait Massillon "quand il s'approchait de l'avenue de Versailles," et dont le venin caché se retrouvait dans sa prédication. Le doyen resta vaillant et hardi ; sa pensée ne devint pas plus molle et plus émoussée, et son initiative ne s'affaissa pas sous le poids des dignités. Avec la noblesse de sa nature il comprit que la faveur de la cour n'était pas une tente pour le sommeil, mais un bouclier dont il était couvert pour aller en avant, et continuer les revendications sacrées de la vérité et de la liberté dans l'Eglise et dans l'opinion publique du pays.

S'il mit un soin jaloux à maintenir les privilèges des abbés mitrés de Westminster, et leur indépendance à l'endroit de l'ordinaire, ce n'était pas dans une pensée mesquine de vanité ou de sécurité personnelle, pour contempler du rivage, d'une retraite inaccessible, les luttes déchainées dans l'Eglise. Rien n'était plus contraire à sa nature généreuse. N'ayant pas à soumettre ses décisions à l'évêque diocésain, il put s'abandonner à tous les élans de son cœur ; il tendit la main aux proscrits, aux suspects, à tous ceux qui avaient des démêlés avec une autorité oppressive, ou avec une opinion publique, égarée par les préjugés et la malveillance. Il se sentait obligé, par sa haute position, à combattre les étroitesse de son Eglise et de son peuple, et à porter en avant le drapeau de la tolérance, de la liberté, de la charité. Quand l'évêque de Port-

Natal se trouva aux prises avec l'ignorance dévote, poursuivi par les dénunciations de ses collègues, qui prétendaient le déposer, il prit noblement sa défense dans la *Convocation*, dans l'assemblée du clergé inférieur de la province de Cantorbéry ; et dans un mouvement admirable d'éloquence et de hardiesse, il prédit à tous ces clercs qu'on aurait depuis longtemps oublié leurs noms et leurs tristes procédés de zélateurs, qu'on parlerait encore de la sincérité et de l'esprit chevaleresque de l'évêque de Port-Natal. Non content d'avoir pris la défense de l'hérétique, il lui offrit publiquement la chaire de Westminster, en témoignage de son estime. Dans le même esprit de largeur chrétienne et de respect pour toutes les manifestations de la vie morale, il autorisa l'érection, dans le sanctuaire de l'Eglise anglicane, d'un monument aux deux frères Wesley ; il présida lui-même la cérémonie, fit chanter un hymne wesleyen, et invita des ministres wesleyens à prendre la parole. Enfin, pour mettre le comble à ses chrétiennes hardiesses, il donna la communion à un ministre unitaire, qui faisait partie de la commission de révision du Nouveau-Testament, et qui vint avec ses collègues consacrer leurs travaux en célébrant le repas de l'amour.

Un incident qu'on a grossi, et auquel on a prêté des motifs tout à fait étrangers à la nature du doyen, a attiré autour de son nom, parmi les journalistes de notre pays, un éclat fâcheux. Il avait usé du pouvoir souverain que lui conféraient ses fonctions de doyen pour autoriser l'érection d'un monument dans l'enceinte de l'église à la mémoire du Prince impérial. Peut-être ne s'était-il pas assez souvenu, dans cette circonstance, de cette réserve de l'homme politique qui ne surveille pas seulement les sentiments qu'il exprime, mais est attentif aussi à ne pas fournir aux passions des hommes l'occasion ou le prétexte de se déchaîner. L'historien et l'homme de miséricorde l'avaient emporté sur toute autre considération. Il s'était souvenu que,

pendant la Terreur, une des chapelles de l'abbaye avait reçu la dépouille mortelle d'un prince d'Orléans, un frère du roi Louis-Philippe, et il ne lui déplaisait pas de réconcilier dans la mort, à l'ombre de la croix du Christ, deux familles royales qui avaient rempli ce siècle du bruit de leur rivalité. Trop fier pour céder à des exigences qui lui paraissaient manquer de générosité, malgré une lettre un peu vive, écrite sous le coup de l'atteinte portée aux privilèges du doyen de Westminster, il salua cependant, avec un sentiment de soulagement, le vote du Parlement ; car il avait fini par être inquiet des mesures qu'il pourrait être appelé à prendre pour défendre le sanctuaire de la nation contre des démonstrations violentes. Son seul souci était qu'on se méprit en France sur ses sentiments, et qu'on le soupçonnât de favoriser une intrigue bonapartiste. Aussi fut-il touché de la façon élevée dont l'ambassadeur de France répondit à une députation qui venait, avec plus d'ardeur que de réflexion, irriter la jalousie de la France, en déclarant bien haut qu'il ne pouvait pas s'occuper de cette question qui n'était à aucun titre une question française. "M. Challeml-Lacour," écrivait-il quelques jours après à un ami, "a parlé admirablement."

Les sympathies du doyen pour la France n'étaient pas douteuses ; il les avait exprimées dans une occasion solennelle du haut de la chaire de Westminster, devant le lord-maire, au lendemain de nos désastres, pour encourager ses concitoyens à contribuer largement au ravitaillement de Paris. Alors que tant de voix, en Europe et en Angleterre, s'élevaient avec une joie peu déguisée, "Elle est tombée, Babylone ; elle est tombée !" et que les prédicateurs de morale célébraient les jugements de la Providence, le doyen, en véritable disciple du Christ, rappelait avec beaucoup d'à-propos et de finesse :

"We would remember that those on whom the tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above the rest of mankind. . . ."

Puis il ajoutait dans un magnifique langage :—

"Let us think for a moment of the scene of these unnamed, unnumbered woes—Paris, the capital of France. Let us for once speak of that great city not in its frivolous, but in its nobler aspects—not as the Babylon which made the nations drunk with the cup of her sorceries, but as the Athens of modern refinement, the clear luminous eye of Europe ; not as the Lucifer who made the nations tremble, and scattered terror and desolation over the earth, but as the bright star of the morning, which has heralded the dawn of many a glorious day in the progress of humanity ; not as the city of despotic rule or reigns of terror, of incredulity and of fanaticism, of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the massacres of September, but as the city of heroic virtues all its own, of saintly and illustrious names, which are the glory of all lands, whose praise is in all the churches."

Quand il eut à choisir dans cette abbaye, où les morts illustres se pressent en rangs si serrés, la place où il ferait déposer le cercueil de sa femme, il choisit la chapelle où reposait le prince de Montpensier. Là, disait-il, il me semble qu'elle sera plus près de cette France qu'elle a tant aimée, plus près des nombreux amis qu'elle comptait dans ce pays.

Plus tard, quand la République sortit triomphante de l'aventure du 16 Mai, il écrivait :

"I congratulate you sincerely on the internal pacification of France. You know that my dear wife and I, *malgré notre affection pour la France*, were Germans in the war of 1870. But you have conquered us with a nobler victory than Waterloo or Sedan. *Vicisti o Gallia* by moderation, by patience, by enlightenment ! France has never been more respected."

La chaire chrétienne, dans les Eglises d'Angleterre ou d'Amérique, n'est pas condamnée, comme dans nos Eglises réformées du continent, aux généralités et aux abstractions ; son champ est plus vaste et moins borné ; rien de ce qui est humain, rien de ce qui peut éveiller un écho dans l'âme humaine, ne lui est étranger. Bien des fois on a relevé le caractère plus vif, plus varié, moins tendu des prédicateurs catholiques, en opposition avec le ton un peu gourmé et pédant

de la chaire protestante, qui ne se permet pas un sourire, de peur de compromettre l'édification. On dirait que les Eglises dont l'acte d'adoration est assuré et préservé contre les imprudences ou les défaillances de la parole individuelle par une antique liturgie, sont moins jalouses de la gravité du sermon, et permettent au prédicateur plus d'abandon, des incursions plus larges dans le monde de l'actualité. Le doyen Stanley ne laissait passer aucun événement important, sans en tirer quelque leçon pour son auditoire ; et le dimanche qui suivait les funérailles d'une de ces illustrations auxquelles il avait ouvert les portes de Westminster, il consacrait son discours à faire le portrait, à raconter la carrière et les services de l'homme de lettres, du clergyman, ou du grand politique que l'Angleterre venait de perdre. Si l'on détachait de leur cadre religieux ces esquisses faites d'un pinceau léger et plein de couleur, on aurait une galerie très variée de portraits vivants, et que n'aurait pas désavoués le crayon plus savant peut-être, mais moins vif de Ste-Beuve.

L'éloquence du doyen—on l'a vu par la courte citation que nous avons faite d'un de ses discours—ne manquait pas d'ampleur et de mouvement ; et si elle appartenait plutôt au genre tempérée, elle était lumineuse et persuasive. Ce n'était pas le coup de tonnerre qui terrasse, ni le coup d'aile qui vous transporte ; mais il s'emparait de votre attention, il vous charmait, vous touchait, vous élevait sur des sommets ensoleillés et sereins, où l'on ouvre la poitrine avec joie à un air vivifiant. Il n'improvisait jamais ; il lisait, avec gravité, avec une force réelle qui étonnait, sortant d'un corps si fragile, mais avec une sorte de monotonie. L'action oratoire manquait de variété et d'abandon ; c'était toujours la même note. Du reste, personne n'avait l'oreille moins musicale que le doyen. Les beautés de l'harmonie étaient pour lui un monde fermé ; il ne s'en cachait pas. On s'étonne qu'un écrivain si abondant et si facile, un *scholar* si ac-

compli, n'ait pas cherché dans l'improvisation cette joie, cet abandon et cette chaleur communicative que la lecture ne pourra jamais donner. Il prétendait que le travail de la pensée, le souci de l'expression le priveraient d'une partie de ses forces oratoires, et ne lui permettraient pas d'accompagner sa parole de la même énergie, du même accent pathétique. En effet, quand je l'ai entendu prononcer un "speech" dans un banquet, je n'ai plus trouvé l'orateur puissant et entraînant ; le travail de la composition absorbait toutes ses facultés, il ne pouvait pas se donner. Les œuvres de Stanley ne sentent pas l'huile ; elles sont venues d'un jet et facilement ; elles ont toute la grâce des productions spontanées. Les qualités qui dominaient en lui, la promptitude de l'intelligence, l'imagination colorée, une *sensibilité pittoresque*, comme a dit un jour lord Beaconsfield dans une allusion manifeste au doyen, ne permettaient pas une longue gestation. Quand il était saisi par un sentiment ou par une idée, il avait à sa disposition tous les moyens de les traduire, de les exprimer sur l'heure ; et comme il ne s'est pas aventuré dans les travaux de spéculation ou de systématisation, il a pu être, sans danger pour sa gloire, un génie prime-sautier.

D'une complexion délicate, de petite taille, son corps semblait n'être qu'un prétexte pour être, et pour retenir son esprit dans le monde visible. La vie des sens n'exerçait sur lui aucune séduction ; elle n'avait pas de prise sur une nature qui n'était accessible qu'aux émotions et aux joies de la vie spirituelle. Au moyen-âge il eut été un grand jeûneur, car sans chercher les mérites faciles de l'ascétisme, il était toujours exposé à oublier les exigences de la bête. Il fallait qu'autour de lui on prévint ces distractions et ces négligences du corps, qui se venge durement de ceux qui ne s'occupent pas de lui. La table n'était pour lui, comme pour le poète grec, qu'une *entremetteuse d'amitié* ; et il estimait qu'il rentrerait dans les devoirs de sa charge de réunir les hommes que les obligations de la

vie ou les préventions séparent, et de favoriser ces sympathies personnelles qui adoucissent les luttes de partis, et préparent les réconciliations des idées, trop souvent le paravent des plus mesquines questions de personnes.

Il avait un amour singulier pour l'abbaye de Westminster. Tous ses goûts, en effet, y trouvaient leur aliment et leur satisfaction. Sans connaître le fétichisme des vieilles choses, il avait le respect et l'amour de tout ce qui est grand, de tout ce qui a duré, de tout ce qui a reçu l'empreinte des générations passées, de tout ce qui a servi d'abri ou d'étendard, dans le rude combat de la vie, à nos ancêtres ; et s'il y a une grande légèreté à le qualifier de disciple de Darwin, comme l'a fait un journal d'ordinaire mieux informé, il est certain qu'il avait horreur de tout ce qui brise et interrompt l'évolution des sociétés humaines. Son tact historique était blessé par les procédés violents, et il était persuadé que la loi de l'histoire, la condition de la prospérité des sociétés humaines, comme de tous les organismes vivants, c'est la continuité. Il avait l'ambition de faire de Westminster un sanctuaire national, un panthéon pour tous les grands hommes de la nation, un asile pour la prière, pour l'élévation des âmes, un lieu de réunion pour toutes les œuvres d'instruction, de charité, d'ennoblissement. Les dernières paroles qu'on ait pu saisir autour de son lit de mort se rapportaient à cette noble ambition de la dernière période de son ministère. "Je me suis appliqué, à travers bien des faiblesses, à faire de cette institution un grand centre de vie religieuse et nationale dans un esprit vraiment libéral." Il avait pour cette noble abbaye quelque chose du sentiment du prophète pour le mont de Sion ; et il caressait l'espoir que, dans la suite des temps, de toutes les parties de l'Angleterre, on accourrait pour y recevoir enseignement et y nourrir la flamme sainte du patriotisme.

La religion n'était pas pour lui un empire à côté d'un autre empire ; il

cherchait toujours à abaisser les barrières que les clercs élèvent avec un soin jaloux autour de leurs sanctuaires pour en éloigner la vie profane. Il était heureux de voir installée dans cette vieille église de St-Pierre toute l'histoire d'Angleterre avec son mélange de lumière et d'ombre. Il n'avait pas peur que la religion sombrât dans cette invasion de toutes les gloires humaines ; il savait au contraire que de toutes ces vies évoquées par l'imagination des visiteurs, s'élèverait un de ces sentiments de mélancolie et d'admiration tout ensemble, qui enlèvent l'homme aux horizons fermés de la vie sensuelle, et le transportent d'une sainte aspiration dans le royaume de la vie idéale. Tandis que les théologiens atrabilaires couvrent de mépris et d'insinuations malveillantes les vertus qui n'ont pas grandi à l'ombre du dogme et des rites, le doyen se plaisait à retrouver son bien, je veux dire, l'idéal chrétien, parmi ceux qui n'ont pas fait profession explicite de sentiments religieux ; et qui, par l'élévation de leur pensée, par leur dévouement à la justice, à l'honnêteté, par la bienveillance, n'en ont pas moins été de vaillants collaborateurs de l'œuvre de Dieu. Il ne se lassait pas d'être le *cicerone* de ceux qu'attirait la renommée grandissante de l'abbaye : il en montrait tous les recoins avec une piété filiale, et d'un mot heureux il caractérisait ces grandes mémoires. On ne sera pas étonné qu'il ait voulu concentrer et résumer dans un tableau tous ces souvenirs historiques, et l'Angleterre est fière et reconnaissante d'avoir son livre d'or écrit d'une telle plume. Les *Souvenirs historiques de Westminster* sont venus s'ajouter aux *Souvenirs historiques de Cantorbéry*.

Whig par tradition de famille, il assistait avec une sorte d'inquiétude à l'avènement de la démocratie. Mais il avait puisé dans le commerce avec l'Evangile un sentiment vrai et profond de pitié, d'amour pour les petits, pour ceux qui peinent, et dont la vie pesante manque d'horizon. Trop naïf

et trop fier pour recourir aux procédés malsains par lesquels on capte la popularité de ceux qui souffrent, il attirait autour de sa chaire par l'accent vrai de sa sympathie, à côté des lords et des littérateurs, de nombreux ouvriers qui étaient gagnés par la sincérité de cette parole franche qui leur ouvrait des perspectives nouvelles, et portait leurs désirs vers le monde supérieur de l'avenir, sans prétendre les duper et les river à la glèbe ici-bas. C'était pour lui une jôte austère que d'initier ces esprits peu cultivés à un idéal de noblesse, de grandeur qui dépasse la réalité sous laquelle ils sont souvent écrasés, et d'éveiller en eux le désir de quelque chose de supérieur aux appétits. Il avait la conscience d'accomplir ainsi une mission de civilisation, d'éducation morale, qui conservait à l'Evangile ou lui préparait des recrues que les oburgations plus directes ont le secret de mettre en fuite.

De semaine en semaine, pendant l'hiver, ce lettré, cet artiste, ce gentleman accompli, se faisait le conducteur dans l'abbaye d'une bande d'ouvriers ; et après leur avoir adressé une allocution sur quelque détail historique concernant l'histoire de l'abbaye, il leur offrait une tasse de thé, le seul breuvage qu'il aimât avec passion. Ses rapports avec la classe ouvrière, dont ses habitudes et ses travaux littéraires le séparaient, lui étaient particulièrement chers ; et il rappelait avec émotion les témoignages touchants de reconnaissance qu'il avait recueillis de la bouche de ces ouvriers. C'est ce sentiment de compassion et de bienveillance pour l'ouvrier, privé toute la semaine des moyens de cultiver son intelligence et de former son goût, qui l'avait conduit à s'associer aux efforts de ces hommes d'initiative qui réclament, dans l'intérêt de la moralité et de l'ennoblement du plus grand nombre, l'ouverture des musées et des bibliothèques le jour du dimanche. Sans le moindre grain de chimère ou d'utopie dans l'esprit, il avait, comme les patriciens anglais, le noble souci d'élever les classes inférieures et de

leur témoigner une fraternité efficace. Aussi, toutes les œuvres qui avaient un caractère social lui inspiraient un intérêt tout particulier.

Causeur charmant, d'une mémoire prodigieuse, plein de souvenirs et d'informations exactes sur les personnes et les choses de tout pays, il aimait à répéter des anecdotes ou des mots heureux qui peignaient une situation, illustraient une discussion aride. Quoique le soir de sa vie eût été bien assombri, sa conversation était animée, enjouée même : il était de ces croyants dont la joie de l'esprit mesure la force. Il avait trop de perspicacité pour méconnaître les difficultés et les dangers de l'époque, mais il avait la foi "qui rend présentes les choses qui sont à venir," et il ne doutait pas du triomphe du christianisme libéral dans le siècle prochain. Les échecs que ses principes avaient subis dans plus d'une rencontre au sein de l'Eglise n'avaient pas amorti son optimisme, et il restait serein au milieu des orages que l'indépendance de sa pensée attirait sur sa tête.

Sa prédication n'avait rien d'agressif ni de militant ; il ne faisait pas la critique des dogmes officiels, il les passait sous silence, il les rendait inutiles ; il les renvoyait au musée des antiques comme des engins qui ne portaient plus, comme des ressorts qui n'étaient plus nécessaires pour transmettre le mouvement. Sa nature et ses études historiques l'avaient incliné plutôt vers la théologie *irénique* que vers la *polémique* ; et il s'efforçait de dégager des vieux moules, que la critique historique ou philosophique avait brisés, le parfum de grand prix. "Controversy and party spirit," disait-il, dans une de ses leçons sur les épîtres aux Corinthiens, "may sharpen the natural faculties of shrewdness and disputation ; but few sins more dim the spiritual faculty, by which alone all things are rightly judged." Il était préoccupé avant tout de ramener dans l'enceinte de la religion toutes les conquêtes de la civilisation et de la moralité ; il ne voulait pas laisser se constituer en dehors du

christianisme un idéal de vie morale qui pourrait suffire aux âmes. Persuadé que toute l'évolution morale de l'humanité s'est accomplie sous l'influence de l'esprit de Dieu, il était moins préoccupé de délimiter les frontières du christianisme et de la pensée indépendante, que de composer le patrimoine spirituel de l'humanité de "toutes les choses qui sont véritables, qui sont respectables, qui sont justes, celles qui sont pures, qui sont aimables, qui sont bienéantes."

Ce texte de l'épître aux Philippiens revenait souvent dans ses discours officiels ou dans l'entretien familial; il était à ses yeux la formule consacrée de ce christianisme large qui absorbe et pénètre tout ce qui est humain.

Dès qu'il s'agissait de prendre la défense d'un hérétique ou de signaler l'étroitesse et l'incohérence des formules de l'Eglise, personne n'était plus prompt à l'assaut, plus vif dans l'attaque: chevalier sans peur ni reproche, il descendait dans l'arène, la visière levée, sans se demander s'il était escorté ou s'il était seul; et les insultes ou les grognements de la majorité ne le troublaient pas; il accomplissait sa démonstration avec cette lucidité d'exposition, cette richesse d'arguments historiques et cette noblesse de sentiments qui rendaient la réfutation de ses idées plus difficile que l'explosion des murmures; et il était plus commode de lui opposer des *moines* que des *raisons*.

Dans ces trente dernières années il ne s'est pas livré une bataille théologique sans que le doyen de Westminster n'ait porté son drapeau au feu, avec ce courage contenu qui ne se laisse pas emporter parmi les pièges et les embûches du parti ennemi, mais qui ne recule jamais. Tous ces morceaux achevés de polémique, qui forment une page importante de l'histoire religieuse du XIX^e siècle en Angleterre, ont été réunis sous le nom d'*Essays on Church and State*.

Sur le problème, tous les jours plus aigu, des rapports de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, il avait adopté les principes de son maître bien-aimé. Le docteur

Arnold soutenait que l'Eglise et l'Etat avaient le même but, l'écrasement du mal (*the putting down of moral evil*); et que par conséquent ce n'étaient pas deux sociétés distinctes, mais une seule. Réduire l'Etat au rôle de pourvoyeur des fins matérielles de l'homme, le dépouiller de son caractère moral, lui refuser toute action sur le développement spirituel de l'humanité, Arnold flétrissait cette théorie du nom de *jacobine*; et il la combattait avec autant d'indignation que la prétention superstitieuse et anti-chrétienne des clercs de se dérober aux lois du pays et de confier le gouvernement de l'Eglise à une succession de prêtres revêtus de pouvoirs divins. Si cette théorie était appliquée rigoureusement, le droit de cité dans l'Etat ne pourrait être attribué qu'aux chrétiens seuls; et l'on sait, en effet, qu'Arnold refusait obstinément aux juifs l'exercice des droits politiques en Angleterre. Cependant, il est permis de penser que le docteur Arnold était dominé dans cette question par l'horreur des tendances sacerdotales, et qu'il cherchait dans cette union de l'Eglise et de l'Etat les moyens de préserver l'Eglise de la tyrannie du clergé, et de la maintenir en communication constante avec l'opinion publique. En tous cas, c'est bien dans cet esprit que le doyen a appliqué les principes de son maître. Il était trop jaloux de la sincérité et de l'indépendance de la pensée pour vouloir imposer des sentiments et des croyances qui relèvent de la conscience individuelle, comme conditions de la vie politique; et hier encore, tout en déplorant l'occasion et la manière dont la question se posait, il était convaincu que le moment était venu d'abolir le serment religieux que tout député était obligé de prononcer en entrant dans la Chambre des Communes.

Les corps purement ecclésiastiques étaient suspects au doyen: dans ses études sur l'Eglise d'Orient il avait été conduit à dévoiler toutes les turpitudes, les intrigues, et les violences qui avaient présidé aux Conciles des quatrième et cinquième siècles; et il ne

pouvait pas consentir à se prosterner devant les Pères comme devant les interprètes inspirés du christianisme. Volontiers il aurait dit avec Bacon que ce n'était pas la douce et pure colombe qui avait plané sur ces assemblées, mais les vautours rapaces qui s'assemblent là où sont les corps morts.

Il ne se contentait pas de répéter avec un des XXXIX Articles que "les Conciles ne sont pas infaillibles ;" il ajoutait que, par la nature même de leur composition, ils *doivent* être faillibles. La constitution de l'Eglise et la forme de son gouvernement n'avaient à ses yeux de valeur et de prix, qu'autant qu'elles assuraient le développement de la vie morale et l'indépendance de l'esprit. Le Conseil privé de la reine, composé de juriconsultes éprouvés et prudents, le Parlement avec l'élite de la nation, lui inspiraient plus de confiance que les Conciles, Synodes ou Convocations ; et en vérité on ne peut s'empêcher de partager son indifférence pour ces réunions du clergé où, après avoir discuté avec passion sur les vêtements sacerdotaux, sur la position du prêtre devant l'autel, au moment de la communion, on proposait, l'autre jour, de protester solennellement contre l'immodestie des vêtements de femme. Il était frappé de ce fait que la juridiction du Conseil privé de la reine était attaquée par tous ceux qui désiraient établir leur tyrannie dans l'Eglise ; et il faisait remarquer que ces revendications bruyantes de l'indépendance de l'autonomie de l'Eglise s'étaient produites au moment où les prétentions sacerdotales s'étaient affirmées avec le plus d'arrogance. La situation des Eglises libres d'Ecosse, où le pasteur est souvent à la merci des gros souscripteurs ou du tailleur du coin qui décerne les brevets d'orthodoxie et remplit les fonctions de grand inquisiteur, ne pouvait pas le convertir au système presbytérien. Dans l'état actuel de l'Angleterre, il craignait que la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat ne livrât l'Eglise à l'étroitesse et à la

médiocrité ; des conseils de paroisse ne lui semblaient pas offrir autant de garanties que le Parlement ; et comme il ne demandait aux représentants de la nation que d'adapter progressivement l'établissement national aux besoins du temps présent, et qu'il ne prétendait pas les transformer en Concile pour définir la foi, il restait convaincu que l'organisation actuelle favorisait mieux que toute autre le progrès, la libre recherche, la sincérité et l'expansion de la vie chrétienne. Sans vouloir modeler l'Eglise sur ses idées, comme un doctrinaire absolu, et tout en tenant compte des faits accomplis, des habitudes prises, il avait le désir de corriger les injustices commises, de combler les fossés, de rapprocher les diverses sociétés religieuses, de rendre l'Eglise anglicane plus ouverte, plus habitable, plus accueillante pour ceux qui en avaient été brutalement expulsés par l'acte d'uniformité en 1662.

Mieux inspiré que les défenseurs passionnés de l'Eglise, qui relèvent les pont-levis et s'enferment dans les anciens retranchements, il voulait réconcilier la nation et les esprits libéraux avec les privilèges de l'Eglise établie et faire d'elle le "home" spirituel de tout le peuple. Dans cette intention il demandait pour tous les dissidents le libre usage des lieux de culte à d'autres heures que celles des services officiels, et dans maintes circonstances il avait tenté d'ouvrir l'abbaye à des membres du clergé d'une autre Eglise, comme au révérend Caird, de l'Eglise établie d'Ecosse, au docteur Moffat, le célèbre missionnaire, et même à des laïcs, comme Max Müller, qui avait eu l'honneur de donner ses conférences sur *l'origine et le développement de la religion* dans la chambre du Chapitre de Westminster. Tout ce qui était étroit, mesquin, sectaire, lui était odieux : l'atmosphère nauséabonde et pesante des sacristies, des vieilles églises, répugnait à ce gardien enthousiaste de l'antique abbaye ; il aimait les larges horizons et les courants d'air pur.

Oh ! sans doute, il comprenait le désir de l'auteur de l'*Imitation*, et il serait allé volontiers s'asseoir à ses côtés *in angulo cum libello* ; mais il demandait à ouvrir la fenêtre du cloître sur l'immense nature et sur l'histoire humaine, qui toutes deux sont aussi des révélations de Dieu.

Une Eglise d'où l'on est forcé de sortir à la moindre dissidence d'opinion, qui n'est pas assez souple pour se prêter aux transformations de la pensée, et qui proscriit tous ceux qui ne peuvent pas souscrire à tous les articles du *Credo*, quels que soient son nom, sa gloire ou le nombre de ses fidèles, n'est, au fond, qu'une secte, elle ne peut pas prétendre embrasser toute la nation dans son sein. L'existence de partis divers et quelquefois hostiles, dans le même établissement ecclésiastique, ne l'effrayait pas comme une menace pour la prospérité et la durée d'une Eglise. L'Eglise anglicane en particulier, qui s'est formée et constituée sous la main du pouvoir politique, qui a été l'œuvre de compromis destiné à ménager une transition laborieuse et à prévenir des retours, longtemps redoutés, aux superstitions romaines—l'Eglise anglicane, selon lui, perdrait sa raison d'être et sa physionomie le jour où toutes les différences de pensée et de culte seraient courbées sous un niveau égalitaire, sans respect pour la liberté de la conscience. Aussi, bien que le mouvement ritualiste lui parût un peu puéril, et que les prétentions sacerdotales, avec leur accent affecté et leurs déclamations redondantes, fussent particulièrement antipathiques à cet esprit fin, qui ne se piquait de rien, comme un vrai *honnête* homme du XVII^e siècle, il n'approuvait pas les mesures de coercion qu'on employait pour les réduire. Sans souscrire à la casuistique et aux interprétations bien subtiles que ce parti emprunte à la tradition romaine, il rappelait que la lettre du *Prayer-Book* et les oscillations des articles de foi pouvaient autoriser des pratiques ou des affirmations qui ne s'accordaient guère avec

le véritable esprit de la Réforme ; mais il estimait qu'il était imprudent de vouloir resserrer les frontières de l'Eglise, et que la liberté était un bien assez précieux pour être achetée ou conservée au prix de quelques orages ou de quelques excentricités. Cependant, il surveillait ce mouvement avec une vigilance inquiète, et il se demandait souvent si ce parti creusait un fossé ou jetait un pont entre l'Eglise anglicane et l'Eglise romaine.

Il a fallu toute la frivolité française et l'ignorance de l'histoire de l'Eglise anglicane, pour laisser tomber un soupçon sur un caractère aussi pur, et l'accuser de manquer de sincérité en conservant ses fonctions dans une Eglise dont il ne professait pas toutes les doctrines traditionnelles. L'uniformité dogmatique n'a jamais régné dans l'Eglise anglicane ; et parmi les plus grands noms, les plus vénérés, les plus pieux, on peut citer plus d'un hérétique. Il y aurait une souveraine injustice à comparer ces clergymen qui nourrissaient leur prédication de la moëlle de l'évangile, avec nos abbés de cour du dix-huitième siècle, hommes de plaisir, coureurs de ruelles, et qui n'avaient de religieux que le costume et le titre. Du reste, depuis l'acte du Parlement de 1865, le joug des formulaires a été singulièrement allégé ; l'ecclésiastique n'est plus mis en demeure, au moment de l'ordination, de déclarer qu'il adhère sans réserve à tout ce qui est contenu dans le *Prayer-Book* ; il n'est pas tenu de professer que les XXXIX Articles ne renferment rien de contraire à la parole de Dieu. A ce serment si précis, le Parlement a substitué la déclaration qu'on adhère à la doctrine de l'Eglise anglicane contenue dans le *Prayer-Book* et les Articles dans un sens général, et sans insister sur toutes les doctrines qui peuvent se rencontrer dans les formulaires. Le doyen estimait que cette adhésion vague et sans couleur équivalait à l'entière abolition de toute signature ; et il invitait le chef du ministère libéral à prendre l'initiative de cette mesure qui devait

rendre à la conscience protestante sa souveraineté. L'histoire, et l'histoire de l'Eglise anglicane plus que toute autre peut-être, est là pour prouver que le régime des confessions est un *nid à parjures*, comme le disait le marquis de Lansdowne en quittant Oxford.

Stanley était le représentant le plus en vue de la *Broad Church* ; mais il n'était pas le chef d'un parti. La *Broad Church* (l'Eglise large) n'a ni les intérêts, ni la discipline, ni le shibboleth d'un parti. Elle ne cherche pas à se constituer à part, à se retirer dans ses retranchements ; elle est ouverte à tous sans condition, et elle est toujours prête à s'unir aux autres partis pour travailler ensemble au triomphe du bien et de la vérité. Le libéralisme, dans toutes les sphères, est bien moins un corps constitué de doctrines, qu'une manière d'aborder les problèmes de l'esprit et une influence morale. Mis en présence des masses disciplinées, des partis dogmatiques, il paraîtra manquer de cohésion, incapable d'accomplir des mouvements d'ensemble ; mais il n'est jamais plus redoutable qu'au lendemain d'une défaite, et il se répand dans la société, jusque dans les rangs ennemis, comme une vapeur insaisissable, qui amollit les résistances et fait mettre bas les armes. Stanley, d'ailleurs, était trop artiste, trop ondoyant, trop délicat, trop respectueux des nuances d'opinion, et de l'indépendance des caractères, pour donner une consigne et imposer la discipline, sans laquelle il n'y a pas de parti puissant. Il pouvait être un excitateur des esprits, un porte-drapeau ; mais il n'avait ni les aptitudes ni les faiblesses d'un chef d'école. C'était un brillant tirailleur qui ne prenait pas de mot d'ordre, et qui choisissait son moment pour entrer en ligne. Quand ses amis conçurent le projet de réunir dans un volume et de lancer dans le public une série d'articles animés de l'esprit moderne, il comprit tout de suite que c'était faire le jeu de l'ennemi, et lui indiquer le lieu où il devait envoyer ses bombes ; il ne colla-

bora pas aux *Essays and Reviews*. Mais quand le feu fut ouvert, il ne resta pas sous sa tente, et il apporta au secours de ses amis et de la liberté menacée, sa plume alerte et vaillante. Ce trait suffit à marquer ce mélange de finesse, de prudence et de hardiesse qui prêtait à cette physionomie une originalité attrayante.

L'esprit et le cœur chez lui étaient vraiment *catholiques* au sens étymologique du mot ; il savait découvrir, chez les hommes et dans les partis les plus contraires, la parcelle de vérité qui se cache sous des amas de superstitions et de grossièretés, et il la mettait en lumière avec joie, comme un habile orfèvre s'attache à bien sortir le diamant qu'il a taillé. Il y mettait une sorte de coquetterie ; et l'on était tenté de lui reprocher, comme au père Neander, de ne présenter au lecteur que des bergeries charmantes sans le moindre loup rôdant aux alentours. Il savait trop comment les dogmes naissent et meurent pour nous proposer la chimère dont se sont épuisées les imaginations catholiques, d'une doctrine qui a été professée toujours, partout et par tous ; mais il aimait à retrouver sous des expressions et des costumes divers, ces sentiments éternels qui sont la substance de l'âme humaine, et qui nous consolent et nous fortifient, au milieu des cris discordants des disputes théologiques, comme la douce mélodie d'un chant de notre enfance. Son cœur aimant et doux, où n'habita jamais le ressentiment, inspirait cette largeur de l'intelligence ; et il appliquait aux personnages, comme aux idées du passé, cette courtoisie, cette bienveillance, cette charité "qui ne soupçonne pas le mal," et qui présidait à tous ses rapports avec les contemporains.

Dans toutes les Eglises, ses sympathies le portaient du côté de ceux qui souffraient, qui sont opprimés et persécutés. Partout où il distinguait un ferment de vie, un effort pour secouer le linceul de la routine, pour serrer la vérité de plus près, pour affranchir l'âme humaine, il encourageait du geste

et de la voix les pionniers, les initiateurs. Il ne mesurait pas son intérêt à la conformité avec ses vues, et il jugeait les hommes et les Eglises bien moins sur leur *Credo* que sur leur caractère et leur dévouement aux biens invisibles. Bien différent de ces radicaux d'en bas et d'en haut qui méprisent les petits commencements et les petits progrès, qui croient trahir la vérité s'ils n'obtiennent pas d'un coup toutes les réformes, il se souvenait de la sagesse du vieil Hésiode disant que *"celui-là est bien fou qui ne préfère pas la moitié au tout."* Aussi personne n'a témoigné plus d'intérêt et d'admiration à l'œuvre du Père Hyacinthe, non qu'il la trouvât suffisante et définitive, mais parce qu'elle réintroduisait dans l'organisme pétrifié de l'Eglise romaine un souffle de sincérité et d'indépendance. L'ouvrier, plus encore que l'œuvre, l'avait ravi, et il lui appliquait les beaux vers de Milton sur l'ange Abdiel :

..... "Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal : "

..... "well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence."

Tous ceux qui du dedans essayaient d'élargir les Eglises et de combattre l'ultramontanisme avaient droit à ses encouragements. L'ultramontanisme, en effet, est l'ennemi le plus menaçant de la religion de notre temps ; il peut rallier les masses superstitieuses et organiser des processions, des démonstrations ; mais il étend une ombre délétère sur la religion de l'esprit ; il perpétue et consacre la confusion de la religion et de la superstition qui a provoqué tant de malentendus et de fureurs inutiles. Or, l'ultramontanisme n'est pas une maladie propre à l'Eglise de Rome ; nous le retrouvons dans toutes les Eglises qui placent

hors de la conscience, au-delà du sanctuaire divin, les appuis et les raisons d'être de la foi. Aussi ceux qui s'efforcent de secouer le joug pesant de l'autorité et du formalisme, de réveiller l'esprit, ne sont pas les ennemis de la religion ; ils l'élèvent au-dessus des grossières atteintes des niveleurs et des matérialistes. Ceux-ci ne s'y trompent pas, et les adversaires auxquels ils réservent toute leur malveillance, ce sont ces hérétiques que l'Eglise veut rejeter de son sein et qui ouvrent à la religion un nouvel avenir, en la débarrassant des parties mortes sous lesquelles elle succombe. Il serait peut-être plus commode à ceux qui n'ont pas la faveur des prêtres et du troupeau qu'ils conduisent, de secouer la poussière de leurs pieds sur une société qui s'enveloppe de son drapeau pour en faire un linceul ; mais ils trahiraient un poste difficile, où ils doivent se maintenir pour rallier les nouvelles générations qui ne veulent pas sacrifier à un pouvoir suranné et despotique l'indépendance de leur pensée, et qui ne savent à quelle source aller se désaltérer.

Je ne sache pas que Stanley ait traité, directement et à fond, la question des miracles. Ce n'était pas sa tactique d'attaquer de front des problèmes aussi complexes, et qui impliquent des solutions philosophiques très nettes. Il s'efforçait d'enlever à ces questions, qu'on jette souvent dans le public mal préparé comme un épouvantail, leurs côtés tragiques, et d'apaiser tout à la fois les angoisses de la piété et les indignations des savants. Il désintéressait la piété de ce problème critique et historique, et il n'irritait pas la science en l'arrêtant devant les faits qu'elle ne peut pas vérifier. "Miracles," dit Fuller, "are the swaddling clothes of the infant Church," et il est insensé de vouloir imposer à l'homme les vêtements de son enfance ; ils sont trop étroits depuis qu'il a grandi. Son christianisme n'avait pas besoin d'être couvert par un pavillon surnaturel ; il éveillait un écho dans l'âme, il posait d'aplomb sur la conscience, et pour

être respecté, il n'avait pas besoin de tenir à distance l'examen, l'enquête, comme s'il avait une grandeur d'empunt.

Le doyen ne connaissait pas le mouvement inauguré en France par M. Renouvier ; mais par d'autres voies il était arrivé aux mêmes conclusions. La métaphysique lui semblait un marécage enveloppé de brumes, où l'on ne peut bâtir solidement, et où le regard n'embrasse que des ombres. Il se repliait avec confiance sur le terrain moral ; et il retrouvait la joie, la certitude dans les grandes affirmations de la conscience. Il faudra bien qu'un jour les lecteurs sérieux de la Bible en viennent à reconnaître que la religion de Jésus n'est ni un instrument de diplomatie théologique, tel que les Conciles l'ont fabriqué, ni une série de pratiques et de rites exigeant l'intervention sacerdotale. Il faudra bien qu'on cesse d'aligner des déclarations dogmatiques pour établir la richesse de la religion chrétienne, et que l'on se contente de retrouver dans nos Évangiles un principe fécond, d'où est sortie une floraison morale. Tant qu'un chrétien se confiera au Père céleste, et s'efforcera de réaliser l'idéal que la parole et la vie de Jésus ont fait monter sur le ciel de l'humanité, il ne sera pas permis de l'accuser d'appauvrir son Église, et de la lancer, comme un navire désarmé, sur l'abîme sans boussole et sans gouvernail.

Ce christianisme moral, spirituel, que prêchait le doyen, et qu'il aimait à retrouver jusque dans l'antiquité païenne, comme saint Augustin, a été dénoncé comme nuageux, manquant de précision ; et les docteurs de la loi passent auprès de lui en hochant la tête d'un air profond et s'écrient : "Ce n'est pas un christianisme positif." Qu'est-ce à dire ? L'orthodoxie la plus ombrageuse s'accorderait-elle avec l'école de philosophie qui a pris ce terme pour étiquette et qui prétend ignorer tout ce qui ne peut pas se prêter à une vérification sensible ? Est ce vraiment l'ambition de l'ortho-

doxie de nous offrir un christianisme qui n'exige que des sens bien exercés, un raisonnement bien subtil, pour saisir ses titres et emmagasiner ses richesses ? Ah ! si le christianisme positif est synonyme d'un christianisme matériel, je ne comprends plus rien à la tragédie de Golgotha ni à l'insurrection de la Réforme : les Phari-siens du premier siècle et les prêtres du seizième fournissaient sur le marché public une religion bien positive, et il n'était point nécessaire de les chasser à coups de fouet !

En vérité, il serait bien temps que les chrétiens voulussent bien reconnaître que les réalités morales et spirituelles sont plus positives que celles des sens ; et "si l'humanité a besoin," comme l'a dit Goethe, "de quelque chose de positif, que l'on choisisse une bonne fois ce qui est juste et vrai."

Ce reproche révèle une entière ignorance du milieu dans lequel nous vivons, et des conditions nouvelles que les découvertes scientifiques ont faites aux vieilles expressions de la foi chrétienne. Quand l'ancienne philosophie, qui a prêté ses formules, ses modèles à l'expérience, à la vie chrétienne, est brisée comme la statue antique — *dissecta membra* — demande que tous ceux qui ont constaté cette situation intellectuelle élèverent sur l'heure un système complet, l'exigence paraît un peu excessive de la part de ceux qui marmottent les vieilles litanies du passé, sans prêter l'oreille aux craquements sinistres qui se font entendre dans la vieille Église. Certainement Stanley n'a été ni un Calvin ni un Schleiermacher. Mais combien sont-ils, à travers les siècles, les esprits puissants qui bâtissent pour leurs contemporains ces asiles d'un jour ? Et quand on a heurté sur le seuil de ce siècle tant de ruines et de systèmes brisés, on se demande s'il ne suffit pas à l'ambition humaine d'avoir été au milieu de sa génération le souffle léger et frais qui, après une nuit suffocante, ramène l'aurore.

S'il est vrai que dans ce monde la

grandeur est consacrée par l'insulte et l'outrage, la mémoire du doyen de Westminster n'a rien à envier aux plus illustres. Sa tombe n'était pas encore fermée, que le journal le plus ardent du parti ritualiste *The Church Times*, avec un cynisme qu'on pardonnerait seulement à un bateleur, comparait le zèle et le goût de ce noble gardien des gloires de l'Angleterre à l'habileté de cette Madame Tussaud, qui a réuni dans un musée de cire, pour repaître la curiosité malsaine du public, les célébrités de toute espèce de cette époque si troublée.

Les funérailles du doyen ont été célébrées au milieu d'un concours inusité d'assistants, depuis la famille Royale, et les illustrations de la politique, de l'art, et de la littérature, jusqu'aux députations d'ouvriers. Parmi les couronnes et les bouquets de fleurs qui couvraient le cercueil et le sol de la chapelle d'Henri VII. où la cérémonie s'est terminée, on en remarquait une qu'avaient envoyée quelques protestants français, avec cette inscription : *Au vaillant apôtre de l'unité de l'esprit par le lien de la paix.*

Le soir de la vie, comme celui de la journée, est toujours enveloppé de mélancolie ; la grande ombre qui s'allonge sur la route de l'homme, sur ses travaux et ses affections, éveille dans les cœurs un bruit de regrets et de sanglots. Le couchant a beau être empourpré des promesses glorieuses du lendemain, il laisse toujours dans l'âme la tristesse inséparable de tout ce qui finit. Ce n'était pas seulement le départ prématuré de celle qui avait été l'ornement de sa demeure, la force et la joie de sa maturité, qui rendait le Doyen inquiet et pensif ; mais il n'avait pas vu se lever dans l'Eglise le jour béni de la pacification et de la liberté de l'esprit ; l'idée qu'il avait entrevue dans sa jeunesse, aux pieds de son maître, à laquelle il avait consacré toute l'ardeur de son âme, tous les efforts de sa vive intelligence, avait subi plus d'un échec ; et elle semblait se voiler derrière un gros nuage tout

chargé de préjugés et de passions contraires. Il avait l'intuition que le terrain de la lutte allait être déplacé et que les questions se poseraient avec une sorte de brutalité, sans le respect des nuances ni des positions acquises, comme il arrive dans les époques démocratiques où *Monsieur tout le monde* se précipite sur l'objet de ses haines avec la fureur du taureau. Si le progrès libéral dans ses plus lointaines conséquences n'effrayait pas son esprit, il avait un tempérament et des manières aristocratiques ; et il n'aimait pas voir employer la hache ou l'épée pour trancher les nœuds de l'histoire. Si quelque transformation radicale dans l'état de l'Eglise s'était accomplie de son vivant, il n'aurait pas consenti à descendre dans une arène inconnue ; et il se serait réfugié dans ses chères études historiques, tout en accompagnant de ses sympathies les efforts des nouveaux lutteurs. Peut-être est-il mort à l'heure opportune, avant d'avoir été dépassé par le mouvement qui gronde et se prépare dans des couches où jusqu'alors en Angleterre on n'avait songé à chercher que des comparses et non pas des *leaders*.

Il est tombé aux avant-postes, revêtu de son armure brillante, ralliant autour de sa parole l'estime, l'admiration de tous ceux qui ont le souci de la dignité de l'âme humaine. La vieillesse, celle du moins qui appesantit les ailes de l'imagination et couvre d'une buée terne la palette des artistes, ne l'avait pas effleuré encore, malgré toutes les fatigues qu'il imposait à un corps délicat ; il est mort en pleine activité, au lendemain de prédications émouvantes sur les *beatitudes*, et laissant comme son testament théologique un article dont il corrigeait les épreuves, au milieu des atteintes du mal qui devait le terrasser, sur la *confession de foi de Westminster*.

On se demande avec inquiétude si la mort de Stanley ne marquera pas, dans l'histoire de l'Eglise anglicane, une de ces heures solennelles où l'on tourne un coin de la route, où il faut dire

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adieu à l'espoir des solutions pacifiques et libérales, et où l'on aperçoit, au milieu de malentendus envenimés par l'ignorance et la passion, la religion et la science se préparant à un duel tragique. L'Eglise n'a-t-elle pas commencé à rompre tous les ponts avec la société civile, avec la conscience de ce temps, telle que l'ont faite les travaux, les recherches des savants? Sous prétexte de ne pas se laisser envahir et pénétrer par l'esprit d'incroyance ne va-t-elle pas s'enfermer dans ses vieilles cathédrales, dont le moyen-âge avait fait des châteaux-forts, et où elle se laisser assiéger par le monde moderne? L'Eglise qui, tant de fois, s'est comparée à l'arche flottant sur les eaux pour recueillir les naufragés, ne serait-elle pas mieux inspirée en coupant les câbles qui la retiennent au rivage du passé, et des pouvoirs établis, et en ouvrant ses voiles au vent pour aller au-devant de destins nouveaux qui ne peuvent être effrayants, puisque le vent vient de Dieu et que le courant porte à lui?

S'il fallait, pour résumer cette esquisse trop bâtive, choisir une épitaphe qui pût être gravée sur la tombe du dean pour rappeler sa physionomie douce et pensive et pour caractériser son œuvre théologique, je proposerais cette parole du célèbre non-conformiste, le pieux Baxter :

"I would rather be a martyr for love than for any other article of the Christian Creed."

ERNEST FONTANÉS.

II.—CHURCHMEN OF THE TIME: DEAN STANLEY AND DR. WATSON.¹

VERY little, comparatively speaking, now remains of that old leaven of the Pharisees which did not allow it to be thought that there could be eminent goodness apart from ecclesiastical office and connection. So little of that old leaven is still active, that if any

apology has ever to be made in ecclesiastical assemblies for mentioning the name of anybody not mentioned in Scripture, it is perhaps rather in the case of clergymen than in that of laymen. Our modern ecclesiastical authorities are ready to canonize in their discourses every sort of merit, even every sort of success, however remote from the ecclesiastical sphere may have been that in which it has been exhibited or achieved. And of this no complaint need be expressed except where more account happens to be made of the prospects of sects than of the progress of mankind. It is an outcome and expression of the feeling which our modern habits of thought have deepened if not created, that the welfare and well-being of the human race, the cause of civilisation and of religion itself, require for their advancement many forms of human activity besides those that are distinctively ecclesiastical or religious.

On the other hand, priestly and clerical influence being everywhere on the wane, it is more widely felt than it used to be that too much has been made of clerical and priestly offices when every holder of one, however feeble or commonplace personally, has been treated, at least at his death, and in a funeral sermon, as if he were a memorable historical character; while members of other professions, better entitled to a place in the recollection of mankind, have been allowed to go down to the grave without funereal lament, in prose or verse. Partly on this account, partly because to a common mode of thought a great deal of clerical activity since almost the first days of the Christian church, has been such as the world could well have spared, any testimony which is borne to the merits of ecclesiastical personages is certain to be received in many quarters with suspicion and reserve. It is perhaps, however, only the more useful or more requisite in these circumstances, to recognise genuine worth

¹ A Lecture delivered in the Cathedral, Glasgow, August 15, 1881.

and excellence when it does occur in the ecclesiastical sphere, when there can be no dispute as to its quality, when it is certain that it has been attained and exhibited, not only with advantage to a sect or party, but with profit to mankind. Every kind of greatness has its own peculiar contribution to make to the influences which bear upon the progress and elevation of the race—not least that kind of greatness, rare perhaps but memorable, which is shown in performing sacred offices in a spirit worthy of them—one the reverse of all that is mean, and insincere, cowardly, and time-serving. A great many of our doctors of divinity, reverend, very reverend, right reverend ecclesiastical fathers, may safely, no doubt, be allowed to drop into oblivion after a funeral sermon has commemorated once for all their virtues and their talents. But there are here and there men belonging to the clerical order whose name and whose character and labours cannot be too well or too long remembered. And of this description certainly were two men, friends and kindred spirits, over whom the grave has just closed, and who have left behind them, for the consolation of multitudes of friends and for the benefit of the world, the recollection of distinguished, even illustrious worth, with regard to whom, therefore, it would be appropriate to quote that ancient Christian exhortation: “Remember them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith.”

It was perhaps as much as by anything by his readiness to associate with the Presbyterian clergy in Scotland, and to fraternise with the representatives of all sects in England, and indeed throughout the world—it was perhaps by this as much as by anything that the late Dean Stanley became the most famous English ecclesiastic of his day. He despised in this fashion prejudices still lingering in his Church, and the obloquy which was the consequence

of despising them, and it was counted to him for righteousness and common sense. When they build his sepulchre in Westminster, they should write upon it for one thing, “Here lies one who supposed that other Christians than those belonging to the Church of England might be saved, and who never doubted and therefore never said that there might be ‘some devout persons among the Dissenters.’” It is hardly conceivable to us here in Scotland, but I suppose it is beyond doubt true, that just as he was the most popular of English Churchmen among Dissenters, so by multitudes of Churchmen there was no man of his day more heartily detested, or more persistently abused and vilified; and that that which above all procured him this honour (for it was such), was his familiar and friendly relations with Dissenters—Presbyterians, Non-conformists, Wesleyans, Old Catholics. I shall not, however, lay stress upon this point as if it were a really wonderful thing for a man of genius and extraordinary culture to surmount prejudices which seem better suited to the meridian of Lochaber or Stornoway than to that of Oxford or Cambridge. I mention it only as an illustration of that which was most characteristic of the man, viz. the sincerity, earnestness, enthusiasm, with which he adopted, cherished, vindicated modern habits of thought respecting moral, and religious, and ecclesiastical questions as compared with those which time and modern science have hopelessly antiquated. It is from this point of view, and this only, that I wish to note the moral of an illustrious career. I might have much to say of the singular vivacity of style by means of which Dean Stanley could lend a charm to almost any subject, and by which, to the surprise as well as delight of young men who are now growing old, he did lend a charm to many unpromising subjects of ecclesiastical history, of theology, of Scripture geography and antiquities. But I

leave this and the like of this here out of view, and speak of him only in the character of a leader and representative, in the religious sphere, of one school of thinkers and teachers.

I see that since his death, in various quarters, among his friends and among those who were all along his opponents, attempts have been made to show that he was a good man, or a great and good man, in spite of his not being sound in the faith; or that notwithstanding all he said and wrote and did in the course of a long life-time, he ought not to be considered unorthodox at all, but essentially and fundamentally a believer of the conventional evangelical type. In several instances reference has been made to some pious sentences which were spoken by him on his death-bed, to prove or help to prove that he was a good man. As if some old woman hearing of the death of her son in foreign parts, and remembering that he had never all his life been anything but a grief to her, should yet find comfort in knowing that there had been found in his chest, after his death, the Bible which she had once given him wrapped in a handkerchief. Almost in a way to suggest comparisons of this kind, it would seem to have been found possible to quote the last or almost the last words that were spoken by one who never in his life uttered a syllable or did a deed that was not worthy of a scholar, and a gentleman, and a Christian. In other instances those who have spoken or written of Dean Stanley have found various points in his character and career which would bear favourable or eulogistic comment, and to which they have alluded as a set-off against the damaging fact that he was not orthodox. In the same way too in which his friend Thomas Carlyle, not long before, was converted at his death by some people into an orthodox Presbyterian, the Dean has been numbered since his decease by some

admirers of his among the faithful to tradition for whom in his lifetime he had more pity than admiration. Not merely in justice to the dead but out of charity to the living, who have no more valuable property than what they possess in the character of good men, some protest ought to be made against all this. What is true rather than that he was a good man in spite of his opinions, is that his opinions and the way he held them are among the best of the many proofs we have that he was a good man, and in a sense great as well as good. As regards his worth to the Church and to the world, to speak plainly, it seems to me that he was not first of all an amiable, pure, noble, highly gifted, and wonderfully accomplished man, and then a Church dignitary of liberal or advanced theological views; but he was first of all a Churchman of that description, and secondly he was all that you please to say, all that can be said or imagined, of a Christian and a gentleman. He indeed valued goodness more than any creed—no man perhaps ever valued goodness more than he. But he would not and could not have accepted it as a compliment if any one had hinted that it was in spite of and not mainly in virtue of his fidelity to his opinions and convictions, such as they were, that he deserved the trust or respect of his fellow-men. Such was the breadth of his sympathies, and such perhaps, too, it may be said, was the vivacity of his intellect, of which a graceful fancy was a noted quality, that he had a good word to say for most of the superstitions and religious errors and absurdities of mankind. He had so much reverence too for all that the past or that the veneration or the superstition of mankind has invested with the character of sacredness, that he rather explained away (and not too directly either) than assailed and beat upon to their destruction, ancient dogmas and traditions. But it was only to this extent, and

it was not far, that there was any doubt left as to the position which he had taken up in regard to modern habits of thought on religious subjects. That gospel which he habitually preached, which all who went to hear him knew they would hear from him, was not the gospel of faith without works or of the damnation of the greater part of the human race, or of indwelling sin, to which we know the majority of our church-going people would like to limit the application of the term. His gospel was not theological: it was moral, or rather spiritual. It was not a system of divinity, it was love and duty; the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man—love, light, truth, freedom, peace in the sphere of that inward spiritual life, which is as divine in man as it is in God. This was his attitude as a religious teacher. He had broken completely away, not only from tradition, but from the letter of Scripture as ultimate and supreme authority for his religious beliefs, and had found that authority in the soul itself. In all the controversies of the age with reference to this new gospel (which yet is not new but the oldest of all), with reference to science and religion, creeds and confessions of faith, mythologies, nature and the supernatural, Jewish scriptures and Christian scriptures, it was known on which side you were sure to find this one man. With that love and reverence of his for all that was historical, sacred, venerable, possibly he would have shrunk if he could from some of the results of scientific and critical research to the acceptance of which others joyfully and light-heartedly committed themselves. But if any one in all England was in trouble or difficulty on the score of having accepted these results, he was the man to take his part, not timidly either, or with prudent and cautious reservations and protestations, but openly and fearlessly. That he was the acknowledged champion of rational religion is, however, only open to a doubt, and only

needs to be discussed, if there is any doubt, as I suppose there is none, that up till the moment of his death no man of his day was more heartily detested among a large section of Churchmen and believers. This hatred I have said was mostly due to the unconscionable friendliness of his relations with Christian people of other churches. It was owing, in a measure also, to the intolerable banter with which he assailed the sacerdotalism of a powerful party in the Church. But it is well known that it was, in no small part everywhere, and in some quarters exclusively, to be attributed to what were called his heretical opinions. He himself, no doubt, understood as well as most people the position which he occupied as a religious teacher. Only two or three years ago, referring to the number of friends he had found in that capacity north of the Tweed, and to the sympathy and popularity of which he was assured by his visits here, he declared that he had always felt in his own country and in his own church as if he were the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

It is not in spite of all this, then, I say, but rather in virtue of it, that he deserves to be remembered, that his career is instructive, that his example is splendid. It was in all this, not least decisively, that he showed how good and how great a man he was. It has been the rôle of the good and great of all history to be men of the time in which they lived, to live in its life, to sympathise with its doubts and difficulties, to recognise its wants, to appreciate its hopes and aspirations, to mark by their deeds or by their writings its position in the line of the gradual advance of the human race in knowledge and virtue and happiness. That from the first he had intellectual and spiritual discernment to adopt in the ecclesiastical and religious sphere this honourable but perilous part, and that in the course of a long lifetime he had the

courage to be faithful to it—this, in my opinion, and not his distinction as a scholar, or his eminence as a master of English style, or his singular amiability and purity of character, is his title to be gratefully remembered by his country and by mankind. This is not something for which you have to make some apology or against which you have to discover some set-off, in order that you may be at liberty to speak well of the dead. No higher eulogy than this could you have to bestow, though you condensed into one all the commendations that man has bestowed upon man since the foundation of the world.

It was made a reproach to one generation of one people: Your fathers killed the prophets and ye build their sepulchres. What if we should be found sometimes adopting another method of dealing with those who are best entitled to the name of prophets among us—another method, and yet hardly wiser or better? What if we should be found trying after they are dead and cannot answer for themselves to show that they were not prophets at all, but ordinary preachers of a commonplace gospel, distinguished only from other preachers, it may be, by some superior talent or some trick of style? This, if anything of this kind is known among us, is to kill the prophets a second time in the act of building their sepulchres—it is after their death, and the evil treatment which has generally preceded that event, to allow them not a resurrection unto life and glory, but only to imbecility and inanity. It is to stultify the public judgment with regard to a man like Dean Stanley to talk, now that he is gone, as if he were indistinguishable, except by literary skill, from the crowd of orthodox believers. If he was wrong in adopting and advocating as he did other than strictly orthodox religious views, let that be said, so that others may be deterred from following a bad example.

If he was right, let that be understood, so that others may be incited and encouraged to walk in his footsteps. Whether he was wrong or right, the fact that the theological attitude of such a man was what it was, is a fact which cannot be too well considered. It is a lesson full of instruction for all who are interested in the future of religion in this country, and indeed for all whose ignorance is not such as to assure them that they are too wise to have any need to learn anything. If his own Church had been a little better organised than it is, Dean Stanley would probably have been cast out of it long ago with ignominy and insult. Most likely if he had belonged to any Presbyterian communion except our own, and possibly if he had been found in ours, he would have had to endure many things of Presbyteries and Synods, and going to a General Assembly to obtain redress he might have been commanded to beg forgiveness for having disturbed the ancient peace of Israel by scholarship, by fearless love of truth, by a brilliant English style. It is a significant fact, therefore, that perhaps hardly a man of this generation, certainly not a single ecclesiastic of our day, has been more widely or more deeply lamented at his death than this English Dean. The common sense, right feeling, religious instinct of mankind in his case, as in others, has triumphed over ignorant prejudice. Some of the best men of this age, and of all ages, have been of dubious orthodoxy. Few, or perhaps none, of the men of our day most highly gifted, intellectually and spiritually, have been nearly as orthodox as are usually the bishops, leaders, official representatives of churches, in whom an ordinary understanding can perhaps perceive little but respectability of character, mediocrity of intellect, ignorance of modern thought and modern life. There is use for religious teaching other than that which bears the stamp of orthodox dulness, feebleness, dogmatism. These

are lessons which almost all clergymen, and a great many other people, find it very hard to learn. They are lessons which are powerfully enforced by many an ancient as well as many a modern career; seldom have they been more effectively taught than by the career of Dean Stanley. It was one of the most cautious and prudent of Scotchmen and Archbishops—the Archbishop of Canterbury—who since his death declared his belief that thousands had been won to Christianity by the Dean's historical treatment of religious questions. That was as safe a statement as was ever made by a Scotchman or an Archbishop. Many in his Church, and not a few in other Churches might do well to ponder it.

Not less than his friend the Dean of Westminster, was the late Dr. Watson, of Dundee,¹ essentially a man of the time; though it was in and through ecclesiastical activity and clerical work rather than in the field of science and literature that he was destined to give to his countrymen the impression of a unique and powerful personality. I have seen nothing which has been said of him since his death which seems to me to do complete justice to his intellectual endowment. His friend, Principal Caird, has spoken of him in that respect with a restraint and caution dictated, no doubt, by the closeness of their lifelong intimacy. Nothing so beautifully and happily original in the way of intellectual gift as an uncommon endowment of common sense, and that originality Watson had in a marked degree. A friend of his and mine, casually, since his death has supplied me with two reminiscences of the man, in which, trifling as they are, I can see a great deal that is characteristic. He was arguing in one of his sermons that people could not and should not expect to have more of their own way than a moderate share, and on this

point among other things he remarked that people could not for example have it all their own way in the street. Common sense in this fashion in his talk, and in his discourses, as in the speech of other great ethical teachers, found for its use everywhere and always some homely parable, some wise saw, or modern instance, in which there was light for minds of every description. A young minister who was a great friend of his confided to him one day a host of troubles in which he had found himself placed by the proceedings of people, especially office-bearers, connected with his Church. They were walking along a country road while the younger minister thus poured his sorrows into the ear of the elder. Watson listened till he had finished without saying a word. Then he halted, deliberately brought his purse out of his pocket, took a shilling out of it, shut one eye, held the shilling before the other, and then looking up at the sun he remarked, "With this shilling I can blot out the sun." That young minister had reason to be, as he actually has been, I believe, very thankful for the lesson which was taught him by that eclipse. As was shown in all his discourses to his congregation, and in an occasional speech or sermon addressed in print to a larger public, Dr. Watson, in virtue of what I call his originality, never gave any impression of himself, as a preacher, but that of one of the most powerful and suggestive though by no means the most popular of his day and generation. It is not, however, in this respect that I wish to speak of him here and now. He too, like Stanley, tolerated everything, and approved of much that was stigmatised as heterodoxy and infidelity by narrower and less cultivated minds. It is well known that so long as it was possible for such minds to co-operate effectually for his exclusion from a leading place in the Church they were strenuous to do so. His gospel, like Stanley's, was not theological but

¹ Moderator of the General Assembly, 1880, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains.

moral—not a system of divinity, but love and duty. Everybody to whom modern thought on religious subjects was familiar and congenial knew that he could calculate on the sympathy of this one minister in our Church—the man perhaps more widely and deeply trusted than any other occupying a place among its clergy. His, like Stanley's, was a pure, noble, beneficent life; and like the English Dean's this Scotch minister's death has been mourned as that of few men in our day. It was noticed that in the celebration of his obsequies Jews and Roman Catholics as well as Protestants of all sorts took part. Unknown to fame out of Scotland, his worth as a good man was known and incontestable to most of his countrymen.

It is a singular circumstance that these two men of whom I have spoken, friends and allies, and kindred spirits, should have been laid in the grave on the same day, almost at the same hour. This is not all, however, which there

is to link their memories together. They were both, as I have said, men in full sympathy with modern thought and inquiry on religious subjects, even the freest and most thoroughgoing. They were both intolerant only of intolerance, antagonistic to everything in the shape of bigotry, sectarian pride and narrowness. Certainly neither of them was an orthodox believer of the evangelical type. Yet they were good men, great as well as good. They were among the best men that this generation has seen, and those who in their lives opposed them and reviled them, have been forced as well as others to acknowledge that. It is an obvious lesson which this teaches, and I have already drawn it. That faith of theirs, though Churches still affect to hold it in suspicion or abhorrence, though sometimes it meets with ecclesiastical censure and reprobation, cannot have been altogether a bad one which had such issues as in their lives.

JOHN SERVICE, D.D.

LIFE AND SPORT AT ALTENSTEIN.

SOME time ago I made friends with a German in a Scotch country house. In the course of various talks arising from our daily pursuits, my new acquaintance told me that if I would like to have a glimpse of old German life and sport he would give me an introduction to a relation, the *Förstmeister* ("Forest-master") to Prince A.—I need not give the real name,—who would be glad to take an English visitor into his house and make him welcome for some weeks. In the following year, having a month upon my hands, I acted upon the suggestion, and after a friendly letter from the *Förstmeister*, set out for the place of his abode, which we will call Altenstein.

Altenstein station is in one of the valleys running inland from the east of the Rhine, a region whose rivers, woods, and charmingly picturesque old towns I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that one afternoon towards the end of August I found myself at the said station, with a tall, gentlemanlike man coming forward to meet me. This was *Förstmeister* B., mine host to be, clothed in the universal suit that does duty in Germany for our endless sporting attires—short gray cloth jacket with a strap at the back, green collar, and buckshorn buttons; waistcoat and trousers to match. He had come to meet me in his *Einspanner*, a sort of Victoria, somewhat battered and dusty, but drawn by a good-looking horse with a long tail. On this rough but useful machine my host's man, coachman for that occasion, who was dressed in the same gray clothes of a coarser sort, soon stowed my luggage, and off we went.

After going some short distance, we turned up a smaller valley winding

from the larger one into the long undulations of the wooded hills. On one side, the beech wood that came down to the road was parted from it by a huge fence made of broad, irregular splits of timber, driven into the ground and fastened together at the top. This was the *Zaun*, or paling, running round the large tract of the *Wald* that was set apart as the prince's deer forest. On the other side was a narrow meadow, intersected by a small and sluggish stream, beyond which the forest again rose, a half-ruined watch tower standing out on a crag above the trees.

Suddenly, on turning a corner we saw Altenstein, our destination, before us. On the top of a conical hill, sharp and dark against the west, stood a cluster of buildings, from the mass of which here and there sharp extinguisher-like spires and pinnacles shot into the sky, the whole being dominated by a square keep, and forming the identical background of hill and castle so often seen in the old German pictures.

As we drew nearer to this romantic distance, my host informed me (what I ought to have known before if I had read much of German history) that the princes of Altenstein had up to the beginning of the present century been independent rulers, but had then been mediatised, *i.e.* politically disestablished, and made subjects of one of the larger states. But although real sovereignty no longer exists at Altenstein, its remains, imbedded in the customs of the place, together with a general tone of the middle ages, form so characteristic a picture, and one so little likely to come under the eye of the ordinary hotel-traveller, that the reader may not be uninterested in a description of some of its features.

To this end I propose, after a short general outline of the place and its ways, to give two scenes characteristic of the social life there prevailing, reserving the subject of sport for another paper.

Behind the *Schloss* (castle), which occupied the highest point of the hill of Altenstein, the ground sloped down to a tract of high table-land, where, close under the walls of the old stronghold, stood the little town, containing, with the inmates of the *Schloss*, about 2,000 inhabitants. A few words will sufficiently describe the town—a market-place with an irresistible old pump, three or four irregular streets, and some pretty environs of neat villas standing in their own gardens. The castle is not quite so easily dismissed, but I will endeavour to give the reader a sketch of it in as few touches as possible. The entrance from the town was through a great gate opening into the market-place, flanked by two low towers, between which appeared the device of the house of Altenstein—a blue badger on a red ground. Passing upwards under two other massive lines of wall, now built up with houses and sheds, the visitor found himself in the outer court of the castle, containing the draw-well and divers old-fashioned houses, one of which was my host's. This space ended on the higher side in a flight of steps leading to the citadel or upper tier of the stronghold through a dark tunnel, whose mouth was protected by a striking old portcullis, painted deep red, and knotty with rusty clamps and nail-heads. Beyond the tunnel were several quadrangles, grouped round the keep, and inhabited by the members of the princely family and their servants. Round the highest side of the hill was a broad terrace, commanding a glorious view of the rolling forest country, into which the cultivated valleys ran like winding fiords. Here dwelt in dignified ease a row of fine old brass cannon, their barrels carved with garlands of flowers, leaves, and heraldic devices,

and bearing inscriptions such as "I am the mouse," "I am the hedge-sparrow," "God be with us, let the good cause triumph."

So much for the outward semblance of Altenstein, both town and *Schloss*; let us now turn our attention to the inhabitants.

One of the relics of royalty above mentioned, was a ministry that still existed, each member of which had his little whitewashed bureau in the "Ministerium," a small house standing in the precincts of the *Schloss*. The "premier," so to speak, was the *Hof-Marschal* who was President of the Princely Privy Chamber, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of larger communities was represented by the keeper of the Estate Accounts, the Treasury by the *Rentamt* (rent collector), and the "Woods and Forests" by the *Förstmeister*. There was also the *Berg-Director* who administered the mines, the *Kammer-Director* who held the privy purse, and other officials with recognised positions but no bureaux, such as the *Fürstlicher-Ober-Medicinal-Rath*, and the *Hof-Apotheker*, who were respectively doctor and apothecary of the town. I may at once say that I never met with an *Unter* of any kind in the flesh, though I did hear one day of an "under-hedgehog-hunter," in a remote part of the *Wald*, who was supposed to have seen a covey of partridges. Under the *Förstmeister* were several *Ober-Försters*, each of whom had a district of his own within which he attended to the planting, growth, and cutting of timber, and the preservation of the game, having under him a staff of *Försters*, half-keepers, half woodmen.

All these dignitaries addressed each other by their titles in preference to their ordinary names, and the same practice was observed towards their wives. The use of a surname was consequently rare in Altenstein, and still more the familiar employment of the Christian name so common among men in England, which there seemed to be warranted only by an acquaintance of

great familiarity and long standing. All this sounds rather formal to an Englishman, indeed the prevalence of formality at Altenstein, considering the smallness of the community, somewhat astonished me. For instance, the laws relating to black coats, now much relaxed with us, were enforced there with great severity, and the amount of force expended daily in the place in taking off of hats must have equalled that of one of the small mill-streams of the neighbourhood, soon resulting in my case in a large chasm in the brim of my straw.

It is no doubt easy to cast a good deal of ridicule on this formal side of German life, but I am not at all sure that it is not closely bound up with that earnestness that is the secret of German success. A man with a definite status and title, the recognition of which is not confined to business hours, feels that he has an honourable position to keep up, however small is his salary; and although he may be pompous in his work, he is not slovenly. The gulf that separates a *Fürstlicher-Ober-Medical-Rath* from a country doctor, is surely not without benefit to the patients of the former.

Another feature of Altenstein society that was equally striking and more admirable, was the high standard of education prevailing among the men. As an instance of this diffusion of knowledge, I may say, that the waiter at the *Blaue Dachs* ("Blue Badger") became on Saturday afternoon a private tutor in arithmetic, and in this capacity gave lessons to the little boys of the district. It is fair to add that when contemplating this last named class, I sometimes doubted whether the education hobby was not being over-ridden in their case. Such pale tadpoles, as many of them were, with listless ways, and few games, they looked as if the stalwart Teutonic physique of their fathers was being sacrificed in the cause of knowledge.

Of the ladies of the place I saw but little, there being no balls in the summer, and the fair sex seeming to

confine themselves to a sort of female *soirée* called a *Frauen-Gesellschaft*. It is true I was one day taken to admire the reigning belle, the daughter of an *Ober-Förster*, living in a romantic lodge in the forest. She was a good specimen of a German country beauty, with pink cheeks, blue eyes, and splendid hair; which latter was a common, and I may say, usually the chief, outward attraction of my fair neighbours. As to the standard of taste and dress, there was a considerable likeness between the fashions of Altenstein and those prevailing in England at the beginning of the present reign. To support this view, I would instance the black coat ceremonies, the fondness for that horrible form of clothing called "white ducks," the absence of tweed stuffs and loose garments like shooting jackets and knickerbockers, the prevalence among ladies of large bonnets and "sausage" curls, and a simplicity almost amounting to childishness in matters of taste and art.

It is true our connection with the outside world was not extensive. The old kingly-imperial post-waggon deposited occasional native tourists, and now and then there was an invasion of the military, in the shape of an *Ein-quartierung*, or billeting. One of these took place a day or two after my arrival, the invaders consisting of forty or fifty officers on a military tour under a scientific colonel. These armed students rode into the market-place one morning about ten, having started at daybreak from their last halting-place. Before 5 P.M. they were expected to show up a paper treating their day's route and its surroundings from a military point of view. The officer quartered at our house was a stout, commonplace-looking young fellow, with a tight waist. He at once entered his bedroom, and ordered two "beef-steaks-and-potatoes" in succession, after which I was informed he divided his time between sleeping and writing till the dinner hour, when he joined his comrades in the large

room at the *Blau Dachs*. On another occasion we had a corporal and two horses from a light cavalry regiment on their way from the autumn manoeuvres. These visitors came in from their day's march about four, and in a short space of time all the men had off their dusty uniforms, and in their rough nankeen fatigue dresses were grooming their horses outside their respective billets. Later on they might be seen strolling about the town and *Schloss*, with clusters of little Altensteiners hanging on to their great hands, and piloting them about the place. Uncouth fellows, with good kindly faces, they looked thoroughly a "*proles mascula, versare glebas docta ligonibus*."

When I had been about a week at Altenstein, leading a life lazily contemplative of the manners and customs I have endeavoured to describe, we heard one morning that the prince was about to return.

The prince, or to call him by his proper title, *Fürst*, I need scarcely say, was the hereditary Lord of Altenstein, whose fathers had for countless generations fought and hunted from its ancient *Schloss*. The present representative of the family had been spending the hot months in the seclusion of the *Orionhaus*, a hunting lodge built in a remote part of his sylvan territories.

After the first rumour, some time passed without further news, till one day, when taking my usual morning stroll in the precincts of the castle, I saw approaching what appeared to be a party of singers clothed for a fashionable concert. They turned out, however, to be the notables of Altenstein in full evening dress, white gloves, and tall hats, bound for the morning *levée* of welcome that was held on the return of the great man. That same evening a tottering servitor, in a dress of Frederick the Great's cut, came down to our house with a princely request that mine host and the Herr Engländer would come up to the *Schloss* that evening.

Accordingly, when tea was over, and I had arrayed myself in seemingly black, in obedience to special injunctions to that effect, we proceeded "upwards" under the old portcullis, and through the gloomy tunnel-like entrance mentioned above, till we came to the door of the *Fürst's* apartments.

On arriving there we were received by another long-coated servitor, who, after adding our hats to a collection he had already formed, led the way up a winding stone staircase. The dusty old walls on either hand were covered with antlers of every size and shape, from the branching spoils of the "*hochwild*," or great game, to the tiny forks of the roe-deer fawns. Antlers swarmed everywhere in Schloss Altenstein, like the skeletons in Traddles's *Latin Dictionary*; and no wonder, for since fighting their neighbours went out of fashion, the chase has been the sole occupation of its lords. Doubtless the stags in the preserved parts of the *Wald* often sigh now for the good old fighting days, and look upon Peace Preservation Societies and International Arbitration (if they have ever heard of such things in Germany) as inventions of the devil. Antlers followed us off the staircase, through an ante-chamber, and into a large long room, with rough oak rafters crossing the ceiling, and small square windows like embrasures for cannon piercing the immense walls. Here the forest of horns took some order, being arranged in various patterns round several pictures of the chase, the largest of which represented the late *Fürst's* favourite retriever retrieving a fox—a ludicrous, if not absolutely criminal combination to our English notions. A fox in Germany holds something of the same position in the world of sport as a woodcock with us, and I was often told with pride that the owner of the retriever, a mighty *Jäger*, had himself slain 1,700 of these animals during his life on earth. But to go back to our banquetting hall—chandeliers of interwoven antlers hung from the ceiling, chairs of the same make

stood against the walls, while ink-stands, paper knives, and all nick-nacks that would possibly be twisted out of the same materials were scattered upon the tables. From two of the larger of these, however, all such frivolities had been cleared, and upon one of them appeared various cold viands and bottles of wine, while round the other were gathered the *Fürst* and his guests. This table was of a solid mediæval shape, and stood in a corner of the room, a bench with a stuffed leather back running along the wall behind it, and affording sitting accommodation for two sides. At its head, in a colossal chair, built of faded leather, studded with nails, sat the host, his portly person clad in the everlasting gray jacket turned up with green.

At his side was a bucket containing some half-dozen bottles of beer in ice, which were passed, when wanted, to the guests who sat round the table, each as a rule sticking to his own bottle. Smoke wreaths ascending from long cherry-sticks and cigars curled over the heads of the party, dimming the lights in the horn chandelier, and filling the dark hollows among the beams of the roof. Last, but not least, on the floor near the pail of beer, a *Dachshund* of great size and comeliness lay watching my entrance with a suspicious eye. In a few moments, after the usual formal courtesies of the country had been fulfilled, and I had swayed for some moments in acknowledgment of many bows, like a bulrush in a high wind, I found myself seated by the side of the colossal chair, hardly knowing whether I was not dreaming out of one of Grimm's fairy stories, and whether a red-hooded goblin might not presently step out from where the dark caverns of the windows loomed in the thickness of the wall.

Round the table were seated most of the "Ministers," and also the *Medicinal-Rath*, the *Hof-Apotheker*, and the senior *Kreis-Richter*, or district judge. The *Kammer-Director* acted as

Ganymede, replenishing the bucket when necessary from a store in an inner chamber. The conversation was lively among the guests themselves, though they did not often volunteer remarks to "*Durchlaucht*" (his serenity), at the head of the table. The ceremony surrounding a potentate of this kind in Germany, much exceeds that observed in the case of any English magnate below the blood Royal. However, the great man was good-natured enough, cracking his jokes with, and often upon, his various officers, and talking with his foreign guest about England, to which land he was most partial. He told me that in his youth he had served in the Hanoverian army, where many traces of the old connection with us still existed. His regiment had a mess after the English fashion that possessed several tankards and other mementos presented to them by English regiments with whom they had served. It was also the custom to call the officer, who in Germany is styled *Hauptmann*, by the British title of "Cap'n." Still further to exhibit his liking for our nation, he, after a time, ventured upon our language in a carefully-framed sentence, that I knew well before I left Altenstein:—"Herr — (my host) is a very nice man; he does not smoke, and he does not drink, and he does not go after the ladies" (cheers and laughter).

So spake he, and we sitting at the equal feast drank as much beer as our souls desired, till the bell upon the battlements sounded ten. Not that this was to be taken as a proof that it was ten o'clock in the exact sense in which we use the expression, but merely that it was somewhere thereabouts. The bell in question was always in the charge of the porters' lodge, where two members of the *Burg-Wacht*, a corps of twelve men, the remnant of the once famous army of Altenstein, kept watch and ward. By this means the publication, and indirectly the measurement, of time, was reduced from the position of a

mechanical art to one depending on the irregularity of the human will, the result being that the relation between the real time and the time struck, depended a good deal upon the psychological state of the warder on duty. If this worthy was anticipating pleasure, such as dinner, the notes of noon would ring out over the town considerably in advance of the sun, in order that the old gentleman might totter back to his den, and be all ready when the meal arrived from the kitchen. On the other hand, when by one o'clock the dinner had been eaten, and it became necessary to leave pipe and beer and mount to the rampart, Time was taken by the forelock and held as long as might be without public scandal. Inconvenient as this procedure would have been in Cheap-side, it fell in perfectly with the habits of Altenstein, and no citizen ever thought of appealing from the authority of the great clock to the private judgment of his own watch.

As the last notes of the bell died away the *Fürst* rose, and having duly made our adieux, we were soon scrambling in the darkness down the steep path towards the town. The last sound I heard that night was the thrice repeated whistle of the watchman, and his monotonous "*mein' Herrn, zuei ist geschlagen.*" ("two has struck, my masters") a fact of which I was only too painfully aware, though conscious at the same time that to be woke hourly by a watchman and three whistles was delightfully mediæval and romantic.

Not many days after the above experiences in the *Schloss*, I was fortunate enough to be bidden to an entertainment not less hospitable in the town. The occasion was the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, the time, five in the afternoon. Accordingly, shortly before that hour, my host and I proceeded to a large room attached to the principal inn, where all the notables of the place were assembled. The room was very

and simple, with a bare floor

and a rude gallery at one end for music. This was filled with boughs of trees and flags, that formed a sort of woody background to a tawdry picture in distemper of the everlasting Germania—a tall stout woman, half-Goth, half-Roman, decked with laurel leaves, and trampling on broken standards. The names of the battles in the French war appeared on the walls, written upon pieces of cardboard framed in laurel leaves, into which were inserted many little tin flags, such as we use on Christmas-trees. The whole of the decoration was simple, not to say childish, but there was a certain tenderness of finish about it that stamped it as a labour of love.

About twenty "notables" were present besides ourselves, including both the *Kreis-Richter* and the *Ober-Pfarrer* (clergyman). Most of these, as regards their outward man, fell readily into the Crown-Prince or Bismarck type, the two general shapes on which, subject to variations of height and colour, most Germans appeared to me to be constructed. They looked, as a rule, alarmingly learned, had tremendous physiques, though rather fleshy, and mostly wore double eyeglasses. The *Ober-Pfarrer*, whose lack of white tie made him undistinguishable amid the common sobriety of apparel, was the wit of the party, though the good-humour and somewhat elephantine spirits of the others were quite inexhaustible. After a long wait, we took our places, I between my host and *Kreis-Richter* No 2, a young gentleman of about twenty-eight, who had lately passed his examination for a judgeship, and who made many inquiries about legal affairs in England. He was mainly struck with the amount of advocates' fees, and the practice of appointing judges only from among barristers in good practice, which latter custom so impressed him, that he called it over the table to his colleague.

Although the room in which we dined was far better than it would

have been in England, I do not think that the dinner was. In spite of our long wait, we only got the courses at exasperating intervals of sometimes nearly half an hour. In one of these periods, preceding the chicken and salad course, the Burgomaster, in the shape of a professorial-looking young man, suddenly got up and asked us to drink the health of the "Emperor-king, who in the spring-time of his life, sixty years ago, fought against Frankreich, and nine years ago this day exposed his white hairs to the bullet-hail in Sedan; who overthrew the might of Napoleon, united Germany, and now at eighty something years of age, toiled incessantly for the good of his people." We all rose at once, and "*hoched*" vigorously, concluding with a song in honour of the same monarch, to the tune of "God save the Queen." By eight o'clock I was somewhat wearied, chiefly from the great mental strain of attempting to explain our legal procedure to the *Kreis-Richter* in limited German, helped out by adapta-

tions from Justinian, pronounced as if they were French. I was therefore not sorry when the *Förstmeister* announced that he had business at the *Schloss*, and we took our leave. On my way home I soon forgot "the perfection of common sense," in the contemplation of a *Puppen-Theater* that was performing for the benefit of the children of Altenstein. There a sort of larger Punch, (I supposed an Ober-Punch), was hammering Judy with an animus that had not changed by crossing the sea. His ferocity apparently rather awed the timid little spectators, for the showman was obliged to beg them to laugh oftener, in order to attract the public, which they did at intervals, in volleys, with a very strange effect. Doubting whether our own rising generation could have been so easily "organised," I left the glaring naphtha lights, and had soon exchanged the stir of civic festivities for the seclusion of our old timbered house.

A. G. C. LIDDELL.

children go about in rags ; but the number is too small to form a class, and even in this mild form compulsion is not applied to them. All the schools I saw were, as regards the condition of the children, on a par with our better schools, where the fee is fourpence or threepence ; the children were well fed and clothed, and had a prosperous look.

I looked out everywhere for the poor children, and could not find them. I was at last directed by a teacher to a suburban school, which I visited, where the condition of the children was less prosperous ; some of them even wore ragged clothes. I was struck with the significance of the fact that I was searching for the destitute school population and could with difficulty find it. There is, in fact, no destitute population in Florence at all, as I have intimated. I was informed that the reason of this is that there are very extensive and well-organised charities in Florence which meet every case of want, and a model workhouse. I doubt very much whether charity, however well organised, ever achieved as much in preventing destitution as habits of industry and providence, and I am inclined to believe that the latter, far more than the former, is the cause of the prosperity of the lower classes in Florence.

All the schools I visited were carried on in vast buildings which had formerly been convents or monasteries ; being the property of the town, they are now put to this, more noble, use—and, contrary to my expectations, they answer very well. When liberal funds are not forthcoming from the Government, and school buildings have to be erected, the first thing that suffers is the accommodation, which has to be cramped and unhealthily restricted to meet the necessity of economy. As regards Florence, financially ruined by expensive improvements, it is fortunate indeed that these large and airy buildings are available ; the schools enjoy the advantage of a wealth of space which is truly enviable, even

when compared to the generous scale adopted in London.

These convents have generally been built round large open courtyards, with long covered-in passages, or open corridors, into which rows of class-rooms open. The class-rooms are always lofty, cheerful, and dry, lighted by large wide windows. The size of the rooms varies very much ; sometimes a teacher can take her full number (seventy) of pupils, but my impression is that the rooms generally hold thirty or forty. In the first school I saw there were ten teachers and 250 children ; this liberal staff was necessitated by structural conditions. None of these buildings had fireplaces or heating apparatus of any kind ; the winter was considered cold and wet, yet every classroom I entered (about fifty or sixty) had a window wide open, and I never found a room close or ill-ventilated. It is a well-known characteristic of the Florentines of all classes that they live in cold houses, are not afraid of fresh air, and keep themselves warm by extra clothing. The teachers all carried muffs or *scaldini*—small earthenware pots full of hot embers—for warming the hands. The school premises were well provided with every convenience, and kept very clean ; but the washing apparatus was quite insufficient.

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The relations between teachers and children were satisfactory ; discipline was maintained without difficulty. Corporal punishment, extra lessons as punishment, and harsh words are forbidden.

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of the municipality is practically the local body as well; the members can and do possess a complete knowledge of the history of each of the thirty schools under their care. In London over 300 schools must be controlled. As the area covered by the work equals some 150 square miles, local knowledge and watchfulness over the history of each of the schools or departments is impossible. Besides this large questions of principle spring out of the mass of details and demand attention, and new educational problems present themselves which are unknown in smaller administrations. No system can be maintained in this vast chaos until and unless these more general principles are periodically grappled with and readjusted to the educational needs of the time. The whole question is, in fact, shifted from the personal and the special to the abstract and general. The London School Board, with its daily increasing accumulation of detailed work, is in this respect in a transition state, in which the energy and industry of its members has not yet been vanquished by the immense pressure of business, but in which the course of time alone must bring about a change of method. It may be anticipated that a carefully chosen body of local managers will ultimately be called in to take a more responsible share of the local work in connection with the schools than they do now, and thus relieve the Board to a certain extent of work which is unsuited to it.

The system of free education in Florence is a further gain in simplicity, to say nothing of more important advantages involved in this principle. It involves an absence of the worry caused to teachers, parents, and children by numberless regulations and circulars, which endeavour but vainly to secure the full payment of fees without interfering with the regular attendance of the children. The scholars pay for their own books and materials; in any cases of poverty the parents can claim assistance from the municipality, and no difficulty is made in granting the

necessary books to those who cannot pay for them.

The obvious advantage of this system over ours is that the weekly temptation of sending a child home for the weekly fee is removed, payments for books are secured at much greater intervals than payment of fees, and there is no excuse placed in the hands of unwilling parents and irregular children for non-attendance. At the same time there are other objections to the plan of payment for books which render it impracticable in London.

It may be remarked in passing that the objection to free compulsory education so often made, that it pauperises the people, receives a flat denial in Florence. A permanent pauper or destitute class does not exist.

In 1859 a compulsory law was passed, but was subsequently thrown out. Every one was unanimous in saying that active compulsion was little needed. The people "are only too anxious" to get their children educated and pushed on; they are generally hard-working people, and glad to get their children out of the way during working hours. They take an interest in their progress at school, and show the greatest pride in their success. The parents of many of the children scarcely know how to read and write, and look upon the modest educational achievements of their offspring as evidence of genius.

There exists no cumbrous machinery, similar to ours, of visitors and superintendents, of weekly meetings¹ for the purpose of investigating cases of neglect requiring a possible summons, or poverty requiring a remission of fees; of magistrates and police courts. If a parent is to blame the usual course seems to be for the teacher to communicate direct to the municipality, when inquiry is made and the parent is censured. There are some families which are hopelessly improvident, they become professional beggars, and their

¹ In 1879 eight hundred meetings of this kind were held in London.

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principles have yet to be applied. It is impossible that even in Florence any person can live on the salary offered to teachers; they are all obliged to supplement it by private tuition. Ultimately the position is reversed—private teaching takes the primary, and the school the secondary place; necessarily so, since the remuneration of the former depends on its excellence, and the latter is a fixed income.

A teacher, whose duties were exceptionally fatiguing and involved great physical exertion, told me that her health suffered from the inferior quality of the food to which her small salary obliged her to limit herself. There can be no doubt that any reforms or improvement in the education of the people of Italy must be preceded by a reform in the payment of the teachers.

The first school I saw was situated in an immense building in a central part of the town; it was formerly a convent. No less than four distinct schools, numerous offices, and a large church are now located under one roof. I ascended an interminable staircase, and found myself in a bright, sunny anteroom, hung round with cloaks, and hats, and baskets containing the children's dinners. Two female attendants sat sewing and gossiping. I looked down from the wide-open window into the busy street far below, which was stirring with life and colour, the air filled with cheerful sounds, street cries of fruit and flower-sellers, children playing, and soldiers marching past.

I could not help picturing to myself the possibility of some poor little nun imprisoned perhaps against her will in former times in these convent walls, and looking down on the busy scene below with the natural longing of a healthy nature to escape from the dull routine and aimless duties of the convent, and to join in the real work of the world which lay at her feet.

Happy indeed is the change which now fills these rooms with bright,

merry children, which prepares them for the ordinary duties of life, and leaves them free to follow the impulses of industry and energy which are so characteristic of the Florentines.

The attendant soon brought the head-mistress. She was a highly intelligent woman of about fifty, with shrewd common-sense; her manners were easy and unassuming, her remarks full of that wonderful Italian sagacity which makes vulgarity and ignorance seem impossible; there was an under-current of *bonhomie* and humour which made her a very interesting companion during the two mornings that I spent in the school. She was much interested in the general development of education in Italy, and, like all Florentines, showed a keen appreciation of public questions and politics which surprised me. I remember noticing the earnest voice, and look of pain that passed over her face, when she alluded incidentally to the depreciated currency of the country. In many countries a woman in her position would not have understood what a depreciated currency meant; to her it was a personal disgrace. Italian patriotism makes not only warm hearts, but also clear heads.

Each school is divided into two parts, called the Lower and Higher Sections: the former consists of one class, the latter has five; so that a child entering school at six years of age would have eight years in which to pass through the six classes or standards of the school.

The children are separated into classes according to the standard of attainment of each child; arbitrary standards of age are universally ignored; so that backward children of ten or twelve are found in the lowest classes, and *vice versa*.

No child can pass from a lower class to a higher except after examination at the end of the school year.

Infants under six are excluded from the Communal schools; they can gain admission into the *Asili*, but these

are intended to provide education (and free dinners) for a distinctly poorer class than that which fills the Communal schools.

If a child of six enters school not knowing its letters, it would be expected at the end of the first year to know how to read words of more than one syllable from books printed with syllabic divisions. It begins with writing in copybooks, and dictations of short easy sentences; it learns the first part of the catechism, with prayers and sacred history, also numeration, and addition and subtraction of sums of three figures. It learns the nomenclature of the principal parts of the human body, the days of the week, and the natural products of the country from picture-books. I saw no object lessons given anywhere.

One of the teachers, with evident pride, pointed out to me several small children who have learnt to read in one year. I remembered a teacher in London who said that if she took eight or ten little girls together she could teach them to read words of one syllable in six weeks without difficulty.

The writing was a weak point everywhere; considering the natural aptitude of the Florentine people for all the arts which require manual dexterity, I am inclined to think that the method of teaching must be at fault; the copybooks used were of very poor quality.

In the second class the child continues the same subjects, and also learns prose or poetry by heart; this was always monotonous and sing-song. Grammar is commenced, and arithmetic carried on to multiplication of two figures.

In the third class composition is taken as a new subject, and arithmetic carried on to division. I heard some very young children in this class read a difficult passage exceedingly well; their logical analysis was good, and some of the writing excellent.

In the fourth class grammar is entirely replaced by composition, simple geometrical definitions are added to

arithmetic, and geography is taken as a new subject.

In the fifth class Italian history is taken as a new subject, arithmetic carried on to fractions. Two little girls of nine read and analysed well. They had worked up through the lower classes of the school. Finally, in the sixth class the above subjects are continued and perfected.

There is no equivalent to our Fourth Schedule, which supplements the work of standards four, five, six.

Out of the ten subjects,¹ any two of which may be chosen and taught in England, none is attempted in Florence. The consequence is a certain baldness and monotony in the character of the work done. A question I often put, "What is the favourite study of the girls?" always received the same answer, "Arithmetic; they would rather have a problem in arithmetic than a story from history."

The boys preferred history to any other subject, and, according to the male teachers, did not succeed so well in arithmetic as the girls.

An immense step has certainly been made in education since 1859, when all schools were brought under Government control and girls were admitted to school.

It then became illegal for any one, private or public, to teach without a diploma of efficiency from the Government.

There is a very general feeling of self-congratulation at the results achieved, which is perhaps natural, but, I think, premature. The results as regards *instruction* or knowledge acquired are small, and wanting in completeness; they even show a certain slovenliness of method. Any quantitative comparison is difficult to obtain, and may be very misleading, but estimated roughly, the results must equal about two-thirds of the work done here.

¹ English Literature, Mathematics, Mechanics, Animal Physiology, Latin, French, German, Physical Geography, Botany, Domestic Economy.

Considering the previous conditions and the difficulties to be met, perhaps more could not have been achieved in the time. But if the efforts of the Government are continued, and improved methods further adopted, in the course of time there is no doubt that, owing to the superior intelligence of the children, results might be achieved which would far surpass anything that could be hoped for in England. The methods there are inferior to ours, but the material is better.

A very serious obstacle in the way of improvement is the frequent change of Ministry; it is a great drawback, and seriously interferes with the continuity of educational progress in the country. If the children of the Florentine schools are behind those of our London Board Schools in acquired knowledge, the case is reversed when we come to educational results as distinguished from mere instruction.

If the primary object of education is the cultivation of the thinking powers, then the children there start at a great natural advantage over the children here. While the Florentine teacher has merely to give instruction, and very simple mental and moral training, to the child who is in a fit condition to profit by it, the London teacher has not only to give the training, but also in many cases to create or awaken the mind and the moral nature that is to be trained.

At bottom the difference is one of national character and climate. The Florentine children are more intelligent and brighter (not sharper) than the London children. The thinking faculty is there and at work from the earliest years. The persevering stolidity of the London child is accompanied often by a precocious knowledge of evil which is not the most promising material to put into the hands of a teacher. There the children are already little human beings, and there is a certain relation between their intellectual condition and the civilisation of the State they inhabit.

Here it is otherwise; many of our

poorest children are little savages whose mental and moral state is out of all proportion to, and completely anomalous in, the life of civilisation which locally surrounds them, but which actually intensifies their miserable state; and even our better class children have not the clear, bright intelligence which a better climate seems to produce. The difference is clearly and sadly illustrated by the place which the question of corporal punishment occupies in the two countries. Let me describe what I saw.

The natural curiosity and interest which I felt in first entering a classroom of Florentine children was met by a look on the faces of the scholars so clear and unmistakable as to draw from me the exclamation,

"How happy these children look!"

I turned to the teachers, and saw the same gentle, unruffled look reflected in their faces. One of them replied,

"They are very good children."

Suspecting that such general equanimity could only be purchased by laxity of discipline in some form or other, I asked,

"Do you ever punish them?"

Her face became ominously grave as she answered, "Oh yes! sometimes we must." I expected a birch rod at least.

"How do you punish them?"

"I give them a bad mark."

I looked incredulous.

"It is felt to be a great disgrace," she added.

"What do you do if a child tells a lie, or steals?"

"I separate it from its companions, or keep it in for a few minutes, or perhaps I write to the parents."

"Do you never beat them?"

"Oh never! the child would become perfectly unmanageable, and I should lose all my influence in the school, and discipline would be destroyed." The explanation which I received to this astounding statement was that it was the rule to make punishment *moral*, and that the disgrace of a bad mark had gained such a hold on the children

